The Perfect Master, Vol 1

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The Perfect Master, Vol 1

Chapter #1

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A CERTAIN MAN DECIDED THAT HE WOULD SEEK THE PERFECT MASTER.

HE READ MANY BOOKS, VISITED SAGE AFTER SAGE, LISTENED, DISCUSSED AND PRACTISED, BUT HE ALWAYS FOUND HIMSELF DOUBTING OR UNSURE.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS HE MET A MAN WHOSE EVERY WORD AND ACTION CORRESPONDED WITH HIS IDEA OF THE TOTALLY REALIZED MAN.

THE TRAVELER LOST NO TIME. "YOU," HE SAID, "SEEM TO ME TO BE THE PERFECT MASTER. IF YOU ARE, MY JOURNEY IS AT AN END."

"I AM, INDEED, DESCRIBED BY THAT NAME," SAID THE MASTER.

"THEN, I BEG OF YOU, ACCEPT ME AS A DISCIPLE."

"THAT," SAID THE MASTER, "I CANNOT DO FOR WHILE YOU MAY DESIRE THE PERFECT MASTER, HE, IN TURN, REQUIRES ONLY THE PERFECT PUPIL."

The Master appears only when the disciple is ready. Never otherwise. In no other way. At no other point in life's journey. The disciple has to be ready and ripe; only at that moment does the Master become visible. The disciple has to earn eyes, to earn ears, to create a heart, to feel. How can the sun appear if you are blind? The sun may appear but you will go on missing it.
Unless you have eyes, there is no beauty in the world. The vowers will bloom, but not for you. And stars will fill the sky with immense beauty, but not for you. Unless you have eyes, there is no beauty in the world.
If you don't have love in the heart, you will not find the belo ed. The basic requirement has to be fulfilled. Only love finds the beloved. Eyes find beauty. end the ears find music and melodies.
But there are people, and they are many -- the majority consists of those -- who go on searching and seeking something out there without creating a corresponding receptivity in themselves. I have come across many seekers who are searching or a Master -- not at all aware that the

disciple is completely absent. The disciple is not there at all. How can you find a Master?

The Master is not just an objective phenomenon THERE. First he has to be something interior in you. That's what disciple hood is: a preparation, a thirst, a passionate desire, a great passion for truth. That is lacking. And then people go ON searching. And if they don't find, it is not surprising. They are not going to find! They may come across MANY Masters, but they will go on missing.

How can you see the Master if you are not vulnerable to him? How can you see the Master if you don't know even what it is to be a disciple? The beginning of the finding of a Master starts by being a disciple. The real seeker does not worry about the Master, where he is. His whole concern is how to create the disciple in himself, how to be a learner, open to reality; how to function from innocence, and how not to function from the state of knowledge.

If you function from the state of knowledge, you will find many teachers but never a Master. If you already know something, and you think that you know, then you will find other knowers, claimers, who are ahead of you. You will meet only the people whom YOU CAN MEET. You will meet people like you. A person who functions from the state of knowing that he has gathered will find many teachers and will learn many things -- but will never find a Master.

To find a Master you have to be a child. To find a Master you have to be utterly innocent, not knowing anything, the mind empty -- full of passion for truth, but without any conclusions about it. This is the state of real learning. And

then you need not even go anywhere: the Master will come to you.
There are many sannyasins here who have not come to me because of their search but because I have found them. They have come because of me, not because of themselves. That is the REAL coming. When you come because of yourself, you don't come at all. You remain there, stubbornly, too much of you, full of you -- there is no space for me to enter into you.
This is one of the basic requirements for a seeker: that he should be a learner. What I mean by 'learning' is that one should always function from the state of innocence. One should not carry conclusions inside oneself -- because those conclusions won't allow you to Learn. If something goes against them, you are bound to reject it. And if something does not go against them, then you are not learning anything -- only your old prejudice is strengthened more. If something agrees with you, there is no learning. It has simply strengthened the old mind. And the Master cannot do it -- he has to destroy the old for the new to be; he has to take away ALL that you have been carrying all along. He has to create space in you. If you cling to conclusions, prejudices, ideas, philosophies, you will not be able to meet a Master -- because his whole work consists in destroying all kinds of philosophies. He is interested it the real thing. He is not interested in speculation about things.
Just the other day I was reading a statement of Burke:

Most people will grant that potatoes are important. Discourse about potatoes, however, does not enjoy the same popularity do potatoes. When the chips are down, talk

about potatoes is just no substitute for the original thing. So it is with religion.

I like the statement. The Master is interested in the REAL potatoes -- not philosophies about the potatoes. And if you come with conclusions, you can't come. Those conclusions stand like great barriers between you and the Master. One has to come open, available. One has to come not knowing. This should be obvious: if you know already, then you are not available. Your very knowledge obstructs the way. Become a disciple. Don't be worried about the Master. When you are ready, the Master appears.

The Master appears in strange ways sometimes, but it always happens. Whenever someone is ripe, God starts coming in many forms to him. The Master is the last form of God that comes to the disciple. After the Master there is formlessness. He is the LAST experience of form; Beyond him there is formlessness -- then there is God with no form. The Master is the last who looks like you, who lives like you, whom you can touch, with whom you can have a dialogue, who speaks like you. Beyond the Master is silence -- utter, absolute, virgin. Beyond the Master is bodilessness. The Master is just exactly in between the world and God.

If you are really tired of the world and the rut and the routine of it, don't start searching for a Master -- rather, search how to become a disciple. Start unburdening yourself from prejudices, dogmas. Forget all that you know....

Ramana Maharshi used to say to hug disciples: If you want to be with me you will have to unlearn. If you don't

unlearn, then I have nothing to give you. You are already too full.
You know the famous Zen story?

A professor of philosophy went to see a great Master, and he asked about God, and he asked about karma, and he asked about the theory of reincarnation, and he asked many things... questions and questions and questions. And the Master said, "You are tired, the journey has been long, and I can see you are perspiring, coming uphill on such a hot summer afternoon. It must have been tiring. You wait; there is no hurry. These questions can wait a little. Let me prepare a cup of tea for you. And who knows? -- while drinking the tea you may get the answer."
Now the professor was a little puzzled and became a little suspicious whether it was right to come to this madman. "How can the questions be answered just by drinking tea?" But now there was no way of going; he had to rest a little. "And the tea is not going to hurt in any way, so why not drink it and then escape from here?"
The Master brought the tea, started pouring from his kettle into the cup, and went on pouring. The cup was full, and the tea started overflowing into the saucer, and the saucer was full. Then the professor said, "Stop! What are you doing? The tea will start overflowing on the floor. Now the cup has not even space for a single drop more. Are you mad or something?"
The Master had a hearty laugh, and he said, "So, you ARE intelligent! You can understand. If there is no space in the cup then we cannot pour any more tea into it. Is there space

in your head? I would like to pour all that I am, but is there space in your head? Is it not overfull, too much stuffed? "This is my answer," the Master said. "Come again. First empty your head. Come in a state of not knowing. You are too knowledgeable. I can hear all the noise that is going on inside you. Come a little more in silence. And you have not come to learn -- you have come to argue."

Knowledge always hankers to argue. It is not interested in learning. In learning it feels humiliated. That's why it becomes more and more difficult: the more grown up you are, the less is the possibility of your learning anything. Children can learn because they don't have any ego, and they learn fast, and they learn very easily. If you have to learn the same thing when you are thirty-five or forty or fifty, it is very difficult, almost impossible sometimes. What happens to your intelligence?

After fifty years of experience your intelligence should be more than it was before, but it is not. You have gathered much junk on the way. The functioning of the intellect is no longer free; it is too much burdened -- and burdened with crap! And you feel humiliated in learning anything. You cam lot bow down. You cannot say, "I do not know." And the disciple is no who can say, "I do not know -- teach me. I am ready to learn. I have not come with any conclusions to you. I have not brought any knowledge. I come empty! Fill me!"

The REAL search is how to become a disciple, how to empty the cup of your being, so when you come across a being who is overflowing with God you can be filled -- filled to your heart's content. But people search for a

Master; they don't search for disciple hood -- that's where they go on missing. Then you will come across many many people, and you will always feel unsatisfied. And the reason for dissatisfaction is not outside you: it comes from your own inner mind. You have brought con-clusions with you.

I was reading the other day about a very beautiful Hassid mystic, Levi-Yitzhak. He was so full of God and the song of God and the dance of God that when he worshipped or prayed he would go wild. It is said about him that he simply radiated the divine dance in its total wildness. He worshipped with such abandon that the frightened faithful instinctively moved away. If he was worship ping in the temple, people would escape to their homes, because his worship was very wild. He gesticulated, howled and danced, jumping from one corner to the other, pushing and overturning whatever was in his way. People ceased to exist for him. When he prayed, he himself ceased to exist.

Now, if you have come with some conclusions already about how a Master should be, you will think his a madman. If you think a Master should be just sitting like a Buddha under a Bo Tree, and this madman, turning things upside down and running all over the place, and he has scared the worshippers, they have all run out because nobody knows what he is going to do... But this man was a Perfect Master.

God descends in many forms -- sometimes as Buddha and sometimes as Krishna and sometimes as Mahavir and sometimes as Mohammed. And God comes always in slew forms, and your conclusions are always from the old. If you

are born in a Buddhist family, how can you think that this mad Hassid mystic can be a Buddha? Impossible!
If you go with a conclusion, you will be in difficulty. If -- and there were many disciples of this mad Hassid -- if they come across Buddha they will deny, they will not be satisfied with Buddha. They will say, "Where is his dance? Why is he not howling? Just sitting silently under the Bodhi Tree -- what kind of Master is he?" But we go on carrying deep-rooted prejudices in us.
And remember: those prejudices may look very rational to you. Just the other day, Adi asked a question: "Osho, now I cannot trust you any more."What has happened to Adi? Why can't he trust me any more? A simple thing. I said that the same tree exists in Bodh Gaya under which Buddha became enlightened, and the same tree still vibrates with something of the quality of the Buddha, of that beautiful morning when Buddha disappeared and God appeared in him. Now he quotes a history book and says it is written in the history books that the tree was cut and destroyed by a Hindu king, and the temple was converted into a Hindu shrine. So how can the same tree exist? If the history books are right, I am wrong. And how can Adi trust me when I go against the history books?
Don't be so short of trust, and don't be in such a hurry. If I say something, wait, search, and you will find the way. Just reading a history book and your trust is destroyed! I still say it is the same tree, and the history books are right. The shrine WAS converted into a Hindu shrine and the tree WAS destroyed... but before the tree was destroyed, Ashoka sent a part of the tree, a branch of the tree, to Ceylon to be planted there. So the tree continued in Ceylon.

Then when the shrine was converted again into a Buddhist temple, a branch of the tree from Ceylon was brought back and replanted.
It is the same continuum. It is the same tree. And according to Buddha, even the same tree is never the same for two consecutive moments -- it changes. It is continuously changing. Your body changes continuously. In seven years' time, your body is completely new; the old disappears and the new has taken place. Not even a single cell remains of the old. But it is a continuity: the same in the sense of the continuity. It is the same tree in the Buddhist, in the scientific sense.
But don't he in a hurry. If you lose trust so fast and so soon and so easily, it is not worth much. It is not trust really. You go on keeping your prejudices in the background, and you go on watching for when you can find something that you can mistrust. You are more interested in mistrust than in trust. You are trusting in spite of yourself. Your natural tendency is to mistrust and doubt. You will feel very good if you can doubt. If you cannot find anything to doubt, you may start feeling suffocated -- because with the doubt your ego is bask on the throne. With trust, the ego has to commit suicide.

THIS IS A BEAUTIFUL PARABLE, and Sufis are past masters in parables. Sufis know how to say in parables things which cannot be said. They have erected the best parables in the world. Go slowly into this parable. It is small but of immense significance.
A parable is a way of saying things in an indirect way. Truth cannot be asserted directly. That is too violent, too

aggressive, too male. Truth can only be said in a very indirect way. It can be hinted at, indicated. You cannot be convinced of the truth: you can only be persuaded.
And thy Master is one who is not going to convince you of the truth but who is going to seduce you into truth. Parables are very seductive. Even those who were not searching for any truth may be suddenly struck by a parable: something may become suddenly available to them.
And people like stories. And the stories have a tendency to hang around your consciousness. It is difficult to forget them; it is very easy to remember them. They have a way of reaching to the deepest core of your being. Hence, Sufis have been using parables. It is a totally different world from Zen, Tao, Yoga, Tantra.
I welcome you into the world of Sufis today.... It is more artistic, more poetic, more aesthetic, and its ways are very subtle.

A CERTAIN MAN DECIDED THAT HE WOULD SEEK THE PERFECT MASTER.

Now, to decide is wrong, because the decision will come out of your past experiences. One cannot decide to seek a perfect Master. One can only become available in a passive way. Seeking, decision, are active ways. One has to be more feminine; one should not be in such a hurry. One should be more watchful, more alert about what one is trying to do.
Have you known any Master before? Have you any experience of a Master? Whatsoever you have heard is borrowed. You are not certain, you cannot be certain of its

truth. How are you going to decide? And how will you seek a Master? What will be the criterion of judgment? How will you weigh that this is really the Perfect Master? Are you capable of weighing, judging a Perfect Master? Then you are higher, you are already higher than the Perfect Master. You are sitting int he seat of a judge. You are not a humble, passive disciple. And the Master happens only in your passivity, in your humbleness, in your simplicity.

A CERTAIN MAN DECIDED THAT HE WOULD SEEK THE PERFECT MASTER.

And why the Perfect Master? The ego always seeks perfection. If you are after money, the ego wants you to be the richest man in the world, the most perfect man in the world. If you are after morality, you want to become the most perfect saint. The ego has a very very deep desire to be perfect. All egoists are perfectionists, and all perfectionists are neurotic. The idea of perfection drives people mad.

A humble person know imperfections, and a humble person accepts his imperfections. And a humble person does not ask for the impossible. It is the ego that always asks for the impossible and fails. And feels frustrated, betrayed, cheated. But again it starts asking the same thing.

Why do you need a Perfect Master? You have taken one thing for granted: that you are such a great man that less than that will not be worth your while, will not be satisfying; less than that will be below you. You are such a perfect man, you need a Perfect Master. Ordinary Masters

won't do -- something extraordinary it has to be. You can only be interested in the extraordinary.
And the paradox is that the extraordinary exists in a very ordinary way. The extraordinary never exists as the extraordinary, because all those pretensions of being extraordinary are foolish and stupid.
A real man, an authentic man, has no idea of being superior in any way to anybody else. He lives in a world where comparison does not exist. Now, the very idea of seeking a Perfect Master is based in comparison.

A CERTAIN MAN DECIDED THAT HE WOULD SEEK THE PERFECT MASTER.
HE READ MANY BOOKS...

But how can you find a Master by reading many books? You will become more and more stuffed with knowledge, and that will be the barrier. But that's what happens. Somebody starts thinking of God, or truth, or beauty -- he starts reading books. He thinks that is a way to find it.
I am reminded of a great Indian poet, Rabindranath Tagore. He was continuously thinking about beauty, what it is. A poet, naturally, is interested in beauty. His mind was meditating on what beauty is. One full-moon night, he was in his boat and the night was just majestic: the full moon in the sky and the silence of the river and the forest around. And he was alone in the boat. Just once in a while a bird might call -- that was all -- and then the silence would become deeper than before.
But Tagore was pondering over the question: What is beauty? And he was looking into an ancient scripture. He

had only a small candle burning in the cabin. Tired, in the middle of the night, frustrated, because even in that old scripture he could not find something real about beauty, just words and words and words... he blew the candle out and he could not believe his eyes.

Suddenly, as he blew the candle out, from the windows, from the door, the moonlight immediately came in. He was transplanted into another world! He rushed out. He looked at the moon, at the silence of the night, and the moon reflected in the river, and the whole river silvery, and the deep dense forest on the bank... and THIS WAS BEAUTY! But he had been looking into the book -- and beauty was waiting for him, just waiting by the door. But that small yellow candle-light was preventing the splendor of the night. And he had become so much engaged and occupied with the thoughts of the scripture that he had forgotten completely that this was a full moon night.

He threw the scripture into the river, and that was the last day he ever thought about beauty. He said: Thinking won't help. Beauty is there -- we have to be available to it. He said: We have to blow out the candle, the small candle of the ego, then God comes in in many ways, and the beauty penetrates you.

But that's what happens. If you start thinking of finding a Perfect Master, you will go into books to know who is a Perfect Master. Now, books will confuse you, because every book will tell a different story. If you read a Jain book, it simply describes Mahavir, and says these are the characteristics of a Perfect Master. They are not! They are the characteristics of a particular Perfect Master, Mahavir. If you read a Buddhist book, they also describe the

characteristics of a Perfect Master -- they are not either, but only those of one manifestation of the Perfect Master, Buddha. And so on and so forth.

And once you get caught into some conclusions from the books, you start searching, but your search is doomed to fail from the very beginning. You already have an A PRIORI prejudice. Now you are looking for Buddha and Buddha is never repeated. Now you are looking for Zarathustra and Zarathustra is only once and never again. Now you are looking for Lao Tzu, and Lao Tzu never comes again. Once is all. Nothing is ever repeated. God's creativity is infinite. He is not repetitive.

And if you read a Buddhist, a Confucian, a Taoist, then you will be more confused -- because they describe different things. And you may be a very clever person, an intelligent person, intellectual, and you may join ALL those characteristics together. Now you will never find the Perfect Master. Now you have an idea which is absolutely absurd. It is like taking one part from the bullock cart, taking another part from a Rolls Royce, and putting them together -- and parts from cycles and parts from engines.... You will have something strange and it won't work. Even a bullock cart is better than that, howsoever slow, but you can go along, you can reach somewhere, you can use it. This will be utterly useless, this monster that you have created. And that's what happens.

People who read many scriptures and many books, they slowly slowly create an idea of who the Perfect Master is. And this idea is just a combination of many characteristics taken, collected, from different sources. It is not possible. Such a man has never existed, and such a man is never

going to exist. Now you are searching for a mirage -- you will never find it. And you may come across many Masters! but because of your idea you will go on rejecting them, because something or other will be lacking in him. It is because of your idea that you are missing, not that Masters are not there -- they are always.

The world is full of Masters always, and God is not a miser, remember. Jews say that there are only thirty-six Masters in the world at a time -- just thirty-six? Is God such a miser? And why thirty-six? But still Jews are generous if you think of other reli-gions. Joins say that there are only twenty-four Perfect Masters in the whole of creation, from the beginning to the end. One creation, from the beginning to the end, that means millions and millions of ages... only twenty-four? So for millions of years there is not a single Master available.

Hindus are even a little more miserly: they say only ten. Christians even more: they say God has only one son, Jesus Christ. Only Jesus Christ is the Perfect Master, nobody else. Then how can you find a Perfect Master?

I say to you: God is generous. There is no limitation, there is no fixed number. Masters go on happening. Just people are blind, people are deaf. This hurts! To know that you are blind and deaf, this hurts. That's why these theories have appeal. Twenty four only, ten only, one only: that is a great consolation to you, remember. That means if you have not found the Perfect Master, what can you do? It is not your responsibility. Only once in a while the Perfect Master happens, and this time he is not here. It is not your fault that you have not found him. If anybody is at fault it is God, not you. You are relieved.

I say to you: Perfect Masters are always available -- just as roses are always available and lotuses are always available. And the sun rises EVERY morning, and there are millions of stars ALWAYS available. You just have to open your eyes, you have not to be blind.
But our situation is really in bad shape. I was reading a story -- this is the story of you:

A woman had just had a child but had not yet seen it. She asked the doctor that it be brought to her, but he did not comply:
"I am afraid it would not be a good idea for you to see him right now."
But as she insisted passionately, he began to justify his refusal:
"You see, Madam, through a most unfortunate accident of fate, your child was born abnormally, and I feel it would be good for you to recover fully from the delivery before seeing your child."
"TELL me doctor!! I must know what has happened!!! I must see my child."
The doctor, wishing to spare her the sight of her child, ventured to explain to her the nature of the deformity: "I will be blunt, Madam. Your child has no legs!"
She gasped, but recovering from the blow, she composed herself and asked to see the child.
"Madam, wishing to spare you the naked truth, I have omitted to tell you the whole situation... your child has neither legs nor arms."
"Doctor," she cried, "bring me my child. He will have my legs and my arms. I MUST see him."

"I see," he replied, "I must be even more cruel -- your child has no torso either."
"No legs! no arms! no torso!! " she sobbed. "Bring him to me. He needs me all the more."
The doctor finally conceded and brought her the baby. She started as she saw IT. Wrapped in a towel was a foot long ear.
She took the ear and rocked it comfortingly: "It will be all right, dear, we will make it somehow.... "
The doctor interrupted her: "Madam, you are wasting your breath. The child is deaf."

That's the situation man is in. You are blind, you are deaf, you have no heart... but to see it hurts. It is painful to realize it, to recognize it. So we go on finding explanations to avoid the truth about ourselves.
The disciple is not ready -- that's why he cannot see the Master. But he goes on saying there is no Master.

I was a student in a university, and it was Buddha's enlightenment day -- it was celebrated in the university. And the vice chancellor said, with great passion and with great emotion, "If I had been in Buddha's time, I would have renounced the world, sat at his feet, followed him like a shadow."
And I knew the man! I could not conceive of him ever following a Buddha. I had to stand up. And I said, "You please take your words back, because I know you perfectly well: you are the last man who would have followed Buddha. And do you think Buddhas are not available now? Did you ever go to Ramana Maharshi?"

He had to say, "No."
I said, "But he was alive. Just a few years ago he was alive. He was your contemporary."
This incident happened somewhere near 1955, and Ramana died in '51, just four years before. And the vice chancellor was an old man of seventy. I said, "He was your contemporary. Arunachel is not very far away. In Buddha's time it may have taken you years to journey to Buddha -- it was only one hour's flight. Did you go there? Have you been to J. Krishnamurti ever? He is still alive. And you are talking with such emotion and passion. Whom are you trying to be fool?"
But he was a good man. He understood the point. Tears cam to his eyes; he took his words back. Later on he called me and he said, "Listen, if you have to say something to me you can come in private."
"Why private? You made the statement in public: I had to refute it in public. And never make such a statement again, because I will still be here for two, three years. Think it over. You were in Buddha's time too," I told him.
He was startled. He said, "How do you know?"
I said, "I know! You just look into my eyes: you were in Buddha's time too, but you never went. And now you are talking with such emotion. You are deceiving others, but that is not the big thing: you are deceiving yourself."

People go on thinking that Masters used to happen only in the past, now they don't happen, now they are no more there. And the same was the case in Buddha's time. There are stories: people would come and ask Buddha, "Are you the Perfect Master?" There were people who would go to

Jesus and would ask, "Are you the Messiah we were waiting for?"
The Messiah is THERE standing in front of their eyes, in front of them, and they are asking, "Are you the Messiah?" If he says no, they will be happy. If he says yes, they will be offended.
Jesus said yes, that's why they were offended. "So this pretender thinks he is the Messiah? This son of a carpenter, Joseph? And we know him from his childhood. He has been playing in the streets of the town, and now suddenly he has become the Messiah?"
They have always been asking. In Buddha's time they were saying, "In the past there used to be Perfect Masters, in the days of the Upanishads, in the days of the Vedas, there used to be Perfect Masters. But now, in these ugly days, they have all disappeared."
And they go on saying the same thing now! And they will go on saying the same thing for ever. They really don't want to see.

A CERTAIN MAN DECIDED THAT HE WOULD SEEK THE PERFECT MASTER.

HE READ MANY BOOKS, VISITED SAGE AFTER SAGE, LISTENED, DISCUSSED, PRACTISED, BUT HE ALWAYS FOUND HIMSELF DOUBTING OR UNSURE.

YOU CAN READ, YOU CAN ARGUE, you can become very logical about it, but nothing is going to help, the doubt WILL persist -- unless you experience. Only experience

kills doubt. But how to experience a Master? You have to be a disciple first; you have to fulfill that requirement. And what is the requirement of a disciple? Prayerfulness is the requirement of disciple hood . Capacity to wait. Capacity to be empty. Capacity to surrender. Capacity to be available. That's what prayer is! And if you know how to pray, you will know all that is needed to know. Not only will you come across a Perfect Master -- you are going to come across God himself.
Meditate over these words of Rainer Maria Rilke:

"Pray: to whom? I cannot tell you. Prayer is a radiation of our beings suddenly set afire; it is an infinite and purposeless direction, a brutal accompaniment of our hopes, which travel the universe without reaching any destination. Oh, but I knew this morning how far I am from those greedy ones who, before praying, ask whether God exists. If he no longer or does not yet exist, what difference does it make? My prayer, that will bring him into being, for it is entirely a creative thing as it lifts towards the heavens. And if the God that it projects out of itself does not persist at all, so much the better: we will do it over and it will be less shabby in eternity."

Prayer creates God. Prayer creates the Perfect Master. Prayer is creative. Prayer reveals -- it is revelatory. It prepares you for the revelation.
One should not go in search of a Master: one should learn how to pray... and the Master comes. And the Master comes of his own accord. OR he calls you forth wherever you are, but then the journey is totally different -- when you

are called forth. The quality is different, the intensity is different. YOU don't feel you are going: you feel you are being called. You KNOW that there is no possibility to resist it. It is irresistible. You are pulled! as if a great magnet is pulling you. You are helpless, but you are thrilled because you have been chosen. You come dancing. You are fortunate you have been chosen.
Just prepare wherever you are. Don't ask: If there is no Perfect Master, what is the point of preparing for disciple hood? Don't be worried. The Masters always exist. That is the meaning of these beautiful words of Rilke:

"Prayer is a radiation of our bangs suddenly set afire; it is an infinite and purposeless direction..."

In the beginning you don't know where your prayer is going; it cannot have any address, it cannot have any direction.
How can you pray to God? You don't know God -- that's why you are praying. You would like to know what God is, but you don't know. That's why you are pouring your heart out. It is waiting for the unknown to take possession of you. This is faith, this is trust.
The skeptical mind wants first to be certain whether there is a God: "Then I will pray." Rilke is right:

"Oh, but I knew this mowing how far I am from those greedy ones who, before praying, ask whether God exists."

"We will pray only if God exists" -- then you will never pray, because you will never know without praying that

God exists. You have made an impossible condition for praying. It is not to be fulfilled. You have to pray. Don't ask the question whether God exists or not. God is irrelevant at this point. At this point, make prayer possible.
Prayer is a song of the heart addressed to the unknown. Maybe he is, maybe he is not, but that is not the point. One is joyous in pouring one's heart out. It is a joy unto itself. Whether God exists or not is secondary. Prayer is primary. And when prayer is primary, it reveals God, it opens your eyes. It CREATES God. Suddenly the world becomes afire when you are afire. When your heart IS aflame, suddenly you see the whole world aflame with the divine, with the unknown, with the mysterious.

"If he no longer or does not yet exist, what difference does it make?"

This is beautiful. This is how a really religious person thinks.

"My prayer, that will bring him into being..."

Prayer will become the womb. I will give birth to God through my prayer. This is the Sufi approach. Rile is almost reflecting the very heart of Sufism. But this is how lovers have always felt, and the poets and the mystics.

"If he no longer or does not yet exist, what difference does it make? My prayer, that will bring him into being, for it is entirely a creative thing as it lifts towards the heavens. And if the God that it projects out of itself does not persist at all,

so much the better: we will do it over and it will be less shabby in eternity."

We will go on doing it, we will go on creating God. In fact, it is not creation: it is revelation. But for the person who prays, and for whom God is revealed for the first time, it LOOKS like creation -- as if the prayer has created it. It reveals. It takes a thick layer of darkness from your eyes. Your heart starts pulsating as it should. You fall in rhythm with the whole. Suddenly God is there.
But before God appears, appears the Master. The Master is a link between you and the God. First the prayer reveals the Master. That is one step, and half the journey. And the second step and the journey is complete.

Prayer is naive: it is waiting for someone who never comes... asking for something or someone who is not there, not at Least now. "If there be a God who loves man, let him speak. NOW."

This is what the poet Seneca says in his tragedy THYESTES. The prayerful heart is saying, "I am speaking to you, I am provoking you -- are you there? Just give me a little hint, a small word, a gesture, and that will do. Are you there?" And a thousand and one times you shout to the skies and there is no response. Your prayer disappears into nothingness. But even though the prayer disappears into nothingness, and there is no response from the other side, from the other shore, still the prayer goes on changing you. The effects are very visible. It may not change the reality outside you, but it goes on changing you. You become

softer and softer, more feminine and more feminine, and one day when you have really melted, when you are no more hard and solid, when you are a flow, the response comes -- and NOT from the other shore but from the innermost core of your being. Really, that is the other shore.

But before that happens, you will come to the link between this shore and the other, between this and that -- that link is the Master. And in fact to ask for a Perfect Master is foolish, because to be a Master is to be perfect; it is a repetition of words. There are not such categories: imperfect masters and Perfect Masters. A Master is perfect! If he does not look perfect to you, then you have a certain idea of perfection that he is not fulfilling. He never fulfills anybody's idea. He lives his own life, but he lives in perfection.

Remember, when I use the word 'perfection' I always use it in the sense of completion. I never use it in the sense you use it. This is a constant problem. When I say 'perfection', you start thinking that "He will be like this, he will be like that... that he will never be angry." But there have been Masters who have been angry, and when they are angry they are perfectly angry.

Even Ramana Maharshi, such a silent sage, used to become angry sometimes. And then he was REALLY angry. He was anger, pure anger. One day it happened: a scholar came and started asking stupid questions. Ramana listened I His questions were very long and he quoted scriptures to support his question. And Ramana said again and again, "You please meditate. The only thing for you to do is to ask the question:Who am l? No other question is relevant."

But the man wouldn't listen, and he went on and on and on. Suddenly, the disciples could not believe it, Ramana took his staff rushed after the man and the man became so afraid that he escaped outside the room, and Ramana followed him to the very boundary of the ashram. And then he came back laughing. The disciples could not believe it, and they said, "But you, and angry?"

And he said, "Look at the perfection of it."

If you have the idea that a Master is never angry, should not be angry, then there will be difficulties. If you have the idea that a Master should not look worried, you will have difficulties. Krishnamurti sometimes looks very worried. He has no worry of his own, but he becomes worried about you. He goes on saying one thing and people don't understand, and they go on persisting in their ignorance and he becomes very very angry, almost on the verge of beating himself.

One man came to me and he said, "I used to think that Krishnamurti must be like a Buddha, but today I saw him in his discourse -- he became so angry. And for no reason at all!"

I said, "You just tell me the whole story."

He said, "He was talking about the fact that no method is needed, no meditation is needed. You have to drop all methods, all meditations, all paths. And then an old woman, a very old woman stood up and asked, 'How to do it?' And he became very angry."

I said. "I know that old woman, because she comes to me too. And I can understand; I feel all sympathy with Krishnamurti. And that woman has been listening to Krishnamurti for almost fifty years. She is one of the

CONSTANT audience, and she is always sitting in that corner, for fifty years. Whenever Krishnamurti comes to Bombay, she is there. Krishnamurti must be getting tired of her also. And she always asks the 'how?' And he is telling continuously that there is no 'how' -- a method means how. When we say that there is no method, we are saying there is no how. Either be enlightened RIGHT NOW, or remain unenlightened -- that is your decision -- but there is no how. Decide to be or not to be, but don't ask how. There is no how! Either open your eyes and see, otherwise keep your eyes closed and dream, but don't ask how.

"And for fifty years he has been saying the same thing, and the woman persists. And she always stands and asks, 'How? How to do it?' It is natural. He is not really angry in the sense you become angry: it is his response, it is his compassion really. It has a different quality. He is compassionate! He loves! He wants to help! But when he sees you go on and on in the same rut, to shake YOU UP he becomes absolute anger.
"The idea, of perfection in your mind is that he should be like this, he should be Fe that, he should be like.... He is not like ;anybody else. He is just like himself. Only one dying is true, that he is always total. Whatsoever he is doing he is total in it. He is never partial, never fragmentary. If he is angry, then he is TOTALLY angry. If he is loving, he is totally loving. That totalness is the only quality. That's what I mean by 'perfection'."
All Masters are perfect, so there is no question of searching for a Perfect Master. Become more and more of a disciple. That is where you have to start the journey.

HE READ MANY BOOKS, VISITED SAGE AFTER SAGE, LISTENED, DISCUSSED AND PRACTICED, BUT HE ALWAYS FOUND HIMSELF DOUBTING OR UNSURE.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS HE MET A MAN WHOSE EVERY WORD AND ACTION CORRESPONDED WITH HIS IDEA OF THE TOTALLY REALIZED MAN.

NOW HE WAS CARRYING A CERTAIN IDEA FOR TWENTY YEARS.

He was looking for a carbon copy. He had already decided what a Perfect Master is; now all that was needed was some-body to fit with HIS idea. And remember, it is HIS idea that some-body else has to fit. This is ego, pure ego. This is not humbleness. This is not the way of a disciple. This is not the way of a humble man. This is not the way of a real seeker.

He is functioning through a conclusion. He has already decided that his conclusion is right. How can your conclusions be right? If your conclusions are right, you YOURSELF are a Perfect Master and there is no need for any Master.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS HE MET A MAN WHOSE EVERY WORD AND ACTION CORRESPONDED WITH HIS IDEA OF THE TOTALLY REALIZED MAN.

Must have been a coincidence.

THE TRAVELER LOST NO TIME. "YOU," HE SAID, "SEEM TO ME TO BE THE PERFECT MASTER. IF YOU ARE, MY JOURNEY IS AT AN END."

But see, still the 'if' persists. Because he has a certain conclusion already arrived at in his ignorance, how can he trust it? If he cannot find somebody to correspond with his idea, he is not a Master. If he finds somebody who corresponds, just by coincidence, now the great doubt arises: maybe his idea is right, maybe his idea is wrong. Hence the 'if'. So he says:

" YOU SEEM TO ME TO BE THE PERFECT MASTER. IF YOU ARE, MY JOURNEY IS AT AN END."

"I AM, INDEED, DESCRIBED BY THAT NAME," SAID THE MASTER.

Because for a Master all these are just names. Call him a Buddha, call him an enlightened person, a Christ, a Messiah, a Perfect Master -- these are just names. They don't describe his reality. These are just labels. Maybe people need them, but the Master does not need them. He has come home, where all words have become meaningless. He has come to that silence where words don't exist, to that wordless silence.

So the Master says:

"I AM, INDEED, DESCRIBED BY THAT NAME."

He does not say "I am" or "I am not." He simply says, "Yes, people describe me by that name."

"THEN, I BEG OF YOU, ACCEPT ME AS A DISCIPLE."

But this man has not prepared himself as a disciple at all. And now suddenly he wants to be accepted.

" THAT," SAID THE MASTER, "I CANNOT DO; FOR WHILE YOU MAY DESIRE THE PERFECT MASTER, HE, IN TURN, REQUIRES ONLY THE PERFECT PUPIL."

Twenty years' search wasted. Twenty years' search gone down the drain. And the Master is right. He says, "What do you think? If you want a Perfect Master, then the Perfect Master wants a Perfect Disciple. Go, become perfect! Go, become a disciple first!"

People think disciple hood is nothing to be attained. It needs great discipline to become a disciple. Both words, 'discipline' and 'disciple', mean the same. The original root means the capacity to learn. This man is incapable of learning. Twenty years he has been moving with his set conclusions. He has not learnt a thing. In twenty years he has come across many sages, but he has valued his own ideas more than those sages. He has not looked at the reality of those beings that he has come across. He has remained tethered to his ego.

And now he says, "Because you correspond to my ideas, I think you are the Perfect Master. Not that you are the Perfect Master, but only because you correspond to my

ideas." Now, who are you? and how can your ideas decide? How can they be decisive? From where have you gathered? from books? from discussions? from arguments? They are all borrowed. And in your ignorance you have gathered all kinds of nonsense.
In fact, when you read a book, you don't understand what is written there -- you understand only that which your ignorance can understand. How can you understand the Koran? To understand the Koran you will need the heart of a Mohammed. How can you understand the Geeta? To understand the Geeta you will need Krishna-consciousness. Listen to a few stories:

"Mummy," said little Jimmy, "I want to live with Carol next door."
"But you're both only six years old," smiled his mother. "Where will you live?"
"In her bedroom."
"What will you live off? You don't have any money -- and what will you do if babies come along?"
"Well," said Jimmy seriously, "we've been all right so far... and if she lays any eggs then I'll tread on them!"

The man in ignorance is almost like a child, like this child, Jimmy. What ideas can you have of perfection? of a Master? of God? Your ideas will be childish. And you will go on understanding that which you CAN understand. And words are always vague. They don't really carry meaning. The meaning has to by projected by you into the words. The word is just empty. You have to fill it with your meaning.

Two hippies are slipping and sliding through the Louisiana marshlands. As one hippie stepped up onto dry land, the other hippie said, "Hey man, an alligator just bit off my leg."
"Which one?" the first hippie said.
"I don't know, man. I can't tell one alligator from another."

Words don't have calling. It depends on you what meaning you are going to give to them.

A doctor was called to see a lady who led a very gay life. When asked to explain how she felt she remarked, "I haven't slept much lately. Last night we dined at the Carlton after the theater and then had drinks. I really feel that my stomach is out of order."
"I'm quite sure of it," he said. "You'll have to diet."
"Oh, doctor, how lovely!" she said. "What color?"

Or:

An Irishman visiting America remarked about the strange American customs. "You take a glass of ginger ale," he said, "and add whiskey to make it strong and then water to make it weak; lemon to make it sour and sugar to make it sweet. You raise the glass and say, 'Here's to you,' and then you drink it down yourself!"

When you see something, you read something, you give meaning to it. It is always your meaning. It can't be otherwise. So you can go on reading as many books as

possible and you will gather much rubbish -- but the meaning will be yours. You can quote the Bible, but you will simply be quoting yourself.

And that has happened down the ages. When one scripture is translated into another language, MUCH changes in it. It has happened to the Bible, because Jesus spoke in Aramaic, then it was translated into Hebrew, then into Greek, then from Greek into English. It has been translated so many times that its original fragrance is completely lost. It is no more the same. It can't be. So many interpreters, so many translators, stand in between. They have given their own meaning to it.

In John 8: 24 we read: "Except ye believe that I am he, ye shall die in your sins..." But here the word 'he' is not found in the original manuscript at all. The early translators were puzzled by the absence of an object, and thus they simply assumed that a word was missing. They changed the statement: "Except ye believe that I AM" -- this is the original statement -- "Except ye believe that I am." They had to change it; it looked incomplete: "Who are you, just saying 'I am'? It looks incomplete." So they made it read: "Except ye believe that I am he -- I am God."

Thus the beauty and the immense significance of the original was lost. It is still that way in the Bible: "I am he." Jesus is simply saying: "I am!" That I-amness is the very quality of existence. He is not saying "I am God" -- because if you say "I am God," you have already accepted the duality of 'I' and 'God'. Then the 'am' is only a bridge between the duality.

When Jesus says "I am" he is simply saying that you can call it God or you can call it 1. It is the same thing -- two ways of ex-pressing the same thing.

This is far better, far superior to the Upanishadic statement that says: "Thou art that." It has accepted the duality. To deny, it has accepted. It denies; it says "Thou art that," but the duality is accepted. Jesus is far superior in his statement when he says "I am."

Moses asked God when he met him on the mountain-top, "People will ask me about you. How am I to say anything about you?"

And he said, "Just go and tell them that God says: I am that I am.

Strange words, but of great significance.

When Jesus speaks, he speaks from HIS consciousness; he pours his consciousness into it. But when it reaches you, only the empty word roaches. His spirit is lost on the way. Then you fill that empty word with your ox n spirit, and you say that you have read it in the Bible or you have read it in the Koran or in the Veda, but you are reading only yourself.

ALL scriptures function as mirrors -- you see only your face. And remember: if a monkey looks into a mirror, he is not going to find an angel there.

This man read, listened, discussed, practiced, but the doubt remained. Twenty years searching, he came across many sages but could not feel contented with any. He would not have felt contented even if God had been encountered! And maybe, who knows, he may have encountered God too -- because God comes in so many sizes and shapes....

There is a story about a great mystic:

The mystic was Mohammedan and he lived in a mosque, but he had a Hindu follower. The Hindu was a Brahmin and the Hindu would cook food for him and would bring it to the mosque, and he used to live five miles away from the mosque. And unless the Master ate, he would sit there and wait -- and the Master was a crazy man. Sometimes he would eat in the morning, some-times in the afternoon, sometimes in the evening, sometimes in the night, and the disciple would wait and he would not eat till the Master had eaten. So sometimes he had to remain hungry the whole day. And by the time he reached home he was so tired that he would think, "Tomorrow, now who wants to prepare food again?" He would fall asleep hungry.

One day the Master said, "Listen, you need not come so far. I can come there myself, so tomorrow you prepare the food and I will come. It is too hot to come, and then sometimes you have to wait the whole day -- change it now. You are ready: I will come."

The next day he prepared delicious food for the Master, because he was to come for the first time. He was thrilled. This was grace: his Master is coming to his home! He decorated the house, he threw flowers on the path... but nobody turned up, only a dog. He chased the dog out because the dog wanted to cat, and he chased and the dog would come back and would try to snatch food. He had seen many dogs, but this dog was strange. He beat the dog but he still came. He really gave him a good beating, then he saw tears coming out of she dog's eyes. And then he disappeared.

Till evening he waited, and then he thought, "This man is crazy -- he may have forgotten." So he took the food, went to the mosque -- and he saw tears in the eyes of the Master. The SAME kind of tears! He was puzzled and he said, "Why are you crying?"
And he said, "Why shouldn't I? You have beaten me so much!"
And the disciple said, "What are you talking about? I, and I can beat you? And you never came and you had promised!"

And the Master said, "I came -- and not only once. At least twelve times!"
Then the disciple remembered the dog -- exactly twelve times the dog had tried to enter.
And the Master said, "You have to be capable of seeing the formless now. Don't be too much attached to the form. Why should I be thought of only in this form, in this body? Why can't you find me in other forms?"

So I say maybe this great seeker had come across God... in fact how can you avoid God? Whomsoever you come across, you always come across God. But he had great ideas, and even God could not fulfill those ideas. He remained empty, doubtful, untrusting, and the search continued.
And one day when he comes to a man who fulfills his ideas, he creates another problem. Then the Master says:

"THAT I CANNOT DO -- I cannot accept you as a disciple -- FOR WHILE YOU MAY DESIRE THE PERFECT

MASTER, HE, IN TURN, REQUIRES ONLY THE PERFECT PUPIL."

The Master is saying, "Had you prepared yourself these twenty years to be a disciple, you would have found me much earlier. You cam across me many times, but you missed. And this time also you have to miss."
This is the Sufi approach for having contact and communion with a Master: become a disciple. Don't search for the Master: search for disciple hood. And let me repeat: the Master appears when the disciple is ready.

The Perfect Master, Vol 1

Chapter #2
Chapter title: There is Communion
22 June 1978 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:

Question 1
OSHO, YESTERDAY YOU MENTIONED THAT TO BE A DISCIPLE ONE NEEDS TO BE IN PRAYER -- BUT WHAT EXACTLY IS PRAYER?

PRAYER IS AN EXPERIENCE OF RESURRECTION, A REBIRTH, the birth of a new vision, a new dimension, a new way of looking at things, and a new way of being. Prayer is not something that you do: prayer is something that you become. It is a state of being. It has nothing to do

with the words that you utter in the temples, mosques, churches. It is a silent dialogue with existence. It is to be in tune with the total with the whole. To fall in harmony with the whole I sprayer .

The experience is so enormous that it is impossible to be exact about it. It is indefinable. All definitions fall short. Each definition says something about it, but only something. Much remains unsaid.

And prayer is such a vast experience that it contains contradictions. So one can say: Prayer is silence -- and he is right, absolutely right. And another can say: Prayer is a dialogue -- and he is right too, because prayer is a dialogue in silence. Now, dialogue and silence seem to be contradictory. In dialogue you speak, in silence you hear. In dialogue you communicate, in silence you are simply there -- there is nothing to say.

What can be said to God? He knows all that you can say in the first place. You can bow down. You can celebrate. But still your bowing down, your celebration, your festivity, your thankfulness, your gratitude, they are still ways of speaking. You are trying to say something without words, because words are very small and the heart really wants to say something.

So it IS a dialogue, although silent. It is a communication in a sense, because you are there and the whole existence becomes your beloved, the whole existence becomes a 'thou'. And yet there is no 'I' and there is no 'thou' -- both disappear. Both meet and merge into one unity, one organic whole. Just as the dewdrop disappears in the ocean, you disappear. There is no separation between you and existence, so how can there be a dialogue?

Both the definitions are true. Those who say prayer is a dialogue -- Christians say that, Jews say that, Hindus say that -- they are right. But they are talking only about one fragment of the enormous experience called prayer.
Buddhists say: There is no dialogue. Jainism says: There is no dialogue -- because there is no 'I' and no 'thou'. There is absolute silence. They are also right, but then it is very difficult to be exact about prayer.
It HAS to remain vague. It has to remain incomprehensible. You can have only glimpses of it, fleeting glimpses, but you cannot have the whole of prayer in your hands. It can't be reduced to a simple definition.
Just as science gives definitions, religion cannot give them. You ask science: science is exact. You ask "What is water?" and it says "H20." So simple! Nothing is left behind H20 -- all is said, because water is an object. It can be analyzed.
Prayer is subjectivity. It is not an object that can be analyzed. In fact, you cannot show your prayer to anybody. And if somebody insists that "I don't see any prayer in you," you cannot prove it either. It is like love -- less like water, more like love. That's why Jesus says: God is love. Love is also indefinable.
Always remember one thing: there are things below you and there are things above you. Things that are below you, you can be exact about them. Things that are above you, you cannot be exact about them. They are bigger than you. When prayer exists, it is not that prayer exists in you -- on the contrary, YOU EXIST IN PRAYER. Prayer is higher than you. You just vibrate in that enormous dimension, that plenitude.

But we have been taught, particularly in this century, to be exact about everything. That has destroyed many beautiful values in life, that constant desire to be exact. And if you cannot be exact about something, then the mind tries to deny it.

You cannot be exact about God, so the mind says, "Then God cannot be." You cannot be exact about love; then the mind says, "Love is just dreaming and nothing else." You cannot be exact about beauty; then the mind says, "Beauty is just fantasy. It is not a truth." But then what is left? Then the world is no more beautiful, no more loving, no more good -- because there is no more God. Then the world is empty of meaning. Not that the world is empty of meaning, but your mad desire to be exact about everything has made it empty of meaning.

Meaning is a delicate phenomenon. It is like the fragrance of a flower. You cannot catch hold of it in your hands -- but it is there, still it is there, whether you can catch hold of it or not, whether you can keep it in a safe deposit or not. It is still there!

How can you define music? If you go to define it, you will destroy it. Then it is just an arrangement of sounds, nothing more.. It is noise arranged in such a way that it no more looks noisy. Just a soothing kind of noise. Is that all that there is to music? Music is more than the notes, more than the sum total of notes.

If you go on asking this question again and again... then what is poetry? Just a certain arrangement of words? It is not. It is something that happens in a certain arrangement of words, but it is more than the certain arrangement of words itself. It is not grammar, it is not language -- it is

something transcendental. It is provoked by the words. The words are used as an occasion for the poetry to happen. And exactly that is what music is. The instruments are used, notes are used, sounds are used, for that silence that is music to happen. Between two sounds is music, and between two words is poetry, and between two lines is all that is significant. It is never in the lines but always between the lines And one has to learn to read the intervals, the gaps.

Still, a few things can be said about prayer -- but they will not be exact, so I cannot fulfill your desire. The very nature of prayer prohibits it. And to try to do something against its nature is sacrilege.

So the first thing that I can say about prayer is: a feeling of immense gratitude, a thankfulness. You are here, in this beautiful world, with these trees and rivers, mountains and stars. In this tremendous beauty you are pulsating, you are alive. This oppor-tunity you have not earned. It is a gift. Prayer is a thankfulness for this gift of life. Just to breathe is such a joy, just to open your eyes and see the greenery. Just to listen to the chirping of the birds, or the sound of running water, or the silence of the night and the velvety darkness. Or the dawn and the sun rising... we have not earned it! It has been given to us, and we have not even thanked.

Whether there is a God or not is irrelevant -- thankfulness is a must. People think that "If there is a God, then we will thank him." I tell you just the opposite: "If you start thanking, you will find him." There is no other way. If you start feeling grateful, you will find him because he happens only in that dimension of gratitude.

Just as you cannot see from the ears and you cannot hear from the eyes -- eyes can only see, ears can only hear -- exactly like that, only gratitude can find God, can feel God. Gratitude is your sensitivity for God. Prayer is that sensitivity.

Second thing: prayer is a way of living. It is not just something that you do early in the morning like a ritual. If it is a ritual, it is meaningless. If it is a ritual, it will not make you religious -- it will make you a Hindu, it will make you a Mohammedan, but NOT religious. Prayer has to be something absolutely informal, of the heart, not a ritual. Not something that you finish some-how in the morning because you HAVE to do it and you have been taught to do it -- it has become a duty. If you don't do it, you feel a little guilty; otherwise, doing it, you don't feel any joy out of it. When you don't do it, only guilt arises. To avoid that guilt, you go on doing it. This is not prayer.

Prayer is a way of living. What do I mean? A man of prayer remains in prayer twenty-four hours a day. He sleeps-in prayer; his sleep is a kind of prayer. He relaxes into sleep as if he is relaxing into the lap of God. When he is going to sleep, he sleeps in God. When he wakes up, he wakes up in God. He opens his eyes and the first thing that comes to his heart and to his being is gratefulness, utter gratefulness. He eats God, he drinks God. He walks in God. He breathes in God, he breathes God. His twenty-four hours are a continuum of prayer. It goes on running like background music. Whatsoever he is doing, that does not make any difference -- the prayer continues.

And I am not saying that you should start repeating "Ram, Ram, Ram," or "Allah, Allah, Allah." It is not a question of

repetition. If you start repeating, "Ram and Ram and Ram," then it will be an interference in your life. Then you will not be able to drive rightly on the road, because your mind will be divided. Then you will not be able to do ANY work totally.

So I am not saying to repeat anything. It is not a question of verbal repetition. It is just a feeling, presence. Just as the mother sleeps in the night and her child is there by the side of her... and it may be the rainy season, with clouds and thunder in the sky, but she will not be awakened by the clouds and the thunder. But if the child just becomes a little uneasy, starts crying, she will be awakened immediately. Thunder was not enough to wake her, but her child.... Even in her sleep a part of her being re-members the child. That's how prayer is.

You live in the marketplace, you work, but DEEP down at the very core of your being, you go on bowing to God -- prayer continues, gratitude continues. Sometimes it surfaces when you have a silent moment; otherwise, it continues underground.

Prayed is a way of living, not having, but a way of asking. It is not compelling, not wanting to live from power and possession, but imploring to be allowed to be. Asking is the opposite of demanding. Asking is risky. It is entrusting yourself to the silence and the uncertainty of existence. Prayer never demands. There is no possibility of any demanding in prayer because we cannot claim anything. But we can ask, just like a small child asks his mother. There is no demand in him; he is helpless, he is dependent. He simply asks. When he is hungry, he cries -- that's what prayer is. It is childlike helplessness.

We are so small and existence is so infinite... we are only for a few moments here, and existence has been always here and will be always here. We are just small waves in this infinite ocean. We can ask, but we cannot demand. We can ask because we are not strangers to existence, we are not outsiders. We belong to it. We are part of it. Existence has peopled us. It is existence's desire that we are. We can ask. But in asking, there is no demanding. If it is fulfilled we are thankful. If it is NOT fulfilled, we are thankful. Remember that. That is the beauty of prayer.
If it is fulfilled, we are thankful, obviously. If it is not fulfilled, still we are thankful. Why are we thankful even when it is not fulfilled? Because then the man who knows what prayer is, who lives prayer, also knows that sometimes we ask for a thing which is not good for us. Existence knows better. If it is needed it will be fulfilled. If it is not needed it will not be fulfilled.
I have heard:

A young child's doll was broken. As she cried over the tiny pieces, she said to her brother, "I'm going to pray to God to put the pieces together."
"Do you expect God to answer your prayer?" he asked.
"You will see that God will answer," she predicted.
Two hours later when the brother returned he demanded of the little girl. "Well, has God answered?"
"Yes," she replies, pointing to the pieces. "He said, 'No.'"

This is prayer. You can ask, but you cannot demand. If he says no, then it is perfectly okay. Finally, the decision is with him. Demanding means the decision has already been

taken. Demanding means you want God to follow your will. Asking simply means, "I am putting my desire before you, but follow your will -- thy will be done, thy kingdom come." These last words of Jesus on the ass -- this is prayer!
A great poet, Huub Oosterhuis, says:

No one can pray without words, because no one exists outside language and everything is a dialogue.

Now, you see? Buddha says: Prayer is silence. And both are right. Oosterhuis is also right. From a certain standpoint it is true: no one can pray without words -- because no one exists outside language. Language is for us almost like the ocean is for the fish. Language is our ocean.
So Oosterhuis is right. And because he is a poet, he understands the significance of language. Only a poet understands the significance of language -- not a linguist, not a grammarian. The grammarian knows only the body of the language, the poet knows its heart, its soul, its spirit, its invisible dimension.
He is right: no one exists outside language and everything is a dialogue.
Yes, prayer is a dialogue. The part is talking to the whole. The part is addressing the whole. And you will have to learn this dialogue. Has not the desire sometimes arisen in you to talk to the trees? knowing perfectly well that they will not answer. Have you not sometimes said hello to a roseflower on the bush? You may not have said it because it looks so absurd, but has not the desire arisen in you? Have you not sometimes felt to talk to the starts? If you

have not felt, then you have lost the capacity to feel. Have you not sometimes touched a rock with great love and passion? the texture of it! Have you not felt sometimes to SAY something to all the invisible that surrounds you? That is prayer, that is dialogue.
And one has to gather courage. Yes, one has to be so courageous -- only then can prayer happen. It is very easy to go into a church and pray, because people accept that. Nobody will call you mad. In fact, people will think you are greatly religious, a good man, a good Christian, Catholic of Hindu. people will respect you for it. But if you start talking to a tree.... Just see: you can talk to a cross int he church, which is dead wood -- you cannot talk to a tree which is alive. And if you cannot talk to a tree, how can you talk to the cross?

Start talking with existence, with nature. Be a little mad. Sometimes get out of your prison of so-called sanity. It is driving you insane, this so-called sanity. Thousands of people go insane every day. Thousands of people commit suicide around the earth every day. And millions go on living a dull and drab life, for no other reason -- just for one single reason: they have not prayed. They have not been able to talk to existence. They have not been able to pour their hearts out. Do you know why psychoanalysis has become so important in the modern world? Because people have forgotten how to pray.
The priest is being replaced by the psycholanalyst for one single reason: because people used to pour their hearts into nature; now they don't find any way to pour their hearts out. They go to the psychoanalyst, they pay fox it. The

psychoanalyst listens -- they pour their hearts out. This is absolutely meaningless. You can do the same sitting in your garden. And the trees are better psychoanalysts because they listen so attentively, so intensely. Talk to the rocks! and you can say anything and they will not be offended. You can pour your heart out and your burdens will disappear and your tensions will disappear.

In the past man always lived such an unburdened, tension less life. The only reason was: everybody was capable of going into prayer. It was natural. People would go and talk to the mountains or to the rivers or to the sun or to the moon... these are all faces of God! manifestations of him. Alive, throbbing, pulsating, right now.

And when I say start talking with nature, I am giving you the first lesson of prayer. Churches are man-made. And whatsoever is man-made, avoid it -- because the man-made thing carries all kinds of neuroses that man has in him. Why not go to something that is God-made? If you want to feel God, go to something that is made by him, where you can find his signature.

Churches are man-made, so are temples, so are GURUDWARAS. There you will find only man and his politics. There you will find man and ALL his stupidities. Trees are less stupid, stars are not stupid. You go to them, you open your heart -- start a dialogue with nature. And the miracle happens one day, when suddenly you see that the tree has responded -- then you will know what prayer is, then you will understand Oosterhuis who says prayer is a dialogue. Yes, the tree ANSWERS one day, you just have to wait long enough. You Just have to convince the tree that

you are REALLY talking to her, that's all. It takes a little time.

And man has been so destructive to the trees that they have become closed. Let the TREE FEEL that you are not a madman, that you are not violent, aggressive, that you have come with love, great love, that you want to feel God. And the creator can be felt only in his creation -- that is the beginning of the journey.

So prayer first has to be a dialogue -- a dialogue with whom? I say a dialogue with nature. So even an atheist can go into it. I don't bring God in yet. First move into dialogue with nature -- that is the ABE of prayer. And then, slowly slowly, start moving into silence with nature. Sit by the side of a rosebush and move into tremendous silence, no words between you and the rosebush, just silence pulsating... waves of silence.

Through dialogue you will know God as he is manifest in nature, and through silence you will know God as he is unmanifest. Through dialogue you will know God as creation, and through silence you will know God as creator. So Buddha is also right; he is talking about the ultimate in prayer. But the ultimate is possible only if you do the immediate. The ultimate is only through the immediate.

The ancient Jews had a word; that word is MARANATHA -- it means "Come, Lord, come!" That is prayer. "I am ready. My heart is open for you! I am waiting. Come, Lord, come!"

A great awaiting, with all the doors open and all the windows open, for his breeze to blow through you. And his sun to come to your deepest core and fill you with light: "Come, Lord, come!"

Jews had another word; that is 'Hosanna' -- that means "Come and deliver us! Come and deliver us from our ignorance! Come and deliver us from our finitude. Come and deliver us from our limitations, from this imprisonment that we have created around ourselves Come, and give us freedom! Come and deliver -- come and liberate us!"
And the name of Christ, Jesus, means one who liberates. The original is 'Jehoshuah' or Jesus. It means one who has come to liberate 'Hosanna' and 'Jehoshuah' -- two words from the same Hebrew root, related to each other like question and answer, hope and fulfillment, prayer and the answer to the prayer.
If you really go into intense passion with God, it is answered. Jesus is an answer to many people's prayers. Buddha is an answer to many people's prayers, so is Mahavir, so is Mohammed, so is Nanak. These are the answers! Think of them as the answers to people who had prayed.
Just the other day I told you: When the disciple is ready, the Master appears -- and in no other way. When the disciple has really prepared his heart, has opened himself up, is vulnerable, has dropped his arm our, the Master immediately appears. The disciple is the question: the Master is the answer.
Prayer is the bridge between the question and the answer between the disciple and the Master, between the seeker and the sought, between the immediate and the ultimate, between the desire and the fulfillment.
Prayer is born out of our experience of love, the way we address each other. Have you not felt sometimes the difference? We use the same words, but the quality

changes. When you say 'you' to somebody to whom you are indifferent, the word is the same, but there is no prayer in it. And when you say 'you' to the woman you love or the man you love, the word is the same but the quality is different. When you say 'you' to a woman you love, there is prayer, there is love. The word is pulsating, alive, streaming. When you say 'you' to somebody in the marketplace, the word is dead.

Prayer has arisen, slowly slowly, out of the experience of love. When a person falls in love with one person, such great joy arises that, slowly slowly, it became apparent to people who were intelligent enough, aware enough, that "If so much joy comes by falling in love with one person, how much joy will come if I fall in love with the whole!" Love paved the way to prayer.

People pray to each other when they are in love. See the eyes of lovers when they look at each other. That look is sacred. It may be momentary, it may be lost, but for a moment the flame is there For a moment, the guest has arrived from the beyond. People pray to each other when they are in love. The way one man says 'you' to another, respectfully, intimately, desperately. The way someone says 'you' to you -- hopefully, expectantly, intensely, his voice seeking or caressing.

It may be that prayer to God grew out of this way that people have of speaking with each other when they are in love. Yes, that's how it has slowly slowly dawned into the consciousness of man -- that if we can say 'thou' to existence with great love, expectant, desperate, seeking, imploring, asking, with tears in the eyes, with hope, with helplessness; if we can say 'thou' to existence, that is

prayer, the beginning of prayer. A point comes when 'I' and 'thou' also disappear -- that is the end of prayer, the crescendo.

In the old days prayer was so much a matter of fact that not in a single scripture has the question been raised: What is prayer? The Vedas don't ask the question: What is prayer? The Koran does not ask the question: What is prayer? Prayer was taken so much as a matter of fact, it was so obvious to the people... when a thing is obvious, nobody asks a question. Now people are asking: What is prayer? What is love? These things have disappeared from life; they have become questions.

If you go far back into the beginnings of human consciousness, nobody asks: What is God? Who is God? Does God exist or not? It was almost as if God was walking with people on the earth, he was living with people on the earth. He was so visible, nobody asked the question. Just think -- has anybody asked the question: What is the sun? What is light? Nobody has asked.

But if one day suddenly the whole of humanity goes blind, and once in a while a man with eyes arrives, then people will ask him: What is sun? What is light? The question simply shows ill TO what impoverishment we have fallen.

In the Bible, there is no word for prayer. It was such a diffused experience that even a word was not needed for it -- so much so that in the Hebrew language it is difficult to translate the word 'pray', 'prayer'. Praying was calling, rejoicing, laughing, crying, reviling, imploring, according to how one felt. But there was no single word for it.

Man has lost many capacities, and one of the MOST important has been the capacity to pray -- because it is only

through prayer that we make a bridge between our tiny self and the infinite and the absolute.

You say: WHAT EXACTLY IS PRAYER?

I cannot define it exactly -- I can only indicate. I can hint. A few directions I can give to you. You will have to know it by your own experience.

They say that man can be divided into three groups: those who make things happen, those who watch things happen, and those who wonder what happened. Please be of the first category. Move into prayer -- that is the only way to know what it is. Love if you want to know what love is; have a taste of it. How can you explain to somebody who has never tasted wine what it is and what happens through it? He has never been drunk. There is no way to explain. All that you can do is to invite him, let him drink. Let him feel lost. Let him forget the world. Let him disappear in the world of intoxication... and he will know. That is the only way to know.

Prayer is an intoxication. Prayer makes one drunk with God. But only drunkards know it, what exactly it is. And even those who know it cannot put it into words. Let it become an experience Let us not only discuss it -- let us go into it. This very moment. If you feel grateful, a great silence will surround you, a great benediction will start surrounding you. This very moment! right now! you can be thankful for all that the whole has done for you.

If you are a religious person, you can think of the whole in terms of God; if you are not, there is no need to use the word 'God'. Forget all about it. Words don't matter. Call it

'the whole' Just feel what it has done to you, how much it has given to you and how much it goes on pouring into you. And you have never thanked it; you are so ungrateful. And still it goes on pouring! Its sharing, its giving, is unconditional.
And the moment thankfulness arises in you -- this can arise THIS very moment -- there is prayer. Nothing stirs in you, all is still. But suddenly one feels like bowing down to some unknown force, to some mysterious force. That bowing down is prayer.

The second question:

Question 2
EVERY TIME I SIT DOWN TO WRITE YOU A QUESTION, THE ANSWER ALWAYS COMES BEFORE I AM FINISHED WRITING. YET THIS DESIRE TO WRITE TO YOU AND BE ANSWERED REMAINS. WHAT IS THIS DESIRE? P.S. I KNOW THE ANSWER.

ANAHATA, NO ANSWER IS GOING TO HELP -- that s why the desire remains. A question arises, and if you silently wait it is bound to happen that the answer will arise. In fact, the answer is there, that's why the question has arisen. The answer is there before the question has arisen in you.
The answer is hiding in the question itself. If you go deeply into the question you will find the answer. The question is nothing but a hard shell around the answer. You will always find the answer if you wait long enough. And if you

wait silently. But still, no answer is going to help -- that's why the desire to ask remains.
One has to go beyond questions AND beyond answers -- because coach answer will create new questions in its own turn. So if one question is answered, the answer will create ten questions in its turn... and so on and so forth. And you can go on and on. And you can go on chasing and chasing, and you will never arrive.
When all questions disappear -- and not only questions but all answers too -- then the desire to ask will disappear. Never before it.
I am reminded by your postscript of a very famous Sufi story:

A Sufi mystic was going to Mecca on HAJ -- for his pilgrimage. He came into a town, a small town, and even before he reached the town the message had reached that a great mystic was coming into the town, so the whole town gathered. The mystic was a very silent one, and the townspeople asked him, implored him to deliver a discourse to them. "We have been waiting for months, and now that you have come we can't let you go unless we have heard something from you."
The Master was reluctant. He said, "But I have nothing to say." But they wouldn't listen. They persisted. The Master said, "And that which I know cannot be said!" But they wouldn't listen. The more reluctant the Master was, the more interested they became, naturally.
And they said, "We will sit here, we will fast and we will not eat till you give us a message -- because rarely has such

an enlightened person passed through this village. We cam lot allow you to go."
So the Master agreed. They went to the mosque. The whole town gathered, with great expectation about what the Master was going to say. And they knew it perfectly well, that never before had he spoken in any other village. He had been traveling, coming from a thousand miles, and everybody had been asking him, but he kept silent. They were very happy -- it was a privilege! that the Master had agreed to speak to them.
The Master came. He faced the audience and asked one question: "Do you know what I am going to say to you?"
They all said, "Of course, how can we know? We don 't know . " They all said, "We don't know what you are going to say."
The Master said, "Then I cannot speak to such ignorant people who don't even know what I am going to speak about!"
The people were very much puzzled and the Master went away. Their desire became more aflame. They thought their answer was not right. "Yes, the Master is right: how can he speak to such ignorant people?" They rushed, brought the Master back and they said, "You ask again. Our answer was wrong, but you come -- give us one more chance."
The Master came and he said, "Do you know what I am going to speak about?"
They said, "Yes!We all know what you are going to speak about."
And the Master said, "Then finished! If you already know, then what is the need for me to tell you? Such an enlightened town!"

Now the people were even more puzzled. And the Master left them again. They talked around amongst themselves; the whole town was agog with only one thing: "What to do? And tomorrow morning he is going to leave! Some way has to be found."
They talked and they discussed and they found a way and they went in the middle of the night and they woke up the Master and they said, "We have come -- our answer was wrong, we are sorry. You ask again!"
The Master went back to the mosque and again he asked, "Do you know what I am going to say to you?" And half of the people said, "Yes," and half of the people said, "No." That was the only way. Now how can he escape?
And the Master said, "Ha, ha, ha! So those who know should tell those who don't know. How am I needed? Just tell the people, talk between yourselves. I am absolutely unnecessary.

In fact, if you go deep into your own questions you need not ask anybody. All asking is unnecessary, because whatsoever answer I give to you is really there inside you. I only make it apparent. I help it to surface in you. I have no ready-made answer for you. I have no catechism. It is not that my answer is fixed for ever.
You ask the question. I look into your question.
I try to do what you should have done yourself, and then find the answer there, and I make it clear to you. The work of a Master is to make your OWN answers clear to you. He brings rarity, he does not give you any answers. A Master is not a scholar, he is not a professor. He does not give you answers. He simply brings clarity, vision, capacity to see.

So if you are here... as Anahata IS here, and he has been listening to me, and the clarity is growing, and the transparency is growing. So whenever a question arises in him, suddenly the answer is there. This is beautiful. This is how it should be -- to everybody. Then I will be spared the trouble.

But remember: it is not a question of questions being answered. Something more is needed. Only that 'something more' will be the manna that will satisfy you, fulfill you, quench your thirst. That transmission -- that transmission of energy from a Master to the disciple, like the flame jumping from the lit candle to the unlit candle. It is not a question of answer or question. It is not verbal, it is not intellectual. It is existential.

It is needed that a flame jumps from me to you, so you also become aflame, afire, so that your inner being is no more in darkness. In darkness all kinds of questions arise. If you become a little more intelligent, clear, alert, aware, you will find the answers.

But each answer will bring many more questions. It is an infinite process, AD NAUSEA. You can go on and on.... That is not going to transform you. That's why, Anahata, the desire to ask still remains.

The third question:

Question 3

MY BECOMING A SANNYASIN HAS CREATED A GREAT STIR IN MY COMMUNITY. THEY THINK THAT I HAVE GONE CRAZY, ALTHOUGH I HAVE NEVER BEEN SO HAPPY AND BLISSFUL AS I AM

NOW. OSHO, WOULD YOU SAY SOMETHING ABOUT IT?

THEY ARE RIGHT! YOU HAVE GONE CRAZY. They have a certain idea of what sanity is. Because of that idea, they cannot say that you are sane. If you are sane, then they are insane. That idea can allow sanity to only one: either to them or to you. And who is willing to lose his own sanity? They said the same thing to Jesus, "You are mad." They said the same thing to Socrates, "You are mad." They say the same thing to me, that I am mad. They will say the same thing to you, that you are mad. They are not really saying anything about you; they are simply saying that your presence creates a disturbance in them. Your very presence makes them suspicious of their sanity.

And, naturally, the suspicion becomes very very strong because you are joyful and you are happy and you are celebrating and they are miserable. Sanity should give people joy. It has not given them joy. They become suspicious, doubtful. Whenever they come across a person who is really joyous, they become suspicious of their whole life-style: "Is there something wrong in it?" And, naturally, to defend their life-style they have to say to you that you are wrong. That is their defense measure. Don't be angry at them, just understand their problem.

Their problem is that their whole way of life is at stake because of your presence. They will call you mad. And if it becomes too difficult for them to tolerate your presence, they will murder you. They did that to Jesus. They have been doing that to thousands of mystics down the ages. And I am trying my best to transform you into a mystic.

This sannyas is no ordinary phenomenon. It is a quantum leap into the mysteries of life. And, of course, I am giving you a totally different vision. They are bound to react. And they will be hard with you.
I remember an old story of a college professor named A2:

A2 lived in Flat Land. Everything in Flat Land had just two dimensions, height and breadth. Nothing had depth. If a friend turned sideways, you couldn't see him. People lived in flat houses, ate flat meals, drank flat cokes, thought flat thoughts, and lived flat lives.
A2 taught higher mathematics at the university. One night, he threw a party for some of his friends. Upstairs his precocious little son, Pentagon, tried to sleep. As he tossed on his bed, he began to dream. He dreamt a dream no one had dreamt before. Suddenly, Pentagon dreamt that everything had not only height and breadth, but depth! Houses and trees and especially girls looked so different. He felt different. Life took on a whole new scope. This new dimension affected the way people thought and acted. Then, as unexpectedly as it had started, the dream ended. Pentagon couldn't keep a dream like that locked up inside himself. His bare feet hit the floor and carried him downstairs right into the middle of his father's party. There he stood in his rumpled pajamas pouring out a dream of an unheard-of dimension of life. Pentagon tried to explain what depth looked like and felt like. People didn't have to go on living flat little lives and thinking flat little thoughts. They could sink their roots down into a whole new dimension of depth.

A2 couldn't hide his embarrassment. Nor could he shut Pentagon up. The party ended in a shambles. Far into the night A2 tried to reason with his son, but Pentagon stamped his foot and kept saying that another dimension of life existed.
The next morning, Pentagon talked to anybody who would listen. People thought the poor boy had lost touch with reality. So for the sake of his sanity and theirs, they locked him up .

People ARE living in a flat land. They have lost the dimension of depth. And that dimension is God! I am teaching you depth here. And once you start living in depth, you will be constantly in trouble -- trouble from the people. You will be utterly happy inside yourself, immensely happy, as you have never been before. Your life will become richer and richer every moment. You will know things as you have never known them. The whole existence will turn psychedelic. Trees will be greener and roses will be rosier, and for the first time you will sing the songs of the birds. And for the first time you will see in what a wonderland you have always been living with closed eyes. Your life will become a dance, a song will explode in your being.
But from the outside, from the herd, from the crowd, there will be shouts. They will say that you have gone mad, that you are crazy. This is not the way to be! To dance, to sing, with such abandon? To love, to live, with such abandon? This is not allowed. This is against the rules of the game. One has to be serious and sad, and one has to be a long

face. At least saints are not expected to dance, or sing, or be joyous, Saints have to be dead men.
By becoming a sannyasin you have entered into a new vision. That vision will be constantly in a world which is not supporting it, which cannot support it. You will not be supported by the people. You will be colliding with them. So you have to learn one thing: when you are with people, don't be too joyous. Keep it in. And don't try to talk about the dimension of depth -- unless somebody is willing to hear it. ACT as if you are sad. ACT as if you are a long face. ACT that you are a dead saint. Avoid people.When you want to dance, dance alone.
And this is not a new teaching I am giving to you. Sufis have always said it, that when you pray, pray when you are alone. Nobody should hear it, nobody should know about it. Not even your wife! In the middle of the night, wake up and bow down in immense joy, delight. Don't let the woman know, because she will talk to the neighbors tomorrow and the thing will go around, exaggerated in many ways. And you will be in trouble.
These people are living a very sad life, neurotic, not healthy at all, pathological. So when somebody turns to being healthy, he has to be very alert.
One of my friends became mad once. He was caught by the police -- the story is old, before India was divided -- and he was kept in a prison in Lahore. He was imprisoned there for nine months. After six months, just an accident... but he became sane. He was mad and he found a tin of phenol, so he drank it. The tin must have come for the bathrooms. He found it in the bathroom and he was mad so he drank it.

It gave him great nausea, naturally. For fifteen days he had diarrhea, vomiting, but that diarrhea and vomiting cured him of his madness. Maybe it was a good catharsis; all the poisons in the body were thrown out. And after fifteen days, when he became healthy again and the nausea disappeared and the diarrhea disappeared, he was perfectly sane. Then the trouble started.

For six months he had lived amongst twelve hundred mad people, and there was no problem because he was also mad. Now he was sane, and twelve hundred mad people... think of him! Somebody is pulling his leg, somebody is trying to sit on his head -- and he is sane! They were doing this for six months, but then he was insane himself, so there was no problem in it. It was accepted It was exactly as things should be.

He went to the superintendent and he said, "Now it is difficult -- I am sane now." But the superintendent wouldn't listen because he said, "They ALL say that they are sane -- all mad people say that they are being tortured unnecessarily. They are sane!'? Each mad person thinks that he is the sanest person in the world. In fact, psychologists say: The day an insane person thinks he is insane, he is already sane -- because insane people never think that they are insane. So nobody would listen to him. Those three months, he was telling me, were such a hell that he started praying to God "Make me mad again!"

To live with these mad people, even for three months, one needs to be mad.

You are living with a certain kind of world, a flat world, joyless, depth less, superficial. People's lives are just trivial. They live for money or for power, prestige -- which are all

meaningless. In the ultimate reckoning they carry no weight. Death comes and all money and all power and all prestige disappear -- and you are thrown to the dustbin. Nobody ever remembers you again. You may have been a prime minister or a president of a country -- nobody cares a bit. You may have been the richest man in the world, but death is very communistic.Whether you are a beggar or a rich man, death treats everyone equally. It comes and destroys all, without any exception.

People are living in a flat world. So when you start moving into the dimension of depth, you have to be a little alert -- otherwise you will be in trouble from the outside. The inner joy will grow, and as it grows, the outer conflict will grow proportionately. So unless you enjoy that conflict, act as if nothing has happened to you. Only share your joy with those who understand.

That's why sat sang is immensely valuable. You can share your joy with other orange people. They will understand. They will be happy. They will be joyous through your joy. They will SEE what has happened to you. But don't go on sharing it with those who don't understand -- unless you enjoy it. If you enjoy it, then it is perfectly okay.

A saint once heard about the evil city of Sodom. Being a saint, he went to the city with love and concern for its people.When he saw wickedness all about him, he began to preach and plead and protest daily.

After many years of this, a friend asked, "Why all the bother? You have not changed them a bit!"

The saint replied, "In this city of madness and sin, I must go out to shout, to preach and plead and protest -- not that

they should become like me, but that I should not become like them."

All that you can do, and all that is needed is: don't become like them. Do everything, take every precaution. If you feel a very strong desire to share with people who don't understand, then move into that knowing perfectly well that they will treat you the same as they have always treated others. Go knowingly into it; then if they start throwing stones at you, don't complain. This is your choice. If they crucify you, don't complain. This is what you have chosen of your own accord.

A farmer was driving his wagon past an insane asylum. One inmate cried out to him, "What have you got there in the waggon?"
"A load of horse manure," was the farmer's reply.
"What do you do with the horse manure?" asked the inmate. "Spread it on strawberries," answered the farmer.
"That's really wild," the inmate called out. "You should be in here. We put sugar and cream on ours."

Always remember with whom you are talking... otherwise you will create trouble for yourself.

The last question:

Question 4
MY WIFE IS VERY MUCH AGAINST REASON. SHE CALLS ALL REASONING 'RATIONALIZATION'.

WHAT IS REASONING? AND WHAT IS RATIONALIZATION?

I CAN UNDERSTAND YOUR TROUBLE. Reason is male, emotion is female -- hence the difficulty of communication between a man and a woman, between husband and wife. They are always shouting at coach other, but the message never reaches to the other -- because their way of understanding things are totally different.
In fact, became the ways are different, that's why they are interested in each other, they are attracted to each other. They are polar opposites like positive and negative in electricity. They are pulled together. But because they are opposite, communication is very difficult, almost impossible.
The man always talks from the head, and the woman always talks from the heart. Now these are two different languages: as if you talk Chinese and I talk German. And there is no communication. You can ask Hari Das: Hari Das talks German and Geeta, his girlfriend, talks Japanese. But this is so with everybody! With all Hari Dasas and all Geetas. Languages are different.

They were having a quarrel and the husband said, "Let's NOT quarrel, my dear, let's discuss the thing sensibly." "No," said the angry wife, "Every time we discuss something sensibly, I lose!"

If the woman is ready to lose, only then can she talk rationally, sensibly. And every woman knows that-that is not the way to win. She will be defeated! because the male

mind is an expert in reasoning. So rather than being logical, she starts crying -- now you are defeated. You love the woman and she is crying. Now what is the point of arguing with her? You say, "Okay, you are right." And she has learnt the way, that tears work far better. So it is not a question of what is right: it is a question of who wins.

If you really want to communicate with your woman or a woman wants to communicate with her man, the only way is that both should disappear from reason and emotion, both should become more meditative. Meditation is neither reason nor emotion -- it is going beyond, it is going beyond the polarity. It is transcendental. Meditation takes you beyond reasoning and beyond emotions; it is neither of the head nor of the heart. And the only possibility of any communion, of any communication, between man and woman is meditation. Otherwise, there is no possibility.

The woman will call your reason rationalization. And what do you call it when your woman starts being emotional? You call it sentimentality. These are condemnatory words. Rationalization is a condemnatory word. When you call the woman's emotion 'sentimentality', that is a condemnatory word. And you feel right in yourself, and the woman feels right in herself. Different ways of thinking. No one is right and no one is wrong -- because ALL ways of thinking are wrong. A state of no-thought is right. A state of no-emotion is right.

So when you love a woman and the woman loves you deeply, there is communion, because in that love there is meditation.

But that love comes and goes. You are not yet capable enough of containing it forever, so the honeymoon

disappears soon. When you fall in love with a woman, everything goes well. You both agree with each other. Never is there any argument. So understanding of each other, so compassionate towards each other, so sympathetic. But after the honeymoon is over, then small things... so small that when you want to talk about them you feel embarrassed. It happens every day to me:

A couple comes. They have been fighting, on the verge of separation. And I ask, "What is the matter?" And the man says to the woman, "You say it," and she says, "You say it." The fact is that both are embarrassed because the matter is nothing, trivial. Just a small thing. Maybe the quarrel has started... the woman wanted to wear one sari and the man didn't like the color, and he said, "I am not going with you to the party in THIS sari!"

How stupid -- stupid of both, but it can lead to, it can trigger, a great argument. And then they start bringing great things into it, and all their differences immediately surface. They are at daggers drawn. They have made a mountain out of a molehill. And they go on condemning each other: "You are wrong -- all your reasoning is just a rationalization." And I am not saying that all your reasoning is reasoning -- ninety-nine percent it is rationalization. end I am not saying that all the emotions of the women ARE emotions -- ninety-nine percent they are sentimentalities.

Mind is very tricky -- both, male or female. Mind is very cunning .

A man of fifty married a woman of thirty. The marriage caused quite a bit of talk in their circles. Once, when

someone asked the newly married man about the great difference in age, he replied, "It's not bad at all. When she looks at me she feels ten years older and when I look at her I feel ten years younger. So what's wrong? We're both forty!"

This is a rationalization. A rationalization is a way of hiding things. It is a clever way, very clever. You can rationalize about everything possible, and you can pretend that it is reasoning. It is not. Reasoning has to be objective, without any prejudice on your part.

Once a man came to me. He has written many books, and he is the head of a department in a university for paranormal or parapsychological research work. He came to me and he said, "I am trying to prove that reincarnation is a scientific truth."

I asked him, "Unless you have proved it, don't say it -- because that shows a prejudice. You have already accepted the idea that it IS a scientific truth, now all that is needed is to prove it. This is not being objective or scientific. This is not being rational. Deep down you are a Hindu and you accept the theory. If you were a Mohammedan, you would be trying to prove that 'There is no reincarnation and I am going to prove it scientifically.'"

Neither is a scientist. The Mohammedan does not believe, so he tries to prove HIS belief with the help of science. You are trying to prove YOUR belief with the help of science. This is rationalization.

A man of pure reason has no belief, no prejudice, no A PRIORI idea. He simply goes into inquiry with no judgment, no conclusions . The inquiry will decide what

the conclusion is. It will be decided by the inquiry itself. If you have even a lurking desire to prove something, you will prove it, but you have destroyed its scientificness. It is no longer reason. It is rational.

And so is emotion. Emotion is a purity; sentimentality is a trick. You have learnt a trick. The woman knows that if she cries, she is the winner. Now, sometimes the crying is not coming at all, because crying is not so easily manipulated. But she tries to bring it, she acts, she pretends. Those tears are false. Even if they are flowing through the eyes, they are false -- because they are not coming, they are being brought.

Sentimentality is emotion created, manipulated, cunningly. Rationality is one thing; rationalization is a manipulation of reason just as sentimentality is a manipulation of emotion. If you are rational, REALLY rational, you will become a scientist. If you are really emotional, you will become a poet. These are beautiful things. But still, dialogue will not be possible -- it will be easier. With rationalization and sentimentality it is very difficult, but with reason and emotion it is not so difficult -- still there will be difficulties, but there will be compassion, an effort to understand each other. The rational man will try to understand the woman's viewpoint rationally; and the woman will try to understand the man's viewpoint -- emotionally, of course, but compassion will be there.

First step is: drop all rationalizations and all sentimentalities. And the second step is: drop reason and emotion too. And then in that state of ecstasy, of meditation, there is communion. And that communion is

prayer. In that communion when you say 'thou', there is no woman, there is God; there is no man, there is God.

The Perfect Master, Vol 1

Chapter #3

Chapter title: A Rolling Stone
23 June 1978 am in Buddha Hall

A WANDERING SEEKER SAW A DERVISH IN A REST-HOUSE AND SAID TO HIM, "I HAVE BEEN IN A HUNDRED CLIMES AND HAVE HEARD THE TEACHINGS OF A MULTITUDE OF MENTORS. I HAVE LEARNT HOW TO DECIDE WHEN A TEACHER IS NOT A SPIRITUAL MAN. I CANNOT TELL A GENUINE GUIDE, OR HOW TO FIND ONE, BUT HALF THE WORK COMPLETED IS BETTER THAN NOTHING."

THE DERVISH RENT HIS GARMENTS AND SAID, "MISERABLE MAN! BECOMING AN EXPERT ON THE USELESS IS LIKE BEING ABLE TO DETECT ROTTEN APPLES WITHOUT LEARNING THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SOUND ONES.

"BUT THERE IS A STILL WORSE POSSIBILITY BEFORE YOU. BEWARE THAT YOU DO NOT BECOME LIKE THE DOCTOR IN THE STORY.

"IN ORDER TO TEST A PHYSICIAN'S KNOWLEDGE, A CERTAIN KING SENT SEVERAL HEALTHY PEOPLE TO BE EXAMINED BY HIM. TO EACH THE DOCTOR GAVE MEDICINE. WHEN THE KING SUMMONED HIM AND CHARGED HIM WITH THIS DECEIT, THE LEECH ANSWERED, 'GREAT KING! I HAD FOR SO LONG SEEN NOBODY BUT THE AILING THAT I HAD BEGUN TO IMAGINE THAT EVERYONE WAS ILL AND MISTOOK THE BRIGHT EYES OF GOOD HEALTH FOR THE SIGNS OF FEVER!' "

EXISTENCE IS A DIALECTICS. IT DEPENDS ON POLAR OPPOSITES: man/woman, yin/yang, life/death, daylight. But the basic polarity in all the polarities is that of positive and negative. Only positive cannot exist, neither can the negative exist alone. They depend on each other. They are opposites and yet not opposites.

If you understand this, you have a great key in your hands: they are opposites and yet complement Aries, because they cannot exist without the other. The other feeds them -- negates them and feeds them. And the whole existence progresses. moves, flows, because of these two polar banks. No river can flow without these two banks.

Everything is divided into these polar opposites. They attract each other, they repel each other. Just like man and woman: they are attracted to each other and they are repelled by each other; they want to come close and they resist; they love and they hate -- and it is all together. You cannot separate them. You cannot separate love and hate because you cannot separate the positive and the negative.

At the most, you can emphasize one more than the other -- that's all.

Just the other day, Yoga Chinmaya has asked a question: "Why does man have two eyes, two ears, two lungs, two kidneys, two hands, two feet -- why two?" Because of the polarity. Your one kidney is male, your other kidney is female. Your one hemisphere of the mind is male, your other hemisphere is female. You cannot exist without this polarity. Your body will disappear. There is a constant opposition between the poles, and attraction.

One of the greatest discoveries of modern psychology is that no man is just man alone, and no woman is woman alone either. Every man has a woman within him, and every woman has a man within her.

This polarity is a must.

The mind is also divided in two parts: the left hemisphere of the mind is male, the right hemisphere of the mind is female. I am saying this so that I can explain to you why there is such a phenomenon as Zen-and-Sufism -- they are polar opposites. Zen is the path of VIA NEGATIVE; it is basically male-oriented. It is the path of intelligence, meditation, awareness. Sufism is the path of VIA POSITIVE; it is feminine. It is the path of love, affirmation.

The Buddhist moves by negating: This is not the truth, that is not the truth -- NET I, NET I -- neither this nor that, says Sosan. Go on negating, eliminating. When you have eliminated all, that which remains and cannot be eliminated any more is the truth.

Sufism is based on positivity: Don't negate, don't use no, say yes. And don't search in a negative way; move in an

absolutely positive way. Don't think of the wrong, think of the right. Don't think of illness, think of health. Don't think of thorns, think of flowers. Don't think of ugliness, misery, think of beauty and joy.

Both are there. And you cannot use both together -- you will go mad if you use both together. That's really what happens when a man goes mad. He starts using both his polarities and both those polarities go on negating each other. That's why he becomes paralyzed in his intelligence. One has to use one; the other will be there but as a shadow, just complementary to it.

In Zen you use no, and, slowly slowly, all that is meaningless is cut from the very roots. But the meaning remains, because meaning cannot be cut. The significance remains; that is impos-sible to destroy, it is indestructible. So there is no problem! People who follow Zen reach. They reach to health by eliminating diseases. That is their way. The Sufi way is just the opposite: it moves through the positive, through health, through yes-saying. And, slowly slowly, it arrives at the same goal. And, in a way, the path of the Sufi is more full of joy, more full of songs, because it flows through the valleys and mountains of love.

Zen flows through a desert land. The desert also has its own beauty -- the silence of it, the vastness of it, the purity of its air -- the desert has its own beauty! If you are a lover of the desert, don't be worried about it. People have reached through the desert to the ultimate. But if you are not, then there is no need to torture yourself in the desert. There are green valleys too.

Sufism moves through green valleys. Now this too is very strange, but this is how the mind functions: Sufism was

born in a desert; Zen was born in a green valley. Maybe that's why it happened so. The people who live in a desert can't choose the path of Zen. They are already in a desert, tired of the desert. Outside is the expanse of desert and desert alone. They would not like to choose the inner desert too; otherwise, the polarity will be lost. Outside is desert, inside they have to create a green valley of love, of positivity. That will make things balanced. That will help the dialectical process.

Sufis talk about love, of paradise, of the garden of paradise. They think of God as the Beloved. They talk about wine; wine is their symbol. They talk about drunkenness; they are drunkards, drunkards of the divine. They abandon themselves in dance and song. They feast, they celebrate. That seems absolutely logical. Enough of the desert -- they have to balance it by an inner garden.

Buddhism was born on the banks of the Ganges, one of the most fertile lands in the world, one of the most beautiful, in the shadows of the Himalayas. All was beautiful outside, all was green outside. Now to think of greenery inside too will be monotonous. To think of beautiful valleys and rivers will be boring. Buddha thinks of inner emptiness, nothingness, the inner desert, the silence of the desert, the utter purity of the desert -- no dance, no song. You cannot imagine Buddha dancing.

You cannot imagine Rumi not dancing. If Rumi is anything at all, he is nothing but a dance. He attained to his first samadhi by dancing continuously for thirty-six hours. He danced and danced... and his ecstasy was such that hundreds of people started dancing. He created such a field of ecstasy that whosoever came to watch what had

happened to him started dancing. By the time he reached his ultimate samadhi, thousands of people were dancing around him. That's how he attained. He fell on the ground for hours in utter drunkenness -- just like a drunkard!When he opened his eyes, he had seen the other world, he had brought the beyond with him.

Buddha attained to his ultimate samadhi sitting silently doing nothing -- so utterly silent that you could have thought that there was no man but just a marble statue. It is not just a coincidence that Buddha's statues were the first to be made, it started with Buddha's statues. His statues were the first, then others' statues followed. He was so statue-like. In his silence, sitting under the Bodhi Tree, he must have looked like a piece of marble: cool, white, still. The white marble became a metaphor for Buddha.

But you cannot make a statue of Rumi, because he is never for two consecutive moments in the same posture. If you want to make a statue of Rumi, you will have to make a statue of a fountain, or a willow in a strong wind. Impossible to make a statue of Rumi.

Buddha lived, was born, in Nepal under the shadows of the eternal Himalayas and its eternal beauty. This is again a polarity. Outside is the beauty of the Himalayas, and Buddha searches for an inner desert of absolute negation. Rum I lived in a desert; outside is the infinite desert, inside he creates a small garden, a paradise, a walled garden. That is the meaning of the word 'paradise',firdaus -- a walled garden, an oasis.

Sufism's emphasis is on the positive. And I am talking about both Zen and Sufi. You have to choose. The choice should not be from the head; the choice should be from

your totality. Feel both. Feel Sufi dancing, and feel vipassana. And whatsoever fits with you... and when something fits, you will know. There will be no need to ask anybody, because it fits SO absolutely -- that it is meant for you and you are meant for it -- suddenly everything falls in tune, a great harmony arises.

Don't decide from the head, because then you can move in a wrong direction. Allow it to be decided by your total being. Feel all the possibilities -- that's why I am making all that is possible available to you, so everybody can find what suits him. Then that is your path.

And never impose your path on anybody else, never, because that may not be the path for the other. Share your joy, but never try to convert anybody to your principle. Share your experience, but never become a missionary. The word 'missionary' is dirty. Make your heart available -- if somebody wants to choose, let him choose, but don't in any way, not even indirectly, try to convert him to your doctrine.

Your experience, your sharing of the experience, is beautiful -- it is your love, it is your compassion. But your principle, your doctrine, your path, is dangerous. It may not be the other's path. And when I am saying 'the other', I don't mean the stranger -- it may be your child, it may be your wife, it may be your husband, it may be your brother. 'The other' includes ALL others -- even your child whom you have carried in your womb for nine months, who is your bone and your blood and your marrow, who has pulsated with you for nine months, but still he will have to live his own life. He comes through you, but he is not you. He has his own indi-viduality. He has to bloom in his own way.

Make available all that you have experienced, all that is good and all that is bad; make your whole life open to the child, but never indoctrinate him. Never try to make him a Christian or a Hindu or a Mohammedan. Help him to move according to HIS nature. And nobody knows what is going to bloom in him. Just help him so he grows, becomes stronger. That is love.

When you start indoctrinating, that is not love, that is hate. You are afraid, you are possessive, you are ambitious, you are egoistic

You want to dominate the other through your doctrine. You want to kill the spirit of the other. You may think that you are helping, but you are not helping -- you are hindering the growth. You are only crippling the other. He will never be able to forgive you.

That's why children are never able to forgive their parents -- they have been indoctrinated, something has been forced on them. It is a kind of rape, and the worst kind: you have raped their consciousness. You have violated one of the MOST fundamental laws of life. You have interfered with their freedom. And the greatest freedom is the freedom to grow towards God, and everybody has to grow in his own way.

The rose has to offer its fragrance, and so does the marigold. The marigold need not become a rose, it cannot. The marigold has to bloom in its own way; it has to offer itself. That offering will be accepted -- only that offering is accepted which comes from your innermost core, which has roots in you.

So Zen or Sufi, you have to feel. And there is no hurry. Go on feeling. One day, suddenly, everything falls in tune, everything comes together, and the vision opens.

The story:

A WANDERING SEEKER SAW A DERVISH IN A REST-HOUSE AND SAID TO HIM, "I HAVE BEEN IN A HUNDRED CLIMES AND HEARD THE TEACHINGS OF A MULTITUDE OF MENTORS. I HAVE LEARNT HOW TO DECIDE WHEN A TEACHER IS NOT A SPIRITUAL MAN. I CANNOT TELL A GENUINE GUIDE, OR HOW TO FIND ONE, BUT HALF THE WORK COMPLETED IS BETTER THAN NOTHING."

THE MAN MUST HAVE BEEN deeply rooted in negativity, in negation. He could have easily become a follower of Buddha, but not a Sufi. He had a philosophic bent of mind. Doubt was his style, skepticism was his system of thought. That is not the way of the Sufi.
Each word of the story has to be understood, because these are not just stories but payables. You cannot change a single word. If you do you will change the whole texture, the whole flavor, the whole meaning of the story.
Sufis use these stories in such a way that they have many meanings. They can be understood on many levels.

A WANDERING SEEKER...

A seeker is always a wanderer. Those who really want to seek remain with a Master, they don't wander. The one who

goes on wandering is curious, greedy. He wants to know as much as he can. Hence, he cannot stay with one Master. And these things are such that unless you stay with one Master, in deep intimacy, with great love, you will not grow roots. You will be a rolling stone which gathers no moss. You can go ON rolling and rolling for ever, but you will not be enriched by your wanderings. In fact, the more you wander, the more impoverished you will become because life is wasted, time is wasted.

This is not the way of SAT SANG. Sufism depends very much on the intimacy with the Master. If you go on transplanting a tree from one place to another place continuously, you will kill the tree. When will it grow its roots? You have to leave it in one soil for a long enough time. If it is a seasonal flower, it's okay; it comes within weeks, and then it is gone within weeks. But if it is a cedar of Lebanon which has to live for thousands of years and which has to rise high in the sky and whisper with the clouds, then transplanting it again and again is harmful, is killing it. It is murderous.

And the soul is a cedar of Lebanon. It is not a seasonal flower. A Master is a soil. You have to become grounded in the Master. You have to spread your roots into his being, only then will you be nourished. That's what sat sang is.

If you go on wandering, you may gather much information, you may become very knowledgeable, obviously, but you will remain as ignorant as ever. Maybe more so, because now you will become egoistic too. You will think "I know" -- and you don't know! You have gathered unnecessary baggage. You will become more and more burdened, stuffed. But this is not real growth. Real growth is totally

different. It needs time, waiting, patience, love, intimacy, trust.
Sat sang is approaching a new birth. Being silenced. Hearing silence. Listening behind the words and forgetting them. Doing nothing, and being interior. Deeper than all expression. That is sat sang. And Sufism depends on sat sang. It depends on the intimacy with the Master. One sits with the Master, deep in the night, in the silence of the night. The Master may not speak at all, or may speak one word or two. One simply sits with the Master, feeling his presence, absorbing his presence, becoming part of his energy field. Breathing with him, pulsating with him, slowly slowly, the ego dissolves. One never comes to know when it dissolved. No overt effort is made to dissolve it. It dissolves of its own accord, just as the sun rises and the snow starts melting.
If you come to the Master, the sun has started rising. You need not do much; you are not required to do much. The magic of the presence of the Master will do. All that is needed on the part of the disciple is great trust, surrender.

A WANDERING SEEKER...

... must have been a curious man, a superfluous seeker. Goes on wandering, goes on knocking from one door to another, is a beggar. Never gathers enough courage and patience to stick to one place, hence remains rootless.

A WANDERING SEEKER SAW A DERVISH IN A REST-HOUSE...

A dervish is one who is drunk with God. You can see from his eyes: they are red with the wine of God. You can see from the way he walks. You can SEE in a thousand and one ways that he is not just in the body -- in the body, of course, but somewhere else too. He is not only the body, but more than the body, more than the sum total of his body and mind. You can feel the presence of the beyond very alive in him, almost tangible, visible to those who have eyes to see. You can see the dancing energy around him! He has bloomed -- you can smell the fragrance, his delicateness, and the sweetness of his milieu. His vise is that of wine. You will never find that with a Zen Master. The vise is totally different, because the Zen Master has achieved through the negative. He cannot be drunk. He is fully alert and aware. You will find a very sharp sword in a Zen Master, ready to cut you in one blow. A Zen Master is sharp! sharp because of his awareness.

A Sufi Master is drunk, soft, a shower of love. You will find with a Zen Master great compassion, but not love. Compassion because of his awareness, because of his enlightenment. But the Sufi is full of love. His God is love. For the Zen Master there is no God -- there is only utter nothingness. For the Sufi there is nothing else but God -- he breathes God, he eats God, he drinks God, he lives in God like a fish lives in the ocean. How can remain undrunk? You can see in the way he walks, the way sits, that he is completely drunk.

It is not accidental that wine became one of the most significant metaphors of Sufism. Oman Khayyam is a Sufi Master -- totally misunderstood by the West, because the translators, particularly Fitzgerald, took every word of

Omar Khayyam literally. And they are metaphors! they are not literal. When Omar Khayyam talks about 'the woman' he is talking about the God, because Sufis think of God AS woman, not as man.
Hindus also think of God as woman sometimes, but always as 'the Mother'. Sufis think of the woman as the beloved. When the woman is your mother, the relationship is of respect, not really of love. When the woman is your mother, you are full of reverence, but not full of love. When the woman is your beloved, it is a totally different relationship. Sufis are the only people on the earth who have been daring enough to call God 'the Beloved'.
And when Sufis talk about wine, they are talking of the love of God that flows into you if you allow, if you are ready to receive the gift. If you are in a let-go, it comes -- it comes absolutely, it comes certainly. If it is not coming, that only shows that your doors are closed.
One learns, living with a Master, how to open one's doors. It is not a question of learning knowledge: it is a question of learning a different kind of being -- an open being, not a closed being.

A WANDERING SEEKER SAW A DERVISH IN A REST-HOUSE...

This word 'rest-house' is also significant, because one who is drunk with God is at home, he is at rest. He knows what rest is; nobody else knows.
In I905, Albert Einstein declared that there is no absolute rest, and since then there has been none. Albert Einstein is right: as far as the outer world is concerned, there is no

absolute rest. Things are always moving, even things which seem to be static are moving. Even the wall of your house is in a constant turmoil, in a chaos. All is change! Nothing abides and remains the same, not even the Himalayas. They are also changing, continuously changing. Maybe our lives are very short and we cannot see the change. Scientists say: If we can condense the whole history of the Himalayas into twenty-four hours, then you will see the Himalayas are nothing but like changing waves in the ocean. The change is slow compared to our life span, but the change is there. There was a time when the Himalayas didn't exist.

You may be surprised to know that the Himalayas are the youngest mountains in the world, adolescent, and still growing, still becoming higher every year -- by inches only, but change is continuous.

Either a thing goes on growing upwards or it starts falling downwards, but change is the only thing that never changes. And Albert Einstein is true about the outside world, but he does not know anything about the inner. If he had known anything of the inner, he could not have said this, that there is no absolute rest -- there IS!

It is not there outside: it is in the heart, in the deepest core of your being. I KNOW it! I am in it. You can also know it. And the man is only fulfilled when he comes to know about the absolute rest in himself. Call it soul, call it God, call it Nirvana, or what you will, but there is a point, at the deepest, at the ultimate core of your being -- that point is the center of the cyclone. There is rest.

These Sufi stories are metaphorical. The dervish is at the rest house and the seeker is a wandering seeker. The seeker is searching, the dervish has arrived. He is a SIDDHA -- he

has arrived. There is nowhere to go. He has come home! He is at home.

A WANDERING SEEKER SAW A DERVISH IN A REST-HOUSE AND SAID TO HIM, "I HAVE BEEN IN A HUNDRED CLIMES AND HEARD THE TEACHINGS OF A MULTITUDE OF MENTORS."

REMEMBER, ONE MASTER IS ENOUGH, and one thousand and one mentors are not enough. Mentors are teachers, tutors they are. A Master is not a teacher, he is not a mentor, he is not a tutor. The function of the Master is that of creating an infection -- it is not a teaching, it is an infection. He does not teach you a certain thing. He simply creates an energy field around you, surrounds you, and in that surrounding energy something starts responding from within you. That is intuition. The teacher depends on tuition, he teaches you. The Master depends on intuition. He creates a situation. In that situation, something that was not functioning before in you starts functioning, that's all. But he does not give you anything. He is a catalytic agent. He gives you only that which you had already, and from the very beginning, but you had become unaware of it, you had forgotten about it. He reminds you. He provokes something in you which is asleep. He digs a well in you -- but the water is yours! He breaks, blasts, rocks within you, but that which comes welling up is yours, authentically yours. He gives you your own being.
The seeker said to the dervish:

"I HAVE BEEN IN A HUNDRED CLIMES AND HEARD THE TEACHINGS OF A MULTITUDE OF MENTORS."

He has been moving from one door to another, he has been like a beggar with a begging bowl, asking for truth, searching for truth. He has learnt much. He knows many doctrines, scriptures. He has become very very efficient in philosophizing. He says:

"I HEARD THE TEACHINGS OF A MULTITUDE OF MENTORS. I HAVE LEARNT HOW TO DECIDE WHEN A TEACHER IS NOT A SPIRITUAL MAN."

And all that he has learnt is doubt. All that he has learnt is a negative kind of mentality. All that he has learnt is worthless as far as Sufism is concerned. He has learnt how to know that a certain man is not a really spiritual man. He has learnt to detect the illness. He has learnt criticism. He has become critical.

That's what happens to a knowledgeable man: he becomes critical. And that is NOT the way to reach God. One has to become loving. To be critical is basically rooted in hatred, in antagonism. To be critical is part of your destructiveness. Now, this man has moved, wandered, listened, learnt many things, and the total result is that he has only become capable of deciding when a certain Master is NOT really spiritual. What kind of richness is this? How are you going to be enriched by it? But this is what happens.

Unless you live with a Master long enough, you will learn the negative. The negative is on the surface. The positive is

at the core. The negative can be on the surface because it has no value. The positive is a treasure. If you go to a Master and only listen to what he says and not to what he is, you will not know the positivity of it.
That's what happened to this man. This calamity happens to

"I HAVE BEEN IN A HUNDRED CLIMES AND HEARD THE TEACHINGS OF A MULTITUDE OF MENTORS. I HAVE LEARNT HOW TO DECIDE WHEN A TEACHER IS NOT A SPIRITUAL MAN. I CANNOT TELL A GENUINE GUIDE, OR HOW TO FIND ONE, BUT HAT THE WORK COMPLETED IS BETTER THAN NOTHING."

He is consoling himself. There is a famous statement of Friedrich Nietzsche. He was a madman, but sometimes mad people say beautiful things: sometimes they have glimpses of truth. He says: It is better not to know at all than to know in a half-hearted way -- better to know not at all than to know m part. Better to know not at all than half know.
Why? The ordinary logic will say: It is better to know at least something than not to know at all. That is not so.
To know the useless will create great sadness in you, hopelessness in you, meaninglessness in you. To know the negative will dry you of all life and life's juices. You will start freezing. You will become cold. You will become unloving. You will start losing all hope. You will be in despair, in anguish. And that's what has happened to many people.
For example, Sigmund Freud -- he knew only the negative. He knew what is wrong with the mind of man, but he was

never aware about anything that can be right. He depended on the negative side. He became very very expert on all kinds of illnesses of the mind -- abnormalities, perversions, diseases, neuroses, psychoses, and all that. But he completely forgot that there have been Buddhas too. In fact, slowly slowly, the more he became accustomed to the abnormal, the perverted, the ill, the unhealthy, the more he started suspecting whether Buddhas can even exist. He started suspecting Jesus. Not only that: psychoanalysts have written books, treatises, proving that Jesus is neurotic. They have not worked so hard on Buddha, but if they work, the same will be the case with Buddha. Maybe they will use some other word for him -- 'repressed'. If they think about Ramakrishna, they will say 'hysterical'. And the same they will say about Mohammed -- 'neurotic', 'crazy'.

Why is Jesus neurotic? Because he talks with God. He is neurotic because he hears voices in the sky. He is neurotic because he feels something which we cannot see, only he can see. We cannot trust him, because whatsoever HE feels, he cannot prove objectively. He must be mad.

Just think of the implications of what Freud is saying. Health is impossible, health is suspect. A healthy, whole, holy man is suspect. Not only suspect -- condemned. Then what is left? Then the whole of humanity has to live in despair, without hope.

And that's what Freud says, that there is no hope for man, that at the most man can endure but cannot enjoy. In fact, he himself never enjoyed -- he endured life. He himself was neurotic in many ways. He was very much afraid of death; he had many phobias. He was a very angry person, so much so that when he would get into a rage he would fall on the

floor in a swoon. He was SO afraid of death that even a mention of death was enough to make him tremble. And he was so ambitious and so political that he was continuously afraid of others conspiring against him. He was a paranoid. He destroyed many of his disciples because of suspicion, because he was not able to tolerate anybody coming closer to him -- closer in the sense of intelligence, understanding. He wanted only slaves. And whenever there was an intelligent disciple -- and there were people like Jung, Adler and others -- the only way for them was to escape from the master. His presence was not nourishing but poisoning. And this man goes on giving judgments on Buddha and Lao Tzu and Zarathustra and Jesus and Mohammed. And these are the few people who were really healthy.

Just think of one thing: if illness exists, that is proof enough that health is also possible -- at least possible. If darkness is there, light is possible. And if death is there, life is possible. In fact, how can death be if there is no life? How will you decide that somebody is ill if there is no health? If there is no Buddha in the world, how will you decide who is mad? Then everybody is mad! Maybe DIFFERENT kinds of madness, but everybody is mad.

Freud became very skillful about the negative, an expert about illness and disease. Naturally, his experience was such that he had to deny -- he never came across a Buddha. That is not the way you come across a Buddha. Buddha will not come to Freud for psychoanalysis. For forty years he was only analyzing ill people suffering from a thousand and one kinds of mind projections, phobias. Naturally, forty years watching, listening to people's dreams and phobias

and fears and split people and schizophrenic and hysterical -- naturally, after forty years if he decides that "I have never seen a single healthy person" in a way it is right. He HAS never seen a single healthy person. And forty years is enough time: he has watched thousands of people. But he has forgotten one thing: that a Buddha is not going to come and lie down on his couch and talk about his dreams, because in fact he has no dreams!
It happened once:

A man was brought to me who is a well-known psychic. His capacity to read people's thoughts is immense. Just sitting in front of you for a few moments, he will become silent and concentrate and he will start saying what thoughts are moving in your mind.
Somebody brought him to me and he wanted to read my mind. I said, "Okay, you read." Half an hour passed and then he opened his eyes and he said, "But there is nothing! -- what can I do?" "You read nothing...?"

A Buddha has no dreams. A Buddha has no thoughts. A Buddha does not exist as an ego, so how can he be afraid? Even of death he is not afraid. There is no question of death. He has already died -- died as an ego, and now there is only the immortality, the eternity, the timelessness.
For what will Buddha go to Vienna? There seems to be no reason. In fact, sooner or later, one day Freud will have to come to a Buddha. You will find many psychoanalysts here. They HAVE to come -- because they are losing ALL perspective.

Listening to people's miseries day in, day out, they are losing all hope. A Buddha can give them hope again. A Buddha can help them to be ecstatic again. They have lived with agony too much. Do you know that psychoanalysts commit suicide more than any other profession, almost double? And psychoanalysts go mad more than any other profession, almost double. This should not be so! A psychoanalyst should not commit suicide and should not go mad. But they go mad more and they commit suicide more.

But I understand. I have all compassion for them. Their whole life's work is such -- agony and agony and agony -- seeing people's wounds in the soul and the pus oozing day in, day out, they live in a kind of hell.
I have heard:

One psychoanalyst died. He had a ticket for heaven, but he went to hell. The Devil was surprised. He said, "But you have a ticket for heaven -- why have you come here?"
He said, "I am a psychoanalyst. I have to get accustomed slowly slowly. Heaven will be too much right now. I will not be able to BELIEVE in it. First let me live in hell for a few days, let me get accustomed to better things."

A psychoanalyst lives in a far worse state than hell. Naturally, he becomes blind to the healthy side. But there are good signs on the horizon: new ways of psychology are evolving. What Freud has done, Assagioli is undoing. What Freudian psycho-analysis has done, holistic psychology, humanistic psycho-logical trends, are undoing. Good signs!

But it happens if you go on collecting knowledge WITHOUT becoming more and more rooted in the being, you will become despair itself, you will be anguish itself. The man said:

"I HAVE I LEARNT HOW TO DECIDE WHEN A TEACHER IS NOT A SPIRITUAL MAN. I CANNOT TELL A GENUINE GUIDE, OR HOW TO FIND ONE, BUT HALF THE WORK COMPLETED IS BETTER THAN NOTHING.'

That is not so. Just to become skillful in the negative, skillful in doubting, skillful about the wrong side of things, skillful and expert about thorns, is not going to help in any way to know about flowers. You can know as much as you want about thorns, but that will not help you to know anything about the flowers. In fact, if you know too much you will start disbelieving flowers. Even if they bloom, you will think they are imaginary. That's what Freud says: Buddha is imagining that he has attained -- because there is no attainment! Krishna is imagining that he has arrived, and Jesus is just hallucinating, talking to God and angels.
I can understand why it happens. And if you also understand, it will help you tremendously.

Lulu Zezas, the Wyoming oil and cattle queen, tells about a ranch owner who was always complaining that his boots were too tight.
"Why don't you have them stretched?" suggested Lulu.
"Nothin' do in'," replied the rancher. "These boots are too tight and that's the way they're going to stay. Every

morning I gotta get up and round up all the cattle that busted out during the night, and mend the fences they tear down, and watch my ranch blowing away in the dust, and then spend the evening listening to my wife nag me about moving to the city. When I get ready for bed and pull these tight boots off, that's the only real pleasure I get all day."

The negative person becomes enclosed in a prison, and the only pleasure he gets sometimes is to forget all about it. He goes and drinks too much -- and the boots are off, those tight boots. Or in sex -- somewhere where he can lose himself and his tightness. That is his only pleasure in life: whenever he can forget himself.
Now, this is stupid, because there are ways you can forget yourself for ever. Sufism is one of the ways -- you can drown yourself for ever. There is no need to search for drugs. Sufism gives you the ultimate drug: God himself. Once the ego is gone for ever, there is no pain, no agony, no suffering, no hell.

This is the way Ramana Maharshi experienced the sudden opening into ultimate consciousness, in which his individual identity was almost entirely lost. A family relation had died, and young Ramana decided to explore directly the experience of death. His motive stemmed more from curiosity than any feeling of bereavement. Ramana removed all his clothes, lay on the floor of his room, and with tremendous intensity, imagined his body dead. He closed his eyes, simulating the state of deep sleep.
Suddenly there flashed into view, timeless and complete, the primal awareness that lies at the source of our being, the

ultimate consciousness that is the source of being itself. And when he opened his eyes, he was totally a different man.

What happened? Somebody had died, a relation. Ramana was only seventeen. He was not a very extraordinary student or anything -- nothing special about him, except one thing and that was his deep sleep. So deep was his sleep that it was almost impossible to wake him up. The family was tired. You could go on shouting, pulling him from the bed.... And sometimes the sleep used to come any time of the day -- he might fall asleep in the school, and the children had to carry him back to his home. That was his only speciality. Other children would be playing and he would fall asleep on the ground, and they would poke, and they would pummel and they would beat him, and he would not be there at all. And they would have to carry him home.

That was his only speciality, but of great significance, because deep sleep is very close to samadhi, just the threshold of samadhi. That has been my speciality too.

It was almost a problem in my college in university -- because I would fall asleep. My teachers were very angry, because who wants somebody falling asleep? And I was a student of philosophy, and there were not many people because very few people go to study philosophy. In my MA class we were only three students, Sol would be sleeping just in front of the teacher. And he would come and shake me up.

Sometimes it would happen that I would be the only person, the other two had not come. And just looking at me

he would say, "Finished! You go home. And I will go home, I can sleep myself. What is the point?"
Deep sleep is the threshold. That's why this incident was possible. Somebody died; Ramana was only seventeen and he thought, "What is death? Let me experience it." He threw his clothes, simulated death, fell on the floor. He had seen the relative lying on the floor; so just the same way he fell on the floor, closed his eyes, and started thinking, "I am dying, I am dying, I am dying."
And he died! The ego disappeared. And here the ego disappeared and there God appeared -- the primal awareness. And when he opened his eyes he was no more the same person. He left the home, immediately, without saying anything to anybody. It was not a renunciation. He simply left the home because there was no point. It was not that he was against the world or anything. There was no point any more. He went out and NEVER came back. The mother searched for him for years; finally, after ten years, she found him in Arunachal in a mountain cave. But he was a totally different man. And the mother asked him, "Why didn't you inform me?"
And he said, "But the thought never came to me. In fact, thoughts have stopped coming to me. I sit and sit and days pass, and there are no thoughts coming. Good that you have come! Live with me.... "

This primal awareness is God, thoughtless awareness is God. This is the wine Sufis talk about, and once you have drunk of this wine, nothing else is needed for you to forget yourself -- because you are no more, there is no need to forget.

THE DERVISH RENT HIS GARMENTS AND SAID, "MISERABLE MAN! BECOMING AN EXPERT ON THE USELESS IS LIKE BEING ABLE TO DETECT ROTTEN APPLES WITHOUT LEARNING THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SOUND ONES."

RENDING THE GARMENTS is a Sufi expression. In fact, Sufis do that. They are so passionately in love with humanity that when they see that you are trapped in a kind of misery unnecessarily they become so concerned, they become so anxious for you, yes, they rend their garments.

THE DERVISH RENT HIS GARMENTS AND SAID, "MISERABLE MAN!"

And this is how misery is created. It is doubt, it is negativity, that creates misery. It is entrust that creates misery. The root cause of all misery is there.

"BECOMING AN EXPERT ON THE USELESS IS LIKE BEING ABLE TO DETECT ROTTEN APPLES WITHOUT LEARNING THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SOUND ONES."

Just the other night I was reading about a philosopher. He writes:

"I used to wonder why a rotten apple placed in a barrel of sound apples would make the sound apples rotten, while a sound apple placed in a barrel of rotten apples would NOT

make all the rotten apples sound. I also wondered why a man infected with smallpox, when turned loose in a gathering of sound people, would by his mere presence make many of the sound people sick, while a sound man walking through a hospital of sick people would not by his mere presence make the sick people well.
In other words, I wondered why God, if he were a good God, had made a universe in which soundness and health seemed futile, and rottenness and sickness seemed contagious.
But one day I stopped wondering and examined the so-called sound apple, and I found it was NOT sound. Oh, I knew the grocer would contradict me, he would see no defect. He might even sue me for slander if I persisted in spreading the report that he was selling apples that were not perfect. But if he pressed me for proof, I could prove it. I would ask him to look beyond the apple to the stem. There, in the most vital, the most crucial spot of all, he would find the mortal wound that I refer to. He would find that the apple had been torn away from its parent vine, it had been hopelessly separated from its source of life.
When I discovered this, I learnt one of the truest facts of life: that nothing, whether it be fruit or vegetable or man, when separated from its source of life is sound!"

All are ill -- because all are separated from the source of life. And unless you join yourself with the source of life again, you will not be healthy. Only in God is health and wholeness and holiness. Only the presence of God heals. But we have forgotten completely about God. We have started living on our own, as if a tree has forgotten about its

roots and has started living in the branches -- it is going to die, it will become ill.
That's why the whole of humanity is ill. And Freud and company are right about ninety-nine point nine percent of people: people are ill! They are no more connected with the source of life. But that point one percent is the hope. There are people who are connected with life.
And I would like to say to this philosopher: there are people whose health is contagious. When a Buddha moves, his very movement heals people.
That is the meaning of the miracles of Jesus -- the miracles that he heals blind people and suddenly eyes are there, and he heals the deaf and dumb and they start listening and tallying, and he heals the crippled and they are no more crippled. These are payables. It is not about the physical crippledness: it is something about the spiritual crippledness. And whenever a man of God moves, or people who are fortunate come and live in the company of a man of God, they ARE healed, spiritually healed. Their spiritual wounds start disappearing, they again start growing roots. And soon the roots find the sources of life, the waters of life, and all is green again, and all is blooming again. And the spring has come, and the celebration.
That celebration is Sufism.

The dervish said:

"BUT THERE IS A STILL WORSE POSSIBILITY BEFORE YOU. BEWARE THAT YOU DO NOT BECOME LIKE THE DOCTOR IN THE STORY.

"IN ORDER TO TEST A PHYSICIAN'S KNOWLEDGE, A CERTAIN KING SENT SEVERAL HEALTHY PEOPLE TO BE EXAMINED BY HIM. TO EACH THE DOCTOR GAVE MEDICINE. WHEN THE KING SUMMONED HIM AND CHARGED HIM WITH THIS DECEIT, THE LEECH ANSWERED, 'GREAT KING! I HAD FOR SO LONG SEEN NOBODY BUT THE AILING THAT I HAD BEGUN TO IMAGINE THAT EVERYONE WAS ILL AND MISTOOK THE BRIGHT EYES OF GOOD HEALTH FOR THE SIGNS OF FEVER!'"

RAMAKRISHNA FALLING UNCONSCIOUS is a sign of great health, but the psychologist will say he has fallen into a kind of hysterical fit. And the hysterical fit and Ramakrishna's going into unconsciousness look alike from the outside. From the inside they are not alike.
Ramakrishna has moved from the small tiny consciousness to the primal consciousness. He is no more there as an 'I', as an individual. He is there as the source, as the goal. He is there as existence itself. He is one with the whole. When somebody falls into a fit, into a hysterical fit, he loses the consciousness that he has but he does not attain any other consciousness. From the outside it is the same.
If you see Buddha asleep and somebody else asleep, from the outside what difference are you going to see? They will look alike. But they are not. The other person who is asleep by the side of Buddha is deep in dreams, and Buddha's awareness burns bright as ever. As it is in the day, so it is in the night. There is no change. But from the outside it is the same.

When somebody dies and Buddha dies, what is the difference? Difference is from the inside; it is an inside story. Unless you are a Buddha you will never know it, because how can you know the inside of a Buddha without becoming a Buddha yourself? That is the only way to be an insider.
When Buddha dies, nothing dies. There is no clinging to life, there is no problem. Buddha simply slips out of the body -- just as you change your clothes, exactly like that. Do you think each time you change your clothes that you are dying? Exactly like that Buddha slips out of the old clothes, slips out of the cage, and his soul is free and the whole sky is available. He is utterly thrilled. He is blissful in his death, because his death is not an end but really a new birth. He is moving into a far greater life than there was before it. It is from life to more life.
When you die you are moving from life to no life. From the outside it is all the same. From the inside it is not.
This story is beautiful:

"IN ORDER TO TEST A PHYSICIAN'S KNOWLEDGE, A CERTAIN KING SENT SEVERAL HEALTHY PEOPLE TO BE EXAMINED BY HIM."

Strange this king must have been. But this is the way, this is the Eastern way to judge. The real doctor is not one who knows what disease is: the real doctor is one who knows what health is. Disease even quacks can know. Disease is not such a great phenomenon; it is on the surface. Anybody can learn about it. But health is very deep; it is not easily

available. Only a wise physician knows what health is about.

Do you know? In ancient China this was a rule: that the physician was paid not for curing illness but for keeping people healthy. People had their own private physicians, just as they have now. But the physician was paid I this client did not fall ill. Each year the client would pay the physician because he had not been ill. Now we pay the physician when we are ill and he cures us. This is a totally different thing. The Chinese idea was far superior.

And our idea is dangerous too, because to pay the physician when you are ill and he cures you makes him interested in your illness, his investment becomes in your illness. He wants you to be ill so that he can cure you. The Chinese idea is far superior. His investment SHOULD be in your health, not in your disease, so he remains concerned that you should not fall ill -- because if a person falls ill he will not pay. The physician has to cure him without any fee; that is his responsibility. It is his fault!What was he doing the whole year?

And the Chinese have remained one of the healthiest races in the world, particularly in the past. Sooner or later this is going to be the case again. In Soviet Russia they are thing about it, to make it a rule: the physician has to be paid only when you remain healthy -- for the health.

"IN ORDER TO TEST A PHYSICIAN'S KNOWLEDGE, A CERTAIN KING SENT SEVERAL HEALTHY PEOPLE TO BE EXAMINED BY HIM."

As if a Buddha is sent to Sigmund Freud. Sigmund Freud will prescribe whatsoever he has been prescribing to others. He will talk about repression and he will talk about paranoia and he will talk about this and that -- then he has failed. Then he is not yet aware of what he is doing. Only confronting a Buddha can Ben the test for Sigmund Freud. If he can declare Buddha healthy, then he knows something about health. But how can you recognize a Buddha if you are not a Buddha yourself?

"TO EACH THE DOCTOR GAVE MEDICINE."

When you go to the doctor, he has to find something or other wrong. Try it: when you are feeling perfectly healthy, go to a doctor and he will make you feel very unhealthy. He will find a thousand and one things wrong with you. His investment is there. But this is cheating.

"TO EACH THE DOCTOR GAVE MEDICINE. WHEN THE KING SUMMONED HIM AND CHARGED HIM WITH THIS DECEIT, THE LEECH ANSWERED, 'GREAT KING! I HAD FOR SO LONG SEEN NOBODY BUT THE AILING THAT I HAD BEGUN TO IMAGINE THAT EVERYONE WAS ILL AND MISTOOK THE BRIGHT EYES OF GOOD HEALTH FOR THE SIGNS OF FEVER!'"

This happens every day. When you are dancing here and an outsider comes and watches you dancing, he thinks, "These people have gone mad. What is happening?"

That's why it is very difficult to find a sympathetic journalist, very difficult -- because he comes for one or two days and he looks around and he sees all kinds of things which he has never seen anywhere. He becomes worried. He has his prejudices that these are the things only mad people do. How can sane people do these things? So this is a mad place. When he sees you SO happy, he cant lot believe it, because happiness is impossible. Then you must be hypnotized; somebody has hypnotized you. That's why you are feeling happy -- this is a hallucination. You have fallen into an illusion.
These are logical conclusions for him, because he comes with a prejudice. And people have prejudices AND prejudices, layers upon layers of prejudices. That's why it is VERY difficult to make them understand. They have always been misunderstanding people like me and their work. And the reason is what the doctor says:

"GREAT KING! I HAD FOR SO LONG SEEN NOBODY BUT THE AILING THAT I HAD BEGUN TO IMAGINE THAT EVERYONE WAS ILL AND MISTOOK THE BRIGHT EYES OF GOOD HEALTH FOR THE SIGNS OF FEVER!"

The dervish said to the seeker, "You have fallen into the first trap of being negative. Now there is a worse possibility for you -- don't become like this doctor! You say, 'I can know who is not spiritual.' This is the first step. The second step will be a logical conclusion. Slowly slowly, seeing everybody as NOT spiritual, the natural conclusion will

arise that there is NOBODY who is spiritual -- all are fake, all are pseudo, deceivers, hypocrites, charlatans.
"If that decision is taken you are doomed, because then there is no hope. Because when you say NOBODY IS spiritual, you have denied your own possibility of becoming spiritual. When you say, 'NO Buddha has ever existed,' you have cut your whole future. If you say there has never been any flowering in the world, then, of course, how can you allow you self to flower? That is a worse possibility."
The dervish is right. Remember these two things from this story. One: look positively -- rather than finding who is not spiritual try to find who IS spiritual. Rather than looking for thorns, look for roses. And rather than looking for the darkness, look for the stars; rather than looking for diseases, look for health. Always move positively. Then there is a possibility that out of a hundred you may be able to find that one, that oasis in the desert. And with that oasis your life will be transformed. That is your Master. Being with him you will also become an oasis.
Sufism is the path of VIA POSITIVA. Zen transcends mind through the negative; Sufism transcends mind through the positive. Both transcend mind, both go beyond it, so both reach to the same goal.
But, let me repeat, Zen moves through a desert land; Sufism moves into dark, shadowy, but green flowering valleys. You choose! but not from the head. Feel... pulsate with both. And wherever you feel that your inner music starts flowing, then that is it. You have found your key.

The Perfect Master, Vol 1

Chapter #4

Chapter title: Via Confusiva
24 June 1978 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:

Question 1
OSHO, WHATEVER YOU SAY SEEMS TO BE RIGHT FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF WHAT YOU ARE SAYING AT THAT MOMENT. BUT IT MAY BE CONTRADICTORY. YOU DRAW THE LISTENERS IN ONE DIRECTION CONFIRMING A PARTICULAR POINT, AND AT THE SAME TIME YOU GO VIA THE BACK DOOR TO THE OPPOSITE POINT. IT IS A SPIRAL -- THE LISTENER HARDLY REALIZES WHAT MAY BE HAPPENING. IS THIS NOT FOOLING THE LISTENER -- UNLESS HE REALIZES THAT THE REAL ANSWER LIES BEYOND YOUR SPOKEN WORDS?

GOURISHANKAR BHARATI, ALL statements are of the moment. No statement can contain eternity. And those who claim that their statements ARE eternal are simply lying. They don't know what they are saying.
The moment can contain only the moment. So whatsoever I say at the moment belongs to the moment. It is a flower of THAT moment. If it is raining, I say it is raining. Later on it may not be raining. The clouds may disperse. It may become sunny.

Yes, my statement is contradicted by another moment -- but it is contradicted only if it was claiming that it has to be true for ever.

I am not giving you dogmas. A dogma is a statement with the claim that it is true for ever. I give you only momentary flowers. I am not giving you a system that will remain for ever and for ever true. That is what has happened in the past, and man has suffered enough because of it.

What Buddha said was HIS response to HIS moment. What Mohammed said was HIS response to the life that he encountered. It can't be true for ever. And if it has to be true for ever, then life will never change, then life will become stagnant. That's why people who believe in dogmas become stagnant. Their life is no more a flow, they are not river like. They become frozen. Christians, Hindus, Mohammedans, Buddhists, they are frozen people. They have lost track of all that goes on constantly changing . Except change, nothing is eternal.

If I was creating a dogma here, then I would never contradict myself. You would be happy with that! because you would have something to cling to. You have not come here to become enlightened, Gourishankar -- you have come here to become knowledgeable. My effort is not to impart knowledge to you: my effort is to awaken you. I can't allow you to cling to any statement -- hence I contradict. I am always in a hurry to con-tradict, so you don't have any time to cling to anything. I want to take all knowledge away from you. I want you to be left alone, in utter emptiness and its purity, and its virginity.

That's why my moment IS FOR the moment. It does not claim anything beyond it. Each statement that I make is

only FBI)r THIS moment. Enjoy it! Just enjoy the rose that has bloomed this mowing -- be full of its fragrance, sing it, dance with it, cele-brate it. You are fortunate you have been able to see THIS flower. But don't hope that you can keep it for ever. Unless it is a plastic flower it can't be eternal. Only false things can be eternal, artificial things can be eternal.

The reality is changing, it is flux, it is a river. Tomorrow I don't know what I will say. I don't remember what I said yesterday. I am in no way concerned with my past, and not concerned with my future either. This moment is ALL for me. Nothing else exists beyond it. I am UTTERLY disconnected from the past... and have no plans for the future. When the tomorrow comes we will see. And what I am saying to you now is not going to become an obligation for me to go on saying it for ever. I have no obligation to confirm my past again and again. Yesterday is gone, so are the statements that were made yesterday.

But I understand YOUR problem. Your problem is: Then in what to believe? How to believe? But who is telling you to believe in anything? Rejoice! Don't believe. Can't you see the difference? The emphasis is different. I am not telling you to believe in anything.

Of course, if I am telling you to believe in something, then I have to persist again and again with the same thing; I have to say it again and again. That will be a kind of hypnosis. When something is repeated constantly, you become hypnotized by it. I am not here to hypnotize you. I am here for just the opposite thing: to dehypnotize you -- not only of the statements that I have made in the past but of the

statements of all the enlightened people that have ever existed.

I have to destroy your knowledge, your belief. I have to destroy anything that you can cling to. Only nothing has to be left there....

One sannyasin has done well. He has called my path VIA CONFUSIVA -- that's right. That's perfectly right. It is neither VIA NEGATIVA nor VIA POSITIVE -- it is VIA CONFUSIVA.

If you can be so much confused that you drop ALL belief, out of that confusion will come clarity. When do you feel confused? When exactly? Whenever one of your beliefs is attacked -- you become suspicious: Now what to believe in? Whenever a doubt arises... but how is a doubt possible if there is no belief?

The man of no-belief cannot doubt either. There is nothing to doubt. 13y destroying your belief I am destroying the very pos-sibility of doubt. Can you see the point? Doubt is a shadow of belief. It looks like the opposite -- it is not. Only believers can doubt. If you believe in God, doubt can arise. But if you don't believe in God, from where can doubt arise? how can doubt arise? A man without any kind of belief will be without any kind of doubt too. That is clarity.

When I say something and it goes against your belief, doubt arises: Now what to choose? You have put so much at stake with your belief, you have lived with it for so long, and now suddenly doubt arises! It shakes you up. It makes you frightened.

And if I go on saying contradictory things every day, great courage is needed to listen to me, Gourishanker, a great

heart to contain, great love to understand me, and an intense desire to know, a passionate desire to know: "Whatsoever the cost, I am going to know. If all beliefs are to be destroyed and all systems have to be dropped and all religions to be thrown into the fire, I am ready. But I am going to know."

When this passionate desire is there, you will meet with me. Then you will understand my contradictions. It is a device. It is creating a situation. I will not allow my people any possibility to believe in anything, not even in me. When ALL belief has gone, what is left? You are just like a mirror reflecting all the moods of life, reflecting all the climates. Summer comes and you are summer... and winter comes and you are winter... and day comes and you are day... and the night comes and you are night.

This I call totality. And to live in totality is to live in God. All that I am saying is not a kind of doctrinizing -- it is not at all. Its purpose us totally different. But the purpose is SO different, that's why such questions arise. When you go to listen to somebody else, he is there to propound a philosophy; he is explaining his philosophy to you. I am not explaining because I have no philosophy. I am utterly anti-philosophic.

When you go to a priest he is there to explain to you a certain dogma that he believes in; he is there to convert you. I am not here to convert you: I am here just to destroy you.

So remember: all statements are of the moment, just as all flowers are of the moment. Spring comes... and there are so many flowers. And then the spring is gone, and you never go to nature and say, "You look very contradictory. Where

are the flowers? And how can you go on contradicting yourself in this way?"

Tao is contradictory. It has to be. That is the dialectics of life. But you never go to nature! If a cuckoo is calling and then suddenly it stops for no reason at all, you don't go to the cuckoo and say "Why have you stopped? This is so contradictory! Calling so beautifully, and then falling into silence? Either be silent or go on calling -- be consistent!" But you don't say that.

In the rains the trees are green. In the summer the leaves will disappear and branches will be standing bare, naked, dry, against the sky. But you don't go to the trees saying "How dare you be so contradictory!"

I am part of this Tao. I am not a philosopher. So all my statements are of the moment, for the moment. Remember it. There is no need to believe in them. Enjoy them! Relish them! While the flower is there, drink its beauty. It will be gone soon. Before it is gone, celebrate its being.

Celebrate me! Rather than believing in me, celebrate me. That is the difference -- the difference of emphasis. Let my presence be a feast to you. It should not become a prison. It should not become a definition of your mind. It should not fill you with ideas but with dance and song.

If you want to remember me, never remember me as a philosopher, as a priest -- no, never. Those are dirty words for me. Remember me as a poet. You never go to the poet and say to him, "You are contradictory," because you understand. A poet has no obligation to be consistent. He can sing a thousand songs of different moods. When he is sad, he sings a sad song; and when he is happy, he sings a happy song. You don't go to him....

My being is more that of a poet. And if you really want to feel my presence, you will also have to learn the way of poetry. Art to me is the greatest religion -- the religion of the future. A esthetics to me is prayer.
And second: there is no opposite for me. It looks contradictory to you; for me it is not. For me there are no contradictions at all, because each contradiction is nothing but a complement. There is no way to really contradict. The night does not contradict the day. It only gives rest to the day energy to be revived again in the mowing. If there was no night, there would be no day again. It is through the night that the day lives, regains vitality. And it is through the day that the night is born. It is through life that death arrives, and it is through death that life comes back again and again. They are not enemies: they are friends, partners in the same game, complement Aries.
So if you understand me with great love, you will see that those contradictions look like contradictions to you because your understanding is small. When your understanding is a little greater, when you have moved to a little higher stage of consciousness, those contradictions won't look like contradictions -- they will be complement Aries . They will make whatsoever I am saying very rich. It makes them rich. If you talk only of Zen, it has a kind of richness. If you talk only about Sufis, it has another kind of richness. But when you talk about both Sufis arid Zen, your richness is immense. It is more than the sum total of Zen and Sufism. It is not only Zen plus Sufism: it is Zen multiplied by Sufism -- it is multi-dimensional.
Hence I go on speaking through different windows. Sometimes I stand at the window that opens to the east and I talk

about the east and the sun that rises and the morning. And sometimes I stand at the window that opens to the west and I talk about the evening and the sunset and the beauty of it. And I go on changing because there are many many doors to the divine.
Jesus says: There are many mansions in my God's palace. There are millions of possibilities. That is the infinity of God, that you cannot exhaust him. But to take note of ALL possibilities certainly makes you infinitely richer.
So there are no opposites for me, but only complementaries.

AND THIRD: there is no answer, real or unreal. I am not giving you any answer as such. What I am giving you is an insight into the mystery of life, not an answer but an insight into the mystery of life. If my answer provokes the mysterious in you, I have succeeded. If my answer becomes an answer to you, I have failed.
Don't take my answers as answers. I am not a schoolteacher. I have no answers to give you. That which I have to give you is the sense for the mysterious and the miraculous.
But I understand. It is difficult -- I speak one language, you speak another language. When I say 'language' I don't mean English, German or French. I mean... my language comes from my being, your language comes from your being. We may be speaking the same language on the surface, but deep down it is almost untranslatable, what I am saying to you. It is impossible to translate it into your language. Then why am I saying it at all?

I am just crazy. I cannot resist. It is overflowing. There is no way to prevent it. I have to say it -- just like a cloud is burdened with rainwater and it has to rain! Whether you are able to soak it in or not, that is not the point. Rocks may not be able to soak it in. Or, some soil may be able to soak it in and will be full of greenery and beauty will arise. But that is all undecided. It is an open thing. It may happen, it may not happen. It depends how you let me in.

I have heard a beautiful story:

A few years ago in France, an extraordinary meeting took place. Some leading philosophers from England and America had been invited to meet with their continental counterparts. They were to exchange ideas, share experiences, and discover the extent of possible 'communication' among them. In a very congenial atmosphere, meetings were held, discussions took place, and speeches were made. Many friendships must have been established and no little quantity of wine consumed, but apparently no philosophic communication took place.
For instance, Gabriel Marcel was trying to explain his ideas about God, grace and transcendence. He continually met resistance from the audience, from other philosophers: "But what do you mean by that? But surely you don't mean this? How is it possible that...? Isn't it true that...? etc, etc.... "
After a while Marcel became exasperated, and the audience as a whole restless. Finally, someone in the audience asked Marcel why he did not simply say what he meant. Since he had been trying to do just this for some time, he merely

replied, "Perhaps I can't explain this to you, but if I had a piano here I could play it."
And because there was no piano, no communication was possible.

But I am suspicious: even with a piano it may not have happened -- because the other may not understand the language of music either.
Yes, exactly that's what is happening here. What I am trying to say to you is a kind of music that I have heard. It has not been heard verbally. It is in the sound of the running water. It is in the wind passing through the pine trees. It is in the songs of the birds. It is in the silence of darkness. It is in the dancing rays of the sun. It is all over the place! But it is a music. And unless you are capable of understanding this music, you will not be able to understand me. You will go on misunderstanding me.

You say: IS THIS NOT FOOLING THE LISTENER?

You must have come here to gather some belief -- and then certainly you will feel fooled, because you cannot gather any belief. On the contrary, whatsoever you had will start slipping out of your hands. If you have come to gather a little more knowledge, you will feel cheated. When you go, you will riot have more, you will have less. In spite of yourself you will have less. You will have lost something here. We rob people of their knowledge.
So you may feel that there is some kind of be fooling going on. When I say something, it looks so clearly, so absolutely right -- and the next moment I contradict it. Then

whatsoever I say to contra-dict it looks again right. But again I will contradict it!

Just think of the people, Gourishankar -- you are here only for a few days -- just think of the people who have been listening to me year in, year out. They have almost stopped listening, but a new kind of communication, a communion rather, has started. They are no more worried about my words. That is no more a concern. They have lost that enthusiasm for words. I have destroyed it.

I have contradicted myself so much that now they are aware of it -- there is no need to cling, tomorrow I will take it away. So what is the point? Wait for tomorrow. Slowly slowly, they have learnt the beauty of non-clinging. Slowly slowly, they have learnt how not to let my words interfere, and a direct communication, a communion... their energies start flowing with me. They can flow only when the word is no more important. Then something far superior takes place.

That's why I have been speaking so much. It is not to communicate with you through words: it is to destroy the meaning of the word itself. You will be surprised. The reason why I speak so much is that I want to destroy all meaning in the word. Listening to me, slowly slowly it disappears. And with the disappearance of the meaning of the word an existential connection arises. That is real initiation -- when you start hearing my music, when you become attuned to my presence, when you breathe with me. It happens... it has happened to somebody.

Vasumati has written this:

TODAY AND FOR THE LAST FEW DAYS IN DISCOURSE, AS SOON AS YOU BEGIN TO SPEAK, MY BODY LIES DOWN ON THE FLOOR. AND SOMETHING STARTS TO HAPPEN. YOUR VOICE CARESSES ME, UNWINDS MY MUSCLES STRAND BY STRAND, GENTLY LULLS ME AND PULLS ME INTO YOUR SILENCE UNTIL I AM LIKE A PIECE OF SEAWEED IN THE WAVES OF YOUR INFINITE OCEAN. OH, OSHO, MY HEART DIES WITH YOU, RISES AND FALLS WITH YOU, BREATHES WITH YOU. CAN IT BE THAT I AM IN LOVE WITH YOU, GONE WITH YOU, WITH YOUR VIBRANT, WARM AND SCENTED PRESENCE? WHEN I AM NEAR YOU, ALL QUESTIONS SIMPLY DISSOLVE AND THERE IS NOTHING BUT MY HEARTBEAT, THE RAIN AND YOUR VOICE.

Yes, Vasumati, this is it. When words start disappearing, something far deeper, profounder takes place. Communion. The meeting of the Master and the disciple, not as two minds but as two presences, merging into each other, melting into each other, losing into each other.
Soon that moment happens when the disciple is no more separate, the Master is no more separate. They have become one. That unity is the goal of all disciple hood. When that unity has happened, you have known the Master, you have drunk out of him, you have absorbed him. You have come home.

The second question:

Question 2
SOMETIMES WHEN YOU SPEAK, I GET THE VISION OF LIVING A KIND OF ZORBA THE GREEK LIFE -- EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY -- LUSTY AND PASSIONATE, AND I THINK THIS IS THE WAY. OTHER TIMES I FEEL YOU ARE SAYING THAT THE WAY IS TO SIT SILENTLY, WATCHFUL AND UNMOVING, LIKE A MONK. SO WHO ARE WE TO BE -- ZORBAS OR MONKS -- AND HOW CAN A BLEND OF THEM BE POSSIBLE? I SENSE THAT YOU HAVE MANAGED TO INTEGRATE THE CONTRADICTIONS, BUT CAN WE BE BOTH ZORBAS, MOVED BY PASSION AND DESIRE, AND BUDDHAS, DISPASSIONATE, COOL AND CALM?

THAT IS THE ULTIMATE SYNTHESIS -- when Zorba becomes a Buddha. I am trying to create here not Zorba the Greek but Zorba the Buddha.
Zorba is beautiful, but something is missing. The earth is his, but the heaven is missing. He is earthly, rooted, like a giant cedar, but he has no wings. He cannot fly into the sky. He has roots but no wings.
Eat, drink and be merry is perfectly good in itself: nothing is wrong in it. But it is not enough. Soon you will get tired of it. One cannot just go on eating, drinking and marrying. Soon the merry-go-round turns into a sorry-go-round -- because it is repetitive. Only a very mediocre mind can go on being happy with it. If you have a little intelligence, sooner or later you will find the utter futility of it all. How long can you go on eating, drinking and marrying? Sooner or later the question is bound to arise -- what is the point of

it all? Why? It is impossible to avoid the question for long. And if you are very intelligent, it IS ALWAYS there, persistently there, hammering on your heart for the answer: Give me the answer! -- why?

And one thing to be remembered: it is not that the people who are poor, starving, become frustrated with life -- no. They cannot become frustrated. They have not lived yet -- how can they be frustrated? They have hopes. A poor man always has hopes. A poor man always desires that something is going to happen, hopes that something is going to happen. If not today then tomorrow, or the day after tomorrow. If not in this life then in the next life.

What do you think? Who are these people who have depicted heaven as a Playboy Club -- who are these people? Starved, poor, who have missed their life. They are projecting their desires in heaven. In heaven there are rivers of wine. Who are these people who are imagining rivers of wine? They must have missed here. And there are KALPAVRAKSHAS -- wish-fulfilling trees. You sit underneath them, desire, and the moment you desire, immediately it is fulfilled. Not even a single moment passes by between the desire and its fulfillment, no shadow between the desire and the fulfillment. It is immediate, instant!

Who are these people? Starved, have not been able to live their life. How can they be frustrated with lithe? They have not experienced -- it is only through experience that one comes to know the utter futility of it all. Only Zorbas come to know the utter futility of it all.

Buddha himself was a Zorba. He had all the beautiful women available I his country. His father had arranged for

all the beautiful girls to be around him. He had the most beautiful palaces -- different places for different seasons. He had ALL the luxury that is possible, or that was possible in those days. He lived the life of a Zorba the Greek -- hence, when he was only twenty-nine he became utterly frustrated. He was a very intelligent man. If he had been a mediocre man, then he would have lived in it. But soon he saw the point: it is repetitive, it is the same. Every day you eat, every day you make love to a woman... and he had new women every day to make love to. But how long...?! Soon he was fed up.

The experience of life is very bitter. It is sweet only in imagination In its reality it is very bitter. He escaped from the palace and the woman and the riches and the luxury and everything....

So, I am not against Zorba the Greek because Zorba the Greek is the very foundation of Zorba the Buddha. Buddha arises out of that experience. So I am all for this world, because I know the other world can only be experienced through this world. So I don't say escape from it, Prabhu Maya; I will not say to you become a monk. A monk is one who has moved against the Zorba; he is an escapist, a coward; he has done something in a hurry, out of unintelligence. He is not a mature person. A monk is immature, greedy -- greedy for the other world, and wants it too early, and the season has not come, and he is not ripe yet.

Live in this world because this world gives a ripening, maturity, integrity. The challenges of this world give you a centering, an awareness. And that awareness becomes the ladder. Then you can move from Zorba to Buddha.

But let me repeat again: only Zorbas become Buddhas -- and Buddha was never a monk. A monk is one who has never been a Zorba and has become enchanted by the words of Buddhas. A monk is an imitator, he is false, pseudo. He imitates Buddhas. He may be Christian, he may be Buddhist, he may be a Jain -- that doesn't make much difference -- but he imitates Buddhas.

When a monk goes away from the world, he goes fighting with it. It is not a relaxed going. His whole being is pulled towards the world. He struggles against it. He becomes divided. Half of his being is for the world and half has become greedy for the other. He is torn apart. A monk is a schizophrenic basically, the split person, divided into the lower and the higher. And the lower goes on pulling him, and the lower becomes more and more attractive the more it is repressed. And because he has not lived the lower, he cannot get into the higher.

You can get into the higher only when you have lived through the lower. You can earn the higher only by going through all the agony and the ecstasy of the lower. Before a lotus becomes a lotus it has to move through the mud -- that mud is the world. The monk has escaped from the mud, he will never become a lotus. It is as if a lotus seed is afraid of falling into mud -- maybe out of ego that "I am a lotus seed! And I cannot fall into the mud. " But then it is going to remain a seed; it will never bloom as a lotus. If it wants to bloom like a lotus, it has to fall into the mud, it has to live this contradiction. Without this contradiction of living in the mud there is no going beyond.

You ask me, Maya: SOMETIMES WHEN YOU SPEAK, I GET THE VISION OF LIVING A KIND OF ZORBA THE GREEK LIFE -- EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY -- LUSTY AND PASSIONATE, AND I THINK THIS IS THE WAY. OTHER TIMES I FEEL YOU ARE SAYING THAT THE WAY IS TO SIT SILENTLY; WATCHFUL AND UNMOVING LIKE A MONK.

No. I will be the last person to make a monk out of you -- otherwise, why are the monks and nuns so much against me? I would like you to become rooted into the earth. I am perfectly in agreement with Friedrich Nietzsche who says: "I beseech you, my brothers, remain faithful to the earth and do not believe in those who speak of other- worldly hopes! " Learn your first lesson of trust by trusting the earth. It is your home right now!

Don't hanker for the other world. Live this world, and live it with intensity, with passion. Live it with totality, with your whole being. And out of that whole trust, out of that life of passion, love and joy, you will become able to go beyond.

The other world is hidden in this world. The Buddha is asleep in the Zorba. It has to be awakened. And nobody can awaken you except life itself.

I am here to help you to be total WHEREVER you are, in whatsoever state you are -- live that state totally. It is only living a thing totally that one transcends it.

First become a Zorba, a flower of this earth, and earn the capacity through it to become a Buddha -- the flower of the other world. The other world is not away from this world; the other world is not against this world: the other world is

hidden in this. THIS is only a manifestation of the other, and the other is the unmanifest part of it.

The third question:

BELOVED OSHO,
Question 3
NO OASIS, NO DESERTS,
NO MOUNTAINS, NO VALLEYS,
NO SUMMER, NO WINTER,
NO RAIN, NO SNOW,
NO YES AND NO!
NO SUFI, NO ZEN,
NO TANTRA, NO MANTRA,
NO CROWN, NO CROSS,
NO GAIN, NO LOSS!
ALL IN YOU.
INFINITELY, ETERNALLY
YES AND NO! FOR EVER WITH
YOU!

SEETA, THIS IS THE WAY TO UNDERSTAND ME. I am neither Sufi nor Zen. I am neither male nor female. I am neither positive nor negative. And I am here to help you to transcend ALL polarities. Hence I speak on the polarities, so that you can understand them, so that you can become aware of them -- so much so that you are not trapped by them.
I talk to you about Sufism and about Zen so that one day you can go beyond both. You have to go beyond all standpoints! You have to go beyond all kinds of principles,

dogmas, paths, methods, techniques. To be with me is on the way towards transcendence. I am neither a theist nor an atheist, neither a Hindu nor a Mohammedan.
I am simply an awareness -- full of love. You can also become that, because whatsoever I have become you can become, because wherever you are I was also there one day, with the same agony, the same suffering, with the same dichotomies -- with the same problems! I was just like you. That's why I say you can also be just like me.
To be with a Master is to be with a man who has been JUST like you, because only that man can help you who has been just like you. If a Master descends from God, he cannot be of much help -- because he has never been a man. If God himself comes on the earth and moves amongst you, he will be of no help at all. That's why he has never tried. Or maybe he has tried and failed, so he has dropped the whole project.
God cannot commune with you. He has never been a man. He will not know where you are. He will not know how you are suffering. He will not have any compassion for you. He will have no understanding. And he has always been there where you would like to be. The distance will be vast. Even if God confronts you, there will be such a gap between you and God that it will be unbridgeable. Hence the meaning of a Master.
A Master is one who has bell just like you, w ho has arisen out of you, who has moved out of you and gone ahead. He knows all the pains of the journey. He knows the whole past of man. He understands -- that's why he has compassion. And he can help, because he is still in the body. His one hand is still in the world, his other hand has

roached God. He can become a bridge. A Master is a bridge.
Sect a, this is the way to understand me. Don't let it remain just in the mind. Let it become vibrant in each cell and fibre of your body. Let it become your heartbeat and your breathing.

The fourth question:

Question 4
WHY DO THE MYSTICS SPEAK A LANGUAGE OF THEIR OWN?

THEY HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY TO YOU, TO SHARE WITH YOU, but that something has never even been dreamt by you. They have to wise your language, but in such a way, with such nuances, twists and turns, that thy can give you an idea of something which is not contained by your language.
That's why mystics use language in a certain way, and different mystics decide in different ways. Sufis have decided for parables; their message is all in their stories. Stories have a beauty. Even children can undue}stand them. They can go to the lowest, who cannot understand anything higher, and even he can understand the story. He will understand according to his capacity, but if you go on meditating over the story... and one has to meditate over these stories. These are not stories that you read once and throw them away. They have great meanings hidden in them. You have to dig again and again. You have to meditate. Slowly slowly, new meanings arrive. As you

grow in sympathy, in trust, in consciousness, in meditation, the meaning grows.

Sufis speak in parables. They have chosen that way because there are so many people in the world and at different stages of life, at different stations. Something has to be told which can be understood by all. Now, the parable has a beauty: it can be understood by all in different ways. It is very unlimited. Those who can't understand, even they can enjoy it. If today they enjoy it, tomorrow they may understand it.

Mahavir has chosen a different method. He does not speak at all. Language has been dropped. Silence is his language. He simply sits with his disciples. Now this will be difficult; not all will be able to understand it -- only the highest. It is said about Mahavir: his first sermon, of course in silence, was understood only by gods. That's a way of saying that nobody understood it. It took years for men, a few men, to understand him.

Jainism is the smallest religion as far as the number of the followers is concerned. Why? The reason is here: Mahavir didn't choose a method that can be understood by many people in many ways. He was a very very mathematical person -- that is the reason behind it. He would like to be exact. He cannot use a parable. A parable is basically inexact. A parable has to be vague. So many meanings can be in it; no meaning in particular, and many mean-ings in it. It has to be a magic bag: you can bring out of it any meaning that you want. It will be understood by many people. Millions will be able to understand, even children will be able to read it. And something will happen to them.

Mahavir was very mathematical. Because he was very mathematical he would remain silent -- because he knew that if he said something it would not be as exact as it is in him, so it was better not to speak. Silence is his language. Only a few very evolved souls could understand him.
Zen has a different method of its own. It does not use parables. It does not remain silent either. It uses khans, puzzles, riddles, which cannot be solved by the human mind. That is its way to destroy the human mind. It takes years.
Never be befooled when you read in books about Zen that the Master hits a disciple and he becomes enlightened immediately -- you don't know the whole story. He was meditating for twenty-six years. That part is not told in it. After twenty-six years he has earned the blow of the Master; it is not for everybody. Don't think that when you go to a Zen Master he will hit you on your head and you will become enlightened. He will not hit you at all. He will be very polite with you. He will say, "Sir, so great of you to have come to me! I rejoice in your presence." Don't think that he will hit you. It has to be earned. It takes YEARS to get that blow of the Master. That blow can be given only at the last moment.
When between you and reality there is only a very very thin layer left, so just one blow and the layer is broken and the bird is out of the egg.... But the bird has to be given a chance to mature in the egg first. Don't go breaking eggs before they are ripe, otherwise you will kill the bird. You will not be of any help.
Zen has its own methodology, very crazy, but of immense power.

YOU ASK ME: WHY DO THE MYSTICS SPEAK A LANGUAGE OF THEIR OWN?

They have to. Each mystic has to create a language according to his understanding, capacity, according to his past, his experiences. When Jesus speaks he speaks as a son of a carpenter. Whey Buddha speaks he speaks like an emperor. That is their past. When you speak you have to use your past.

Buddha cannot speak the same way as Jesus. His terminology is bound to be different. He has never been to the forest, he has never chopped wood, he has never cut wood, he has never carried logs to the father's workshop. He does not know how the freshly cut wood smells. He cannot speak that language. He cannot use the parable of the shepherd and the sheep, the lost sheep. No, he has no understanding of the shepherd and the sheep. Jesus can use that parable.

Buddha speaks like a king -- the language of the court, the language of philosophy, not the language of the common person. He has not been a common person -- how can he speak that language?

So EACH mystic has to use his own language. And remember: speaking is precarious. People talk around the subject, interrupt, change the subject, do not understand, are silent. Words heal and wound, build up and sow confusion. To use the word is to use a very very dangerous weapon. It can be used for surgery; it can also be used to cut somebody's throat. And one has to be very skillful. Many mystics have decided not to speak at all. And those

who have spoken, they have also spoken continuously against speaking. And even if they were very very intelligent, very experienced with language, very articulate, then too....

The statements of the Buddha seem hard and impossible to us who are full of ideas and understanding nothing. "That art thou" -- a statement like a sea. You cannot walk on it, you cannot build on it. It runs like water through your fingers. "If you meet the Buddha on the way, kill him" -- a statement like a mountain. You cannot see through it, you don't know what lies behind it. You have no idea what it means, what it is all about.

Just a few days before, I received a letter from America. Some-body must have read in one of my books somewhere: "If you meet the Buddha on the way, kill him." Now he was very angry. Must be a very poor Buddhist. He was so angry and annoyed that he wrote to me in great rage: "Who are you to tell us to kill the Buddha? How can you say such a sacrilegious thing? To kill the Buddha? Buddha has to be worshipped, not killed. Buddha is the greatest man who has walked on the earth. What do you mean by saying 'Kill the Buddha if you meet him on the way'?"

He was really angry. I can understand his anger. He does not understand Buddha, he does not understand these great statements. And it is not my statement either. Zen people have been saying it down the ages; it is more than two thousand years old at least. But he may not be aware of it. He must be thinking that I am somebody who is against Buddha. But Buddha is dead! If I am against him, how can I say kill him?

These statements ARE like mountains, great mountains. They are like Everest, very difficult to climb too -- every possibility of never reaching to the understanding of them. He could not understand, this American could not understand, because he must have been brought up in a Christian way, and then he may have become interested in Buddha. That is the prob-lem. No Christian can say that: "If you meet Jesus on the way, kill him." That is not their language. They will think this is sacrilegious -- that's what he writes in the letter: "This is sacrilegious! You must be an atheist, an irreligious person. You must be a Satan to say such a thing as 'Kill the Buddha.'" His upbringing must be Christian; that is ANOTHER kind of language. He does not know the Zen way of saying things.

It is not said against Buddha -- it contains Buddha's whole message! Buddha will absolutely agree with it. That's what he did when he was leaving the world. His last statement was exactly this. He said to his disciple, Ananda, who was weeping and crying, "Don't weep and cry for me! In fact I have been the barrier to you. Now the barrier is dying, you are free, and it may become more easy for you to be enlightened. Be a light unto yourself."

And Ananda had lived with Buddha for forty years, and lived unenlightened. And after Buddha was gone, within twenty-four hours, he became enlightened. What happened? He was clinging to the idea of Buddha. That very clinging was a barrier.

It happened in Ramakrishna's case too:

He was a worship per of Kali -- the Mother goddess. And then he came across a very very strange man, Totapuri. A

man like Totapuri very rarely happens in the world. He was like Bodhidharma. A VERY strange man. Naked he used to walk, utterly free from all kinds of morality, ethics, rules, regulations. He was a PARAMAHANSA, a JEEVAN MUKTA -- he was free in his life, absolutely free. Freedom was his quality. Just wandering around the Ganges, he came to Dakshineshwar. Ramakrishna saw him, became interested in him. He had never seen such a freedom, and such grace and such beauty. And he asked him, "Help me." He looked at Ramakrishna and he said, "Yes, I will help you. But the only thing is: you will have to destroy this Mother goddess."

Ramakrishna started shaking and trembling and perspiring. He said, "What are you saying? How can I destroy the Mother goddess? She is my Mother! She has helped me up to now. She is my all in all. She is my soul, my very heart. I will die!"

Totapuri said, "So better die, but kill this Mother. If you really want to have freedom, you have to destroy all connections and all attachments. And this is your attachment. You are not attached to your wife, so that is not a problem. You are not attached to money, so that is not the problem. You are not attached to the world, so that is not the problem. Your whole attachment is with this Mother, this idea of a Mother goddess. And I know, it is beautiful, but still it will keep you away from the truth."

Ramakrishna would sit in meditation in front of Totapuri, but the moment he would close his eyes, the Mother goddess was there with all her glory. And he would start swaying, and tears would come in his eyes. And he would forget all about Totapuri end his freedom. And Totapuri

would shake him up and he would say, "You have again fallen into the dream. It is ALL dream! Why don't you take a sword and cut her in two pieces? Destroy her!"
It happened many times and Ramakrishna was not able... What to say about cutting? -- he would forget all about Totapuri and the idea that he had given him. And he would look at the face of the Mother inside, and it was so alive and so beautiful, so full of light. It was no ordinary experience: it was the greatest vision, the ultimate vision of form, God as form, beyond which is only the formless.
Totapuri got fed up and he said, "Now, today I leave. Before I leave, you try once more, and I have brought this piece of glass."
Ramakrishna said, "For what?"
He said, "When I see that your tears start coming and you start swaying and you are feeling orgasmic, I will cut on your third eye with this glass. Blood will start coming. And I will cut DEEP, just to remind you that I am here!Just to remind you: take the sword and cut the Mother in two pieces."
And Ramakrishna said, "From where to bring the sword?"
And Totapuri said, "From where have you brought this Mother? From the same source -- it is all imagination."
And that day Ramakrishna tried. Totapuri cut his third eye with that piece of glass. Blood started Flowing, and he pushed the glass deep into the third eye. In a single moment of awareness, Ramakrishna took a sword, cut the Mother in two pieces. The Mother disappeared, and it opened the door for the formless.
For six days he was in samadhi. And when he came back, the first words that he uttered were, "The last barrier has

fallen. I am infinitely grateful to you, Master Totapuri -- infinitely grateful to you. The last barrier has fallen."

This is the meaning when Zen people say, or I say to you, "If you meet the Buddha on the way, kill him." In fact I should say to you, "If you meet me on the way, kill ME" -- because you may not meet Buddha, you may meet me. 'On the way' means when you start moving from form to no-form, your Master will be the last barrier. You have become so attached to the Master. You have been in such love with the Master. You have enjoyed so many delights and ecstasies through him. It seems sheer ungratefulness to cut him -- no, it is not. But this is a Zen way of saying a thing.

Christians will feel offended, Jains will feel offended, Hindus will feel offended, Mohammedans will feel offended -- this is not the right way to talk about your Master!

Different mystics have chosen different ways of speaking, but if you look deep down the message is not very different. Containers are different but the content is not different. And everybody has to choose his way of speaking, and has to choose the way that his disciples will understand.

A psychology professor conducted an experiment to prove a point about work. He hired a man to hit a log with the reverse side of an axe. The man was told that he would be paid twice the amount he normally made. The fellow lasted half a day. He gave it up, explaining, "I have to see the chips fly."

Now, a man who cuts wood, if he is told to cut the wood with the reverse side of the axe, soon will lose his enthusiasm. He needs to see the chips fly -- they keep his enthusiasm, they keep him moving, they keep his energy flowing. That is his language! He can work only in that language. That is his noe-sphere -- without that he cannot function.

And each mystic has to speak according to himself and according to the disciples that gather around him. And each mystic attracts a certain kind of people. Can't you see it: here, a certain kind of people has gathered -- the people of the future. You will not find orthodox people here, you cannot find. Impossible. You will not find the puritans here, the moralists. You will not find the hypocrites here. This is not the place for them! I am not the man for them.

One French orientalist went to see George Gurdjieff. Just once he went to see him. The orientalist used to live in Paris; Guenon was his name. And just close by, a few miles away from Paris, was Gurdjieff. But only once he went, for half an hour. And then he came back and he started talking against Gurdjieff -- he talked his whole life against Gurdjieff. He used to say to people: "Flee from Gurdjieff as you flee from the plague -- just flee from him! He is the most dangerous kind of disease on the earth." What happened? He was a moralist, very very puritan. And what he saw there in half an hour's time was very very different. Gurdjieff used to force people who were not drinkers, he would force them to drink as much as possible. Now, that was his device. When a man is utterly drunk, he becomes very very real and honest. This is a very bad state of affairs,

but this is how it is. People have become so false that to see their original face you have to wait... only when they are absolutely drunk. Then their masks slip by; they cannot hold them, they are so drunk. Everything becomes shaky and they start coming up in their true colors.
So each disciple had to go through that torture. It was torture for somebody who had not been drinking too much or who was against alcohol. Just think of Morarji Desai: if he had gone to Gurdjieff...! He would force people to drink so much that they would fall on the ground, start uttering nonsense, shouting, shrieking, abusing. And that was his way of watching them: then he would sit silently and watch, listen to them. Once he had understood your reality, then there was no problem -- then the work started. But you reveal your reality only when you are drunk. Otherwise, you maintain your false face.
This moralist saw this happening, and he was aghast. He could not understand it. Sometimes orthodox people come here, but they escape; they never come back again. It is a different kind of commune. I can be understood only by the new man that is going to be born, that is on the way. The past cannot understand me. So I have to use the language of the future.
And you know, everybody has to use his own language.
I have heard:

If a lawyer wishes to give someone an orange, he might say, "I give you all and singular my estate and interest, right title and claim, and advantage of and in this orange, with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips, and all right and advantages therein with full power to bite, cut, suck or

otherwise eat the same orange, or give the same away, with or without its rind, skin, juice, pulp, pips, anything therefore or hereinafter or in any deed or deeds, instruments of what kind or nature whatsoever, to the contrary in anywise notwithstanding."

Now just one orange he is giving to somebody! But this is the way a lawyer speaks, the way of the law.

Two tramps are sitting underneath a tree. First tramp, lying on a park bench underneath the tree, "I just dreamt I had a job."
Second tramp, "Yes, you look tired."

There are languages and languages. The mystics also happen in all kinds of shapes and sizes. And, of course, they have to use the language that they know, and the language that they would like to be understood by the people. And the language that they use has to be expressive of their experience.
Kabir speaks in one way, Krishna in another, Nanak in still another -- they were people of different centuries, different atmospheres, different climates, AND they were talking to different kinds of people and different potentialities.

The fifth question:

Question 5
WHY AM I SO NICE TO OTHERS AND SO HARD WITH MYSELF?

LET ME TELL YOU ONE STORY:

"Preacher," complained an aggravated young waggoner, "I am at my wits' end about my horses. They don't eat anything but hamburgers and french fries. Already they're so skinny I'm afraid they won't last much longer."
"Let me ask you something," said the preacher. "Do you pray every day?"
"Why, er-uh-not usually," the driver stammered.
"Do you always wash your hands before every meal?"
"Not always."
"And do you ask God's blessings before you eat?"
"No!" the driver answered tersely.
"Then all is perfectly clear," said the preacher. "It is irrevocably intertwined with the divine law of compensation. Since you eat like a horse, your horses eat like humans."

You ask, Deva Sharan: WHY AM I SO NICE TO OTHERS AND SO HARD WITH MYSELF?

It is the law of compensation. If you are so nice with others, you will be hard with yourself. You really want to be hard with others, but you are hiding it, you are repressing it. It becomes accumulated in you. And you can't be hard with others; you have been taught not to be hard with others. So finally, where are you going to pour your garbage? Only you are left.
It almost always happens: people who are nice to others are hard on themselves -- they have to be. There are ordinarily only two types of people: the murderers and the suicides.

Murderers are people who are dangerous to others, very dangerous -- they can kill. And the people who are not dangerous to others tend to be dangerous to themselves -- they can commit suicide.

There is no necessity to be divided in two categories, you can go beyond them. And that's my teaching. There is no need to decide A PRIORI that you have to be hard with others or you have to be nice with others. You have to be CONSCIOUS in yourself. It is not a question of being hard or nice to anybody -- you have to be conscious inside yourself. And the first effect will be that you will be nice to yourself. The first ripple of being conscious is being nice to oneself -- the first ripple of consciousness is self-love.

You wily be surprised to know this, because you have always been taught that self-love is a kind of selfishness -- it is not. It is the foundation of all altruistic love. Self-love is the BASE of all possible love -- love with your wife, love with your children, love with your God. Unless you love yourself you cannot love anybody else.

Meditate over Jesus' saying: Love thy neighbor as thyself. But thyself comes first. People have started loving their neighbors and have forgotten that they don't love themselves. So when you love your neighbor and you don't find him very loving -- and you have to love him because you have been taught, and this is good manners, and civilization and culture, respectability comes through it, and you love your neighbor -- you will hate yourself. Then the law of compensation will work.

And if you hate yourself, how can you love your neighbor? You can only pretend; only on the surface can you show. Deep down, you would like to murder him. Deep down,

you are full of hate. This is the situation that has happened to humanity.

My approach is totally different: Be conscious! And the first ripple will be self-love, you will love yourself, because you are closest to yourself. And it has to start there. Just as you throw a stone in a silent lake and ripples arise, first they arise just around the stone, and then they spread towards the bank. Then they go on spreading.....

Love yourself. For that you have to be very conscious. Only a conscious person can love himself, because only a conscious person knows that "I am not there, but God is." How can you love yourself? You don't know who is there. You have not Even tasted anything there, you have not seen anybody there. It is all darkness.

And you have been taught that you are ugly, that you are worthless: "Improve upon yourself! Be this! Be that!" Nobody has told you to accept yourself. Everybody has been telling you to reject yourself, so you hate yourself and then you become hard with yourself. Hatred is hard. And then whatsoever you go on thinking about, Deva Sharan, that "I am soft and nice to others," that softness and niceness is hypocrisy, it is not true -- it can't be true.

A real niceness for others can arise only if you are nice with yourself. Start from there. Forget all about what you have been told. Your priorities are all wrong. Don't put the other as more important than you. Nobody is more important than you. You are the most important person in the world, you are the center of the world. And I am not telling you to become egoistic: I am simply saying a truth -- that each is a center to the whole world, to the whole universe. God exists in you, you have to be the cent r. I am

not saying that others are not centers -- everybody is. But how are you going to understand others' significance if you don't know your significance?
Love yourself. And out of that love a great love will arise for others, because they are also like you.

And the last question:

Question 6
WHAT IS THE TRADE SECRET OF THE PRIESTS? HOW HAVE THEY BEEN ABLE TO EXPLOIT MAN FOR SO LONG?

IT IS VERY simple.Just a few stories will make it clear to you:

Two music students were discussing their part-time jobs. Said one, "I work in the opera at night and carry a spear in one act."
His friend asked, "How do you manage to keep awake so late at night?"
"It's simple," replied the first. "The man behind me carries a spear too."

The second story:

Preacher Pitts had undertaken that morning to describe the terrors of hell to his congregation.
"Brothers and sisters," he intoned, "some of you have seen melted iron running out of a furnace, haven't you? It's

white, sizzling and hissing. Well, in the place I'm talking about, they use that stuff for ice cream."

Reverend Walker stood before his congregation and in dynamic fashion pontificated on the wickedness of intercourse. After twenty minutes of ranting about the sin of sex, he raised himself to full height, leaned over the pulpit, and boomed:
"Brothers and sisters, if there are any among you who have committed adultery, may your tongue cleave to the woof of your mowf."

And if you make people afraid, you also become afraid. It works both ways. So it is not only that the priest has made you afraid -- he himself has become afraid, he is also trembling.
Fear has been their trade secret. Create fear in people, and when people are frightened they are ready to become slaves, then they are ready to do anything. I

I Walt you to be absolutely free of fear. There is no fear. This existence is yours, there is no hell -- unless you decide to create one. Then it is a private affair. Then you can create it. But there is no hell! It is all heaven. And heaven is not in the end when you reach God, no. Heaven is ALL the way to, God. Each moment is heavenly. The whole journey is heavenly.
Heaven is a way of looking at things, and hell too. But in the past the fear has been used as a trade secret. AND joined with fear is greed. That is another side of the same coin. One side is fear, another side is greed. Both have been

exploited. And a really religious person is one who is free of fear and greed.
And if you are free of fear and greed, you will be free from the exploitations that have been going on and on down the centuries. Because of it, religion has not been of any help to humanity; rather, it has been a curse, it has not been a blessing. Make it a blessing. Drop fear and greed. Live joyously! Live in a heavenly way THIS moment, now. Live... Love... be... and forget ALL fears. There is nothing to be afraid of. We are part of this existence. This existence is not antagonistic to us. It is very friendly. It has created us! How can it be inimical? And there is nobody sitting there counting your sins, and nobody is there to punish you. God is not to be feared.
And if there is fear, you cannot love. Fear kills all capacity to love. In all the languages of the world, there are words like 'god fearing' -- they are ugly words. Drop them. Never use them. Let this religion be a religion of love -- be god loving. And then you are out of the grip and the trap of the priest.
And not only are you out of the grip and the trap of the priest -- you will free the priest too. He is also suffering with you. Continuously talking to you again and again about hell and heaven, he also becomes convinced of it. It is not that only you are the victim -- he is also a victim. It has become a nightmare to all.
This is what I mean by a new religious consciousness in the world: free of fear and greed. The whole energy has to be poured as celebration....

The Perfect Master, Vol 1

Chapter #5

Chapter title: Yes, Just Like That
25 June 1978 am in Buddha Hall

A SUFI TEACHER WAS VISITED BY A NUMBER OF PEOPLE OF VARIOUS FAITHS WHO SAID TO HIM, "ACCEPT US AS YOUR DISCIPLES, FOR WE SEE THAT THERE IS NO REMAINING TRUTH IN OUR RELIGIONS, AND WE ARE CERTAIN THAT WHAT YOU ARE TEACHING IS THE ONE TRUE PATH."

THE SUFI SAID, "HAVE YOU NOT HEARD OF THE MONGOL HALAKU KHAN AND HIS INVASION OF SYRIA? LET ME TELL YOU.

"THE VIZIER AHMAD OF THE CALIPH MUSTASIM OF BAGHDAD INVITED THE MONGOL TO INVADE HIS MASTER'S DOMAINS. WHEN HALAKU HAD WON THE BATTLE FOR BAGHDAD, AHMAD WENT OUT TO MEET HIM, TO BE REWARDED. HALAKU SAID, 'DO YOU SEEK YOUR RECOMPENSE?' AND THE VIZIER ANSWERED, 'YES.'

"HALAKU TOLD HIM, 'YOU HAVE BETRAYED YOUR OWN MASTER TO ME, AND YET YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT YOU WILL BE FAITHFUL TO ME.' HE ORDERED THAT AHMAD SHOULD BE HANGED.

"BEFORE YOU ASK ANYONE TO ACCEPT YOU, ASK YOURSELF WHETHER IT IS NOT SIMPLY BECAUSE YOU HAVE NOT FOLLOWED THE PATH OF YOUR OWN TEACHER. IF YOU ARE SATISFIED ABOUT THIS, THEN COME AND ASK TO BECOME DISCIPLES."

WHAT IS MAN'S BASIC PROBLEM? IT IS NOT IGNORANCE, IT IS KNOWLEDGE. Knowledge is always borrowed. It is never original. But one can believe that one knows and can be fool others and can be befooled oneself.

Knowledge is the greatest deceptive force in the world. It makes people cunning, hypocrites, egoists. It gives them false notions that they know -- that they know what truth is, that they know what 'the true path' is. And because of this, they go on missing.

They come across truth many times, but they cannot see. Their eyes are full of knowledge, hence blind. A knowledgeable man is a blind man. He is cunning and clever, but not intelligent. Cunningness and cleverness LOOK like intelligence, but that is only an appearance. And don't be deceived by the appearance, because it is there where man's basic confusion. is rooted -- in his cleverness, his cunningness, his knowledgeability.

One has to unlearn it all, then only does one become a disciple. If you know already, you can't be a disciple; your very knowledge will hinder you. How can you surrender when you know? Knowledge never surrenders. It is only innocence that is capable of that great quantum leap.

Surrender is possible only out of innocence, because out of innocence arises trust, out of innocence is faith, out of innocence is all religion.
I have heard a beautiful anecdote:

A great Master, Zusya, went to suffer the exile in Germany. He came to a city of Reform Jews. When they saw his ways, they mocked him and thought he was crazy. When he came into the synagogue, some of them poked fun at him, and when the children saw their parents ridiculing him, they thought he was crazy and began to pull at him and tug at his belt. Then he beckoned to the children and said, "My dear children, gather round and I will tell you something." The children thought he would show them a trick. They all stood around him and he in the middle. And he said to them, "My dear children, look well at me, do not take your eyes off me."
The children, because they thought he was going to show them something, looked steadily at him and he also looked steadily at each child separately. After that he told them to go home.
When the children came home and were given their food, they refused to eat. One said that the meat must not be eaten. Another asked how one could eat unclean meat. And so all the children refused to eat. They said the dishes were unclean and the food was unclean.
Then, as women do, one went to another and told her that all of a sudden her son came home from the prayer house and refused to eat; whatever was given to him, he said it was unclean. Then her neighbor said that her son too refused to eat and shouted that everything was unclean and

that one could not pray in her house because her hair was uncovered. Then another neighbor came in and also told such things about her son -- the whole town was amazed! Then they each learnt that their sons were not the only ones who suddenly became pious. They said that the visitor whom they had ridiculed and thought crazy was none other than a saint. By looking at the children, he had instilled in them something of his being. The parents became afraid that they had shamed him and went to beg his forgiveness. Zusya laughed and forgave them all. He wanted to look in their eyes too, but they escaped as fast as they could.

In this beautiful anecdote, what happened? The children were innocent. They were ready to look into the eyes of this strange Master. They became connected! For a moment they were lost into the vastness of the Master; for a moment the Master flowed in them. There was a meeting and a merging, a communion.

Just looking in their eyes for a few moments, something was transferred -- the purity of the man, the holiness of the man. Something of his being spilled into the eyes of the children. They were no more the same. Their vision changed.

But the grown-ups escaped. They were afraid to look into the eyes of the Master. What was THEIR fear? They were cunning, clever, knowledgeable. They must have thought, "It is a kind of hypnosis or something. This man is a magician or something." They must have thought of a thousand and one things: "The time is not ripe for us. We cannot go on this faraway journey. The moment has not

come. We will have to wait. We have to do a thousand and one other things, then...."
They were not innocent. Even their apology was out of cunningness; it was not out of love and understanding. They were afraid: if the man is so strange and powerful, he may do something wrong to them. Hence the apology. Not out of understanding, not out of humbleness, but out of fear.
But the children? -- they simply got in tune with the Master!
Jesus is right when he says: Unless you are like small children you will not enter into my kingdom of God.
Jesus was standing in a marketplace; a crowd was standing around him, and somebody asked, a rabbi, "You talk so much about the kingdom of God, but WHO will be capable enough, pure enough, virtuous enough, saintly enough, to enter into your kingdom of God? What will be the characteristics of the people who will be allowed in?"
Jesus looked around. The rabbi thought he would say, "People like you." And the rich man of the town who had donated much to the synagogue and who had been a charitable man thought he would say, "Men like you."
And there was another who had practiced all that has been told down the ages, all the rituals, prayers. He had followed every rule and regulation. He was a virtuous man, known as a saint. He thought, "Certainly, he is searching for me. He will say, 'Men like you.'"
But they were all frustrated. His eyes moved... he stopped at a small child who was just standing in the crowd. He took the child up and showed the people that "Those who

are like this small child, they will be able to enter into my kingdom of God."

It is innocence that falls in harmony with the divine. Knowledge is a jarring note. Knowledge is a China Wall. Knowledge is an arm our, your defense against the mysterious. But that's what happens.
People who are knowledgeable start searching for truth. And they have taken one thing for granted, that they already know what it is. Now it is only a question of searching. They will be able to recognize it, they know its characteristics.
It is not so. Unless you know truth, there is no way to know it. No scripture can describe it. There is no possibility of ANYBODY giving you the knowledge of truth. A Master never gives the knowledge of truth to you; he simply makes his truth available to you. If you are courageous, if you are innocent, if you are open, ready to take the jump, ready to die in the Master, then you will know truth -- not knowledge about truth but an experience of it. Truth always comes as an experience. It is always existential.

Remember: these are the barriers. The man who has followed all the rituals thinks he knows. He is a great yogi. He has not been missing a single rule of the yoga. He thinks now he is capable. He is not. It is not ritual that prepares you. Ritualistic people are stupid people. They follow the ritual, but the ritual is followed unconsciously. And they will find ways and means to go on following the ritual and yet remain the same.
I have heard:

A doleful-looking customer went to the bar and ordered six whiskies. The bar man poured them out for him in six glasses. "Now line them up in front of me, will you?" asked the customer. He then paid for them and told him to keep the change. He swallowed down the contents of the first glass in line and then repeated the process with the third and fifth glasses. Then, saying, "Goodnight," he turned to walk away.
"Excuse me," said the bar man. "You have left three glasses untouched."
"Yes, I know," he said. "The doctor said he didn't mind me taking the odd drink."

You can always find a way. The ritualistic person remains cunning.

A politician, who had been prevailed upon to accompany a friend on a bear hunt, had concealed his nervousness manfully, although his first night in camp was a sleepless one. Starting forth in the mowing, the two had walked but a short distance when they came upon fresh tracks which the enthusiastic sportsman identified as being those of a large bear.
"Tell you what we had better do," said the politician brightly. "You go ahead and see where he went and I'll go back and see where he came from!"

Remember that man is so cunning, so political, that he can always find a way out of a certain ritual, rule, discipline. And he can remain untouched by it. And he can go on

doing the ritual and yet remain untransformed by it. That's why you see so many people in the world going to the synagogue, to the church, to the temple, to the mosque, to the gurudwara -- and still remaining the same! Millions of people are praying, but there seems to be NO prayer in existence, there seems to be no fragrance of prayer in the world. There is but hatred AND hatred. There seems to be no love! How is it possible that millions of people pray every day and there is no love flowering? So many people praying and no compassion! Something deep down must be wrong, funda-mentally wrong.

The prayer is false. It is being done because it has to be done. It is a kind of duty to be fulfilled, but the heart is not in it. The cunning man always keeps his heart away from everything that he does; he only pretends. He goes through empty gestures. And he is so cunning that he can always find a loophole and escape through it.

The basic problem of man is not ignorance: it is knowledge. Ignorance never makes a person cunning.

O THOSE WHO ARE REALLY READY to become disciples, they shave to drop only one thing and that is their knowledge. They have to become ignorant again. And when you become CONSCIOUSLY ignorant, ignorance becomes luminous. The whole point is of consciousness. You can remain unconsciously very knowledgeable, and your knowledge remains dark, dismal, dead. If you become consciously ignorant, even your ignorance becomes enlightened. It is luminous. It is full of light.

And remember: when you consciously look at your life, you are bound to become ignorant again -- because

knowledge as such is not possible. Life remains a mystery. There is no way to demystify it. That's what knowledge is trying to do: it is a demystification of life. It tries to destroy mystery. It makes everything clear, explained away.

The whole effort of knowledge is how to banish mystery from existence. It cannot be banished. It is its ultimate nature. It is not an accidental quality. Mystery is the very CORE of life. Life is mysterious -- they are synonymous. So the man of knowledge does not destroy the mystery of life. He simply closes his eyes with a very thick curtain of knowledge, and starts thinking he knows.. He knows nothing.
It will look strange to you and very paradoxical, but it is so. The man who knows, knows nothing. And the man who knows that he is ignorant has started knowing. The whole point is of consciousness.
A CONS(ION!, ignorance is what disciple hood is -- conscious ignorance. But people are living in unconsciousness. And they go on groping. In unconsciousness they go to the Masters, but in unconsciousness. They remain with the Masters but fast asleep. Sooner or later they become fed up, because nothing is happening. Nothing can happen if you remain unconscious. You cannot connect with the Master. They remain cunning, clever, even when they are with a Master. Nothing happens. Nothing can happen in knowledgeability. Sooner or later they decide that this is not the right Master -- without ever thinking, "Am I the right disciple yet?" That should be the basic question. It is NONE of your business who is the right Master or not. And how can you decide?

You don't know what a Master is. You are not even a disciple yet! You have not taken even the first step and you are thinking and deciding and judging about the last step. It is better to keep quiet.

Just think about one thing again and again, remind yourself again and again: "Am I the right disciple? Am I ready to learn? Have I dropped my knowledge? Have I come with an open heart? Am I trying to become more conscious of what I am doing? Is my prayer conscious? When I sit by the side of the Master, am I sitting there consciously, alert, aware? When I listen to the Master, am I really listening? or just hearing?"

Hearing is one thing: listening is very different. Hearing is simple; anybody hears. Whosoever has ears can hear. Listening is rare. When your ear and your heart are together, then listening happens. When you hear, your mind is full of thoughts; the turmoil continues, the traffic continues. All kinds of noises, thoughts, prejudices... through that crowd, yes, you hear, but you can't listen. For listening, silence is needed. There should be no clouds inside you, no thought stirring. Just a PURE silence, then listening happens.

The disciple has to ask again and again, "Am I really a disciple? Am I yet a disciple?" And if you remain alert about that, you will find many Masters in life. But if you are not aware of it, you may come to a Buddha and go empty-handed.

Hank was riding the range, a-singing and a-humming. Suddenly his horse reared and stopped. In front of them was a huge snake. Hank drew his gun and was about to fire

when the snake cried, "Don't shoot! If you spare my life, I have the power to grant you any three wishes you make!"
"Okay," said Hank, figuring he had nothing to lose. "My first wish is a handsome face like Paul Newman. Second I want a muscular body like Mohammed Ali. And my last wish is to be equipped like my horse here!"
"Granted!" said the snake. "When you wake up tomorrow you'll have all those things."
Next mowing, Hank awoke and rushed to the mirror. Sure enough, he had a face like Paul Newman and to his delight he saw a pair of massive shoulders and arms like Mohammed Ali. Then, glancing down in great excitement he let out a blood-curdling howl.
"My Gawd, I clean forgot!" he babbled. "Yesterday I was riding Nellie!"

Man lives in unconsciousness, unaware. And you can even be with a Buddha and nothing is going to happen to you. Your unconsciousness will be a mountain.

The vibes of a Buddha are very delicate. They cannot penetrate your mountains of unconsciousness, If you are conscious, then only can those delicate vibes penetrate you. They are subtle, they are not violent, they are not aggressive. They will not even knock on your doors, they will not force entry into you. The vibes of a Buddha cannot rape. They come very silently. If you are utterly quiet, only then do you become aware of their presence. They come without any noise... rose petals falling on the ground. Yes, just like that.

But it is very easy to decide that the Master is wrong. In fact, that helps you to remain the way you are: what can you do? -- the Master is wrong. And then you go on moving from one Master to another and hoping.... But you remain the same! If you miss one Master, you will miss all of them. In fact, the more you go from one Master to another Master, you are simply becoming more and more accustomed to missing, you are becoming habituated to it. You are learning how to miss. If you miss one, then to miss the other will be easier, and then to miss the third will be even easier. And if you have been moving to many Masters, slowly slowly, you become so efficient in missing that it is almost certain that you will never find a Master anywhere.

That's why people can't find -- not that Masters don't exist. Life is so rich! Existence always gives you ALL possibilities to grow. Masters are available, and always. In no time, in no country, is it that they are not available. In no clime. However dark is the time on the earth, the Masters are always available. In fact, the darker it is, the more possibility there is of Masters being available.

Krishna says: When it is dark and religion is destroyed, I will come. I always come.

So the moments of darkness, of miserable times, are the opportunities for Masters to bloom. The physicians happen when people are ill. Nature always balances. It always provides for your needs.

Just watch: a woman becomes pregnant, and her whole body starts preparing for the child. By the time the child is born, suddenly her breasts are full of milk. The child is not born yet but food is getting ready. Nature provides all that

is needed -- even for a child who has not even asked, who cannot ask. Before the child comes, the food has arrived. Before the hunger, the food. Before the thirst, the water. And before the disciple, the Master. So if you are a disciple, you are BOUND to find a Master. It has never been otherwise. If you cannot find a Master, think again, meditate over it -- are you a disciple? And you will find you are too full of knowledge. That's why you cannot be a disciple.

A disciple means one who is ready to learn, and a man full of knowledge is not ready to learn. He is ready to teach. He is not .ready to learn.

Are you a disciple? A disciple is one who is ready to surrender, to bow down, to drop his head. Are you ready to die? Are you ready to stake all that you have? Nobody seems to be ready to die. In fact, people need a Master, not to die but to live for ever. They would like to become immortals. They would like to find the elixir that will make them immortals. They would like to find something so that they can fight with death. Yes, that is found! But you have to fulfill the condition first. And the condition is: only those who are ready to die will attain to life eternal.

A very ancient story, a true story, and of great significance:

In some monastery in Tibet, a monk who was thought to be dead was buried in a crypt. After a time he regained consciousness and horror and mental conflict set in. The crypt was opened only when a brother died, and it was impossible to call loud enough or to knock hard enough to be heard. What, then, was the unfortunate man to do? Was he to wait for a death of starvation and thirst, there in the

neighborhood of his dead brethren? He began to pray -- but was not prayer a supplication that God might grant death to one of his healthy brethren? Because the crypt would be opened only when somebody died in the monastery again. That was the only possibility for him to get out: if somebody died immediately.
Against such horrible mental and physical agonies -- you can well complete the picture -- our dear monk held out and remained alive. He kept himself alive by eating insects which fell down into the crypt through? small air-hole, and he licked the drops of moisture from the walls, dirty sewage water.
After many years, they found the unfortunate man wrapped in cloaks... When somebody died the crypt was opened, after many years. They found the unfortunate man wrapped in cloaks which he pulled out of the coffins, and with his white beard reaching to the ground.
He was utterly blind by now, but still alive and still hoping and praying. He was taken out. He lived at least ten years more.

Man clings to life -- even if when to live is worse than death. Just think of this man! eating insects, living with dead bodies, the smell. Think of that crypt: hundreds of dead bodies around, just licking drops of moisture from the walls, and waiting and praying for somebody to die. He went blind! Years and years in that darkness, but still hoping to live.
Such is the desire for life. Such is the lust for life. And to be with a Master one has to be ready to die -- not

physically: meta-phorically. But even the IDEA of death makes people run away.
But to be in contact with a Master, you have to slowly slowly disappear, metaphysically disappear: the ego has to die. Jesus says: Until you are reborn... but how can you be reborn if you don't die? Rebirth has to be preceded by a death. And the death has to be deeper than the bodily death, because the bodily death is not much of a death. Soon you are born again. Here you die and, within moments, you have entered into another womb somewhere else. There is not even a gap: one body you lose, another body you immediately gain.
But to die in the presence of a Master is to really die, it is real suicide The ego disappears for ever. That is the meaning of surrender It is difficult. The disciple comes, he bows down also, but that bowing is false. He says, "I am at your disposal," but that is an empty gesture.

After an hour's lecture on duty to King and Country, putting others before self and so on, the education corps captain pointed to one private and said, "Right -- you! Why should a soldier be prepared to die for his country?"
The soldier scratched his head for a minute, then grinned and said, "You're quite right, sir -- why should he?"

Just to think of death frightens. Don't laugh at those people who escaped from Zusya -- Zusya was death. A Master k death. That's what ancient scriptures say: A Master is a death. Those people escaped! The children were innocent. They were not afraid because they didn't know what it is to look into the eyes of a Master.

People AVOID looking into the eyes of the Master. They avoid getting too close, because to be too close is to melt, is to disappear, never to be the same again.
Remember these things....

The story:

A SUFI TEACHER WAS VISITED BY A NUMBER OF PEOPLE OF VARIOUS FAITHS WHO SAID TO HIM, "ACCEPT US AS YOUR DISCIPLES, FOR WE SEE THAT THERE IS NO REMAINING TRUTH IN OUR RELIGIONS, AND WE ARE CERTAIN THAT WHAT YOU ARE TEACHING IS THE ONE TRUE PATH."

Let us go into each important word in the story:

A SUFI TEACHER WAS VISITED BY A NUMBER OF PEOPLE OF VARIOUS FAITHS WHO SAID TO HIM...

A SUFI TEACHER, A SUFI MASTER, is not there to destroy your religion but to fulfill it. If he destroys anything, that means it is not religion -- that's why he destroys it. If it is religion, he supports it, he enhances it. He is not against any path. All paths are God's paths. So if he finds somebody is following a path, he gives all his support. He will not take you astray from the path that you have been following. He will strengthen it.
A Sufi Master is not a missionary. He is not interested in convert-ing people from one religion to another. He is interested certainly in converting people from irreligion to religion, but not from Christianity to Mohammedanism or

from Mohammedanism to Buddhism, or from Buddhism to Hinduism. A Sufi is not interested in changing people's identities, superficial identities. It never makes much difference. I have seen many Hindus who have become Christians -- they remain the same. Nothing ever changes. It CAN'T change! because of their conditioning.
I used to live with a friend whose-father was converted to Christianity, but they still think themselves Brahmins. Untouchables are not allowed in his family. They are Christian Brahmins, but Brahmins they are. The WHOLE thing continues.
I have seen Christians becoming Hindus. It makes no difference.

I have heard about Mulla Nasrudin, who became an atheist in his old age. One day he was trying to convert somebody to his atheism, and was very loud. Finally he said, "There is no God -- and Mohammed is his only prophet."

It is very difficult. You can become an atheist, but if you have been a Mohammedan, deep down you remain a Mohammedan -- Mohammed is the only prophet.

I have heard about another atheist who was dying, and he said, "Thank God that there is no God!"

It is very difficult to get out of your conditioning. A Sufi Master is not interested in changing your rituals, but he is certainly interested in giving you more and more religious quality. It IS NOT a question of to;m: it is a question of quality. Whether you go to the mosque or to the temple

does not matter! The real thing is prayer -- where you pray is immaterial.
Just remember always, this is the Sufi approach: where you pray is immaterial -- prayer matters. To whom you bow down is immaterial -- bowing down matters. To whom you surrender has no meaning -- but that you have surrendered is of immense importance. Surrender has importance and relevance. The object of surrender is just an excuse.
You can go to one Master, A, and surrender, or to Master B and surrender, or to Master C and surrender -- it makes no difference. If you are surrendered, you have started moving towards God. The Master is just an excuse. Any Master will do. So whatsoever is your liking, whosoever is of your liking, wherever you feel surrender is easier, surrender. The Sufi helps you to surrender, to pray. It does not matter whether you pray in Arabic or in Sanskrit or in Hebrew, but what you say in your prayer matters.
I have heard:

After five-year-old Matt gave a loud whistle in the middle of the minister's sermon, his grandmother launched into scolding.
"Why on earth would you do such a thing?" she demanded.
"I've been praying for a long time that God would teach me to whistle," he explained, "And this morning he did."

A child's prayer is a child's prayer. What can he ask? He is asking God to give him the capacity to whistle. Just look at people's prayer, what they are asking, and you will find it ALL childish. Somebody is asking for money... Which is nothing but a capacity to whistle, so everybody can see

who is whistling more loudly, more sharply, so you can defeat other whistlers. That's what money is all about: so you can whistle. Somebody is praying to be made a prime minister or a president. That is again the same: asking to be given the capacity to whistle so loudly that the whole country, the whole world listens.

All are asking for the ego, for some importance, for some superiority. All are wanting to defeat others, all are competitors. And how can you pray if your mind is full of competition, jeal-ousy? How can you pray if your mind is not full of love?

The real prayer does not ask for anything. The real prayer is a thanking. It simply gives thankfulness to God for all that he has already given. There is no complaint in it.

A Sufi Master is one who helps you for the essential religion. And the essential religion is one. Hinduism, Christianity, Jainism, Buddhism, Judaism -- these are forms, forms of different rituals. These are different languages, but the message is one.

A SUFI TEACHER WAS VISITED BY A NUMBER OF PEOPLE OF VARIOUS FAITHS WHO SAID TO HIM, "ACCEPT US AS YOUR DISCIPLES, FOR WE SEE THAT THERE IS NO REMAINING TRUTH IN OUR RELIGIONS..."-

Now, these people have been followers of somebody else. When you go to a Sufi Master, he will not accept you so easily -- because you have been a follower of somebody else. What have you been doing there? If you have missed that Master, you will miss this too. What is the point of

changing? Maybe you will feel for a few days that you are again on a kind of honeymoon, a new love affair. But if the old love affair is finished, this too will be finished sooner or later. It may give you a little thrill and sensation. You may start dreaming and hoping again, but nothing is going to happen. Not essentially. Because you will go on doing the same that you have done with your old Masters. Unless you change. Unless you understand that there is something lacking in you, not in the Master but in you. Unless you take the responsibility that "I have been missing," there is no point in accepting disciples. Sufis won't accept you. But if a disciple comes who has done all that he could do, their doors are open.

I would like you to be reminded of Gautam Buddha: he went to many Masters in his search -- that's how a disciple should be. And he surrendered to many Masters, and he surrendered totally. He was not holding back. Whatsoever the Master with whom he was at that time would say, he would do it totally.

It is said that his Masters would finally say to him, "We are sorry. In fact, we have not attained it either. We are pretenders. You have exposed us. We cannot deceive you. We don't know a thing. Our deception goes on because people who come to us never listen to what we say -- they never do it, so we are never exposed. You are the first person who has done whatsoever we say, and now we are feeling sorry for you. Excuse us. Forgive us!"

That's what the Masters said. They were not Masters. But Buddha's sincerity, his honesty, provoked even those deceivers to feel sorry. He worked so hard. And sometimes their demands were stupid.

For example, one Master, so-called Master, said to him, "Go on reducing your food till you are taking only one grain of rice -- go on reducing, slowly slowly." He did that. He became just bones; all flesh disappeared. Just a skeleton he was. The Master must have fit.. .he was saying this to many people but nobody had ever followed it, so there was no problem. But this man, his sincerity, his utter devotion, his trust... When there is SO much trust, even the people who exploit trust cannot exploit SUCH trust.

It is said he fell at Buddha's feet and said, "Excuse me. Please forgive me. I have sinned against you and against God. I have committed a crime. I had never thought that anybody was going to follow what I say. And I have been making such strange demands that nobody will follow. And when nobody follows, there is no question of ever being exposed."

That's why your so-called Masters go on demanding the impossible from you. They will say, "Repress sex and don't ever think of any beautiful woman, not even in your dreams." Now, first they say, "Repress sex." If you repress it, your dreams will become full of sexuality. And then they say that even to dream about sex is a sin -- you will never attain to God. If you follow them, you will be in difficulty. But nobody follows.

And when people DON'T follow, they feel guilty that "We have not been following the Master." Out of their guilt they touch his feet; out of their guilt they go on following him.

Buddha went from one Master to another. For six years he travel led all around the country, and it always happened his sincerity was such that each Master told him, "Please,

you forgive us and you go and search somewhere else." He searched long and went to many people, but he never left the Master till the Master himself said to him, "Now you leave me. It is becoming unbearable. You go on doing whatsoever I say and nothing is happening, because what I am saying is absolutely fabricated, guesswork. I have not known myself "

This is the way of a disciple. If such a disciple comes to a Sufi Master, he will welcome him, he will embrace him to his heart. He will take him to his innermost bosom. But these people were not like that. They said to the Master:

"ACCEPT US AS YOUR DISCIPLES,FOR WE SEE THAT THERE IS NO REMAINING TRUTH IN OUR RELIGIONS..."

How can you see? You are so blind. How can you see that there is no truth in your religions? This assertion is egoistic. A real seeker will say, "Maybe there is, but I am blind, I cannot see it. Give me eyes! Help me to see." A real seeker will say, "It is not that there is no truth in religions, but I have not been able to see it. It must be my fault." He will take all the responsibility on his own shoulders.

To throw the responsibility on somebody else is an old ego trick. Beware of it. It never wants to take the responsibility on itself. It always goes on complaining about others. If you are not achieving, then something is wrong somewhere, but you are not wrong.

If you go on following whatsoever you are doing, if you do it sincerely, and then you come to know that you have done it as totally as is humanly possible and nothing has

happened, then it is time to move. A Sufi Master accepts only those who move in such a way. But these people were saying:

"ACCEPT US AS YOUR DISCIPLES,FOR WE SEE THAT THERE IS NO REMAINING TRUTH IN OUR RELIGIONS, AND WE ARE CERTAIN..."

Now only stupid people can be certain about such mysteries.
Wise people will be hesitant; intelligent people will not be so certain, cannot be. How can you be certain? And they said:

"... AND WE ARE CERTAIN THAT WHAT YOU ARE TEACHING IS THE ONE TRUE PATH."

And this they must have said to other teachers too.

Mulla Nasrudin was in love with a woman. One full-moon night, sitting on the beach, he told the woman, "You are the most beautiful woman in the world. Never has there been any woman so beautiful, never will there be ever."
The woman was thrilled. Her ego swelled up. And Mulla looked at her -- she was a transformed being, and Mulla said "Sorry, excuse me. But let me remind you of one thing: this thing I have been telling to many women before, and I cannot promise you that I will not say it to other women again. You are not the only one I am saying this to -- this I say to every woman. This has been my usual practice."

These people who are saying to this Master, "You are the only true path," must have said it to others too. Their words have no meaning, no significance. They have been used again and again. They are really saying, "We are so intelligent that we can see where truth is, who is true, who is really a Perfect Master. We are so intelligent that we know that you are the only true path."

They are not saying anything about the Master or the truth or the true path. They are simply saying in an indirect way, "We are so intelligent that we can understand who you are." But you cannot deceive a Master. Whatsoever you say, he will see through it.

To encounter a Master is to encounter a mirror. You cannot bribe a Master. You cannot because he has no ego. You cannot buttress him. Now, this was something great they were saying. It is almost like saying to a woman, "You are the most beautiful woman in the world." When you say to a religious teacher, "You are the true path," it is almost the same.

That's what the so-called teachers go on hankering for. They wait for somebody to say it. If the Master had been a bogus one, he would have cherished these disciples. He would have declared to his other disciples, "Look! These are the real people I have been waiting for! These are the people who understand me." But because a Master has no ego, he has not any self left -- Sufis called it FANA -- he has disappeared. A Master is really a TRUE absence, a nothingness. He reflects the disciple. There is no way to provoke his ego, because there is none.

THE SUFI SAID, "HAVE YOU NOT HEARD OF THE MONGOL HALAKU KHAN AND HIS INVASION OF SYRIA? LET ME TELL YOU.

"THE VIZIER AHMAD OF THE CALIPH MUSTASIM OF BAGHDAD INVITED THE MONGOL TO INVADE HIS MASTER'S DOMAINS. WHEN HALAKU HAD WON THE BATTLE FOR BAGHDAD, AHMAD WENT OUT TO MEET HIM, TO BE REWARDED. HALAKU SAID, 'DO YOU SEEK YOUR RECOMPENSE?' AND THE VIZIER ANSWERED, 'YES.'

"HALAKU TOLD HIM, 'YOU HAVE BETRAYED YOUR OWN MASTER TO ME, AND YET YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT YOU WILL BE FAITHFUL TO ME.' HE ORDERED THAT AHMAD SHOULD BE HANGED."

A STRANGE STORY TO TELL TO THOSE PEOPLE who are declaring, "You are the true path, you are the true Master." But a Master has to say the truth as it is. He has to be absolutely frank. He cannot afford politeness. If it has to be hard then it has to be hard. If it hurts, so it hurts. But the Master has to say it as it is.

Now, he is saying, "You have betrayed your old Masters, and you come to me -- how can I trust you? that you will not betray me? You have not followed your old Masters, because I can see that you are carrying junk. If you had followed any Master, you would have become unburdened of the junk. I can see the garbage of your knowledge.

"If you had followed any Master, then the first thing would have been to drop knowledgeability. You have SO much know-ledge, and because of that knowledge you are saying what is true and what is not true, and what religion to follow and what not to follow, and what is the right path and what is not the right path. It is according to your knowledge. You are so full of this bulls hit! How can I think that you have followed any Master, that you have been disciples to anybody? You have never been disciples. That much is certain. Whether those Masters were true or not, that is not YOUR business. One thing is certain and that is YOUR business: that you have not been disciples at all. And the same you are going to do to me too. How can I accept you? For what should I accept you? Just to be betrayed again?"
There is a Sufi story:

A man was in love with a woman, so much so that he was ready to do anything. And the woman was demanding, very demanding. Finally she said, "There is only one condition more to be fulfilled, only then will I be yours. You are too much attached to your mother -- unless you kill her and you bring her heart on a plate as a present to me, I cannot be yours. This is my last condition."
He had fulfilled many conditions.
He rushed home. He killed the mother. He took out her heart. And when he was coming back, he was in such a hurry, he was in such a passionate blindness, that he stumbled on the way. The plate fell and broke and the heart also fell and broke into many pieces, but from those many

pieces only one voice came: "My son, walk a little more consciously."
He gathered the pieces. He was not in any mood to listen to it.
He gathered the pieces, he rushed to the woman, he offered the heart. The woman looked at it -- she was aghast. She said, "It is finished! If you can kill your own mother, I cannot trust you. You can kill me for any other woman. You are a dangerous man. You simply get out of my house! NEVER come back again. The relationship is completely finished. If you had said no, I would have been yours, but you missed."

The story is the same, with the same flavor and the same meaning and the same message. If you can betray your old Masters so easily and can condemn them so easily, how can the Sufi trust you? You will do the same to him.
Do you see the point? If a man who is a Hindu easily becomes a Christian, the Christian missionary is simply deceiving himself -- because if he was not a true Hindu and he could deceive, how can he be a true Christian? And a true Christian and a true Hindu are the same. The difference is only between the untrue Christian and the untrue Hindu.
Truth is one and the true path is one. It does not belong to anybody. It is nobody's property. It is not my path and Buddha's path and Krishna's path and Zarathustra's path -- it is just THE path. Buddha, Zarathustra, Lao Tzu, they have all walked on it. It is only ONE! There are not many paths really. Many people walk on the path, but the path is

one. And it is so vast that they may not even meet each other.
The demand of the Sufi Master is very significant. You have to understand it. He says, "You have betrayed your own Master -- you can betray me too. And I don't want anything to do with people such as you. Go back!"
And he tells this story:

" THE VIZIER AHMAD OF THE CALIPH MUSTASIM OF BAGHDAD INVITED THE MONGOL TO INVADE HIS MASTER'S DOMAINS."

He betrayed his master. And now he wants to be rewarded. Halaku Khan did well with him. This is the reward.

"HE ORDERED THAT AHMAD SHOULD BE HANGED."

"This man is not trustworthy. He has betrayed his master who has trusted him for so long, maybe for years -- how can I trust this man? I cannot leave him alone; he is dangerous. He can do the same to me and more easily, because I am a stranger. He was not even true to his master, who was not a stranger, who had taken him so close to himself that he could betray him and help me to destroy his master. And now he has come to be rewarded. This man is a traitor!"

The Sufi said:

"BEFORE YOU ASK ANYONE TO ACCEPT YOU, ASK YOURSELF WHETHER IT IS NOT SIMPLY BECAUSE YOU HAVE NOT FOLLOWED THE PATH OF YOUR OWN TEACHER. IF YOU ARE SATISFIED ABOUT THIS, THEN COME AND ASK TO BECOME DISCIPLES."

NOT THAT HE IS SAYING, I will not accept you, but he makes a simple condition, "Have you followed your old Master? Have you done what he was telling you to do? Have you practiced it in any way? If you have practiced, if you have done it, if you are certain about it, that you did it and it didn't work, you did all that you could and it didn't work, you were not half-hearted in it, you were not holding back, you were not clever and cunning, you were not just a spectator but you had participated in the being of the Master, if you can be certain about this, if you are satisfied with YOUR performance as a disciple -- then come to me. I will accept you."

But that is something very important. This is happening nowadays very much in the world. People go on moving from one Master to another; like driftwood they knock on many doors. But they never knock long enough, so the door doesn't open. They have no patience. They don't do a thing. They are simply rushing here and there -- as if somebody ELSE is going to give them the truth. Truth is not a thing to be given. It cannot be transferred. You have to EARN it. You have to become PREGNANT with it. It has to be BORN in you. You have to become a WOMB for it. It is something ALIVE. You have to pour your life energies into it. You have to revive it within your being. You have to

CREATE it. God is not sitting there somewhere so you can go and discover him. God has to be created!
So those who are looking for God as if he is hiding somewhere, and they will go and search and find him, they are looking in vain. You are not only to discover God: you have to create him. Each prayerful heart creates God again and again. It is your creation. But people go on thinking of God as if it is something like a commodity, that you can purchase it.

A man came to Mahavir, a king. His name was Presenjit; a very famous king of those days. And he was going to many Masters. He had been to Buddha, he had been to Ajit Keshkambali, he had been to Prabuddha Katyana, he had been to Makkhli Goshal, he had been to Sanjay Vilethiputta -- to MANY teachers. Then he came to Mahavir, and he asked Mahavir, "Give me what you call meditation, DHYANA, give it to me! And I am ready to pay for it. Whatsoever the price."
A worldly man -- only knows how to purchase a thing, thinks of everything as if it can be purchased. If he falls in love with a woman, he purchases the woman and misses thereby -- because love cannot be purchased. You can purchase the body, but not the soul. Love has to be earned. You have to become worthy of it.
Now, he comes to Mahavir and asks such a stupid question. Mahavir must have laughed. He said, "Listen. Why did you trouble Jo come so far into this forest? In your own capital there is a man -- my disciple he is, a very poor man -- and he would very much like to sell his meditation. He is so poor. Just go to him! I don't need what you can give to me,

so I am not in any mood to sell my meditation to you. Go and purchase it from a very poor man. He may decide to sell it."
It was a joke. Presenjit rushed in his chariot, went to the poor man's hut. It was such a poor hut that he thought, "Certainly this man will sell. I can even purchase this man -- what about the meditation!"
And the man came, a very poor man, almost naked, but utterly beautiful and graceful, a great light within his being -- you could see it. And the king felt, "Mahavir IS right -- this man HAS got it.
Look at his face -- so luminous!" And he said, "rust tell me what you wont. I have come to purchase your meditation, your samadhi. And I am ready to give anything you ask."
The man hesitated. What to say to the king? And the king thought, obviously, "He is hesitating about the price." So he said, "Don't be worried. You can say ANY amount."
But the man said, "It is not a question of price."
The king said, "Don't be worried about it at all. I can give my whole kingdom to you, because when once I decide to purchase a thing, I always purchase it. Just say!"
But the man said, "I am sorry to say... I don't want to say no to you, but what are you asking? It is absurd! I cannot sell it. It is not a thing. It is not anything objective. It HAS HAPPENED to me. Mahavir must have played a joke with you. You go back to the Master. He has simply sent you here so that you can under-stand that even if you give your kingdom to a poor beggar, he cannot sell his meditation or samadhi. There is no way to purchase it. It is invaluable. And it is not a commodity at all."

But people go on thinking God is a commodity, samadhi is a commodity, enlightenment is a commodity: "Give us.. .!" It is not! You have to become it. You have to be transformed. And only your effort can transform you. The Master can show you the way, but you will have to follow.

The Sufi said:

"BEFORE YOU ASK ANYONE TO ACCEPT YOU, ASK YOURSELF WHETHER IT IS NOT SIMPLY BECAUSE YOU HAVE NOT FOLLOWED THE PATH OF YOUR OWN TEACHER.

"That you have missed and you are not ready to say that you are not a disciple. That you have not been a disciple. Instead you are saying that the Master is wrong. Instead of saying 'I have not followed the path,' you are declaring that the path is wrong and there is no more truth on it.

"IF YOU ARE SATISFIED ABOUT THIS...

"that you have done all that you could, and more is not possible for you, and nothing has happened there, then come to me; Then I am ready to help you. But be satisfied about that."
This has to be understood by every disciple, every seeker. You are with me here. If you don't go into that space that I make available for you, sooner or later you will start thinking, "Nothing is happening. What am I doing here? I must go and seek some other door. I must go and beg from somebody else. I must go and learn from someone

somewhere ELSE." But the space is available to you. The door is open. And you are not walking in. You remain hanging outside. You go on pretending in a thousand and one ways that you are moving, but you are not moving. The moving is possible only when you are totally with me -- if even a small part of you is not with me, it is impossible to move in the door. You will have to move as a total organic unity. You cannot leave your left hand outside. You cannot leave ANYTHING outside. You will have to move in totally! Only then can you move. You cannot move in partially, remember it.

So those who are totally with me, they have moved. And those who are going to be totally with me, they WILL move. But there will be many also who will simply be here partially. A little bit. Trying to judge whether it is worth taking the risk. Hanging around. Calculating. If you are calculating, you are not a disciple. If you are trying to figure it out, you are not a disciple. Because it is NOT a question of figuring it out. It is so immense, you cannot figure it out. It is so enormous, you cannot calculate about it. It is bigger than you, so you cannot hold it in your hands. You have to be ready to disappear, to evaporate. You have to die, and only then... the resurrection.

The disciple has to become the mythological bird, the phoenix: he has to disappear into the fire, and out of the ashes the new will be born.

Those who are ready, those who can take the risk, those who are courageous, only they will attain. And the remaining ones will start thinking, "Maybe this is not the right door, this is not the right path, -this is not the right Master. I should go somewhere else. Why am I wasting my

time here?" And you will do the same somewhere else too. And you can go on and on, life after life, wandering and wandering, and never arriving.

This is what you have been doing in your past lives! You are not new, nobody is new. All are old-timers. You have been here for ever and ever, from the very beginning you have been here. I KNOW people are here who have been with Buddha... and missed. I know people are here who have been with Rumi AND missed. And I know, there are MANY people here who have been with Jesus AND missed.

It is not new. It is not that you are for the first time with a Master. You have been many times. And each time you missed, you condemned the Master rather than rethinking about your own self.

The calculating people are always ready to listen about the truth, but it has to be abstract. When you come to the details, when they have to do something, when the truth starts becoming a pragmatic reality, then problems arise.

There is a famous statement of Ludwig Wittgenstein: Don't look for the meaning, look for the use. And in the same way, thousands of years before Wittgenstein, Lao Tzu says: The mean-ing is the use. The use is the meaning. When you look for it, you cannot see it. When you listen for it, you cannot hear it. But when you use it, it is inexhaustible.

A Master is not there to give you a doctrine but a discipline. A doctrine is an abstract thing. It is ABOUT God. A discipline is not about God: it is about you.

A Master is not there to philosophize, because we have more philosophy than we need, already too much. A Master is there to help you walk. You are cripples. A Master is

there to heal, to cure you, your crippledness, your blindness, your paralysis. He is a physician, he is not a philosopher. But people are always ready to listen to abstract things, because those abstract things never touch your life.
I have heard -- this story comes from the heart of China:

In a small church in a remote village, the people came to the minister complaining that the wife of a deacon was stealing chickens from her neighbor. They said, "You've got to do something about it."
He said, "All right, I will." That Sunday he preached on the text "You shall not steal." At the close of the service the deacon came to him and said, "Excellent sermon, Pastor."
But in three or four days the people came and said, "That sermon didn't do any good at all -- she's still stealing."
So the next Sunday, the minister got more specific. He said, "You shall not steal your neighbor's goods." At the close of the service the deacon shook hands and said, "That's a much better sermon. You've really got to speak specifically."
However, during the week the people said, "That didn't do any good -- she's still stealing."
So the minister took courage in both hands and said, "You shall not steal your neighbor's chickens."
The deacon came to him and said, "Now look, you're not supposed to be all that specific in the pulpit."

When it comes to the small, real details of your life, you stop hearing. When it is about abstract worlds of paradise, God, Nirvana, you are all alert. It doesn't matter. It is

beautiful philosophy. You cannot lose anything. You can become a little more knowledgeable. But when it comes to the stealing of your neighbor 's chickens, then it touches your life. THERE you become alert. THERE you stop listening.
Remember: a Master is not to impart abstract truths to you but something that has to be practiced in life, something that has to become your lifestyle.
Great courage is needed, and great endeavor, and great discipline, to change and transform one's way of life. If you cannot, don't condemn the path you have been following because really you have never followed it.

A man went up to the salesman at the Rolls Royce stand in the motor company's show and asked the way to the gents' toilet.
The route was a bit complicated and the salesman deserted his post to escort the man to the door of the toilet. Thanking him, the man asked why he had gone to so much trouble.
"Because," answered the salesman, "yours was the first genuine inquiry I've had all day."

If you really want to be with a Master you will have to become a genuine inquiry. Not philosophic curiosity, but an inquiry in which your life and death are involved. An inquiry which is going to transmute you. An inquiry that is going to become a metamorphosis.
YOU ARE capable of flying into the sky, but you are hiding in your cocoons. Those cocoons have to be broken -- and it hurts. And it hurts because you think those cocoons

are your defense, your safety, because you think those cocoons are your homes. They are your prison cells.
The Master has to destroy the prison cell so the prisoner can be freed. But the prisoner has become too identified with the prison cell, so he decorates it. He may even hang the picture of the Master in the prison cell. He may worship the Master, but in the prison cell. He will not listen to the Master that the prison cell has to be broken. And unless you destroy the prison cell, and cooperate with the Master in destroying it, you will not be free.
And to be free is the only way to know what truth is. Freedom is truth. Freedom is God. Freedom is Nirvana.

The Perfect Master, Vol 1

Chapter #6

Chapter title: Only One Ecstasy
26 June 1978 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:

Question 1
HOW DOES THE INTERNAL WORLD OF EXPERIENCE RELATE TO EXTERNAL REALITY?

ANURAG, THERE ARE NOT TWO REALITIES. All duality is only in conceptualization. Reality is one. It is mind that divides: the lower and the higher, the good and the bad, the internal and the external, heaven and hell. It is mind that divides! But reality remains un-divided. It is all

one. You cannot Denmark where the inner ends and where the outer begins. There is no possibility of demarcation. The internal is the external, and the external is the internal. They are absolutely one.
To see this is to be free of all division and of all schizophrenia.
It is good to divide for intellectual purposes. It is good to categorize to understand things. But to know reality one has to drop all categories, all mind concepts, because they limit. They have to limit to define. You cannot define the unlimited. You have to divide and cut into pieces. Only parts can be defined: the whole cannot be defined.
But the moment you cut the whole into pieces, it is no more real. The whole remains the whole.
Just listen to these words of Lao Tzu:

THE GREAT TAO FLOWS EVERYWHERE,
TO THE LEFT AND TO THE RIGHT.
ALL THINGS DEPEND UPON IT TO EXIST,
AND IT DOES NOT ABANDON THEM.
TO ITS ACCOMPLISHMENTS IT LAYS
NO CLAIM.
IT LOVES AND NOURISHES ALL THINGS,
BUT DOES NOT LORD IT OVER THEM.

The Tao goes on flowing -- to the left, to the right, to the sinner, to the saint, it is available. It goes on raining on all. It makes no distinctions of higher and lower, of the accepted, the chosen, and the rejected, the condemned.
THE GREAT TAO FLOWS EVERYWHERE.... It knows no boundaries. It jumps from one thing into another. From

man into woman, from yin into yang. The yin goes on yanging and the yang goes on yinning.
There are moments... have you not watched in your own being? You may be a man ordinarily. Sometimes you are not a man at all: you are a woman. You may be a woman ordinarily, but sometimes you are a man. The Tao goes on flowing. Nothing can obstruct it. There are female moments in every male's consciousness, and there are male moments in every female's consciousness. Man and woman are together, undivided, two aspects of one coin.

THE GREAT TAO FLOWS EVERYWHERE,
TO THE LEFT AND TO THE RIGHT.
ALL THINGS DEPEND UPON IT TO EXIST...

It is an invisible ocean of energy, of consciousness, of bliss -- SATCHITANANDA -- it is truth, it is consciousness, it is bliss. But even these three words are not three things. The idea of the trinity in Christianity. is beautiful, but there are not three Gods -- there is only one God. Three faces. The Hindu idea of Trimurti is even more beautiful: one God with three faces. In fact, the God has as many faces as there are people.
The God means the whole. Where are you going to put the God? In the external reality or in the internal? When you love, your beloved becomes part of your internal reality. Is he or she external to you? Are you external to him or her? All those old categories start disappearing -- that's the beauty of love, because it makes you aware of the invisible unity of all.

TO ITS ACCOMPLISHMENTS IT LAYS NO CLAIM.

God remains silent. Tao remains silent. It lays no claim.

IT LOVES AND NOURISHES ALL THINGS,
with no distinctions,
BUT DOES NOT LORD IT OVER THEM.

That is another thing so nice about Tao, about the real God: it is not bossy! The moment your God becomes bossy, your ego has entered in your God, you have falsified God. That's how many Gods have become untrue Gods. Your mind has corrupted them. You have brought all your nonsense to the concept of God. You have poisoned the very concept.

THE TAO LOVES AND NOURISHES ALL THINGS,
BUT DOES NOT LORD IT OVER THEM.

Thus the Tao is something purely helpful -- never coercive. The Taoist never speaks of obedience, but only of BEING IN HARMONY with the Tao. The internal and the outer are in harmony, in absolute harmony. They are notes, two notes, of the same music -- two musical instruments in the same orchestra, in absolute harmony: Being in harmony is the way of Tao.
In the moment of awakening to the real, one realizes, not that one SHOULD not rebel against Tao or God, but that one simply CANNOT.
You cannot be otherwise! Notwithstanding what you go on believing. You may think of yourself as an individual -- you are not, because you are not separate. Your thinking is

just YOUR thinking. It is a private idea. It corresponds to no reality at all and, hence, it will create misery for you. This idea of internal and external has created much misery for man, because then people start dropping the external. That's how the idea of renunciation arose: "Renounce the outer and be the inner!" But how can you do it?
There is an apple on the tree. It is external. If you eat it, it becomes internal: it will be your blood, your bones, your marrow. When does it become internal? How does the external become internal? And one day you will die, and all that was inside you will be again outside, back into the earth. It will nourish some apple tree, more apples will grow.
You breathe in and it becomes internal. Then you have to breathe out. WHERE does the breath become internal? Watch. That's what Buddha says: Watch your breathing -- and see where it becomes internal and where it becomes external again. Just watching your breath, all distinctions will disappear. You will see it is the same circle. The internal is the external, and the external is the internal. The moment you see this in your breath circle, you have solved a great problem, a great dichotomy is dissolved. Then you are no more a body or a soul. Then you don't talk about these words. Then all these words are just childish -- maybe useful, but they have no reality, no truth. Just useful, utilitarian.

You ask me, Anurag: HOW DOES THE INTERNAL WORLD OF EXPERIENCE RELATE TO THE EXTERNAL REALITY?

It does not relate! because they are not two. They are one. It often becomes a great question. But the question is basically false, so all the answers that have been given. are false. Once you start by a wrong question, you will arrive again and again at wrong conclusions.

For at least five thousand years, man has been puzzled by one thing: the body/mind problem. How do they relate? First you divide... division is false. There is no body and no mind separate. It is body mind. It is one entity. The mind is only a way of looking at the body, and the body is also a way of looking at the mind. It is the SAME reality looked at from different angles. It is not two. But once you have thought that body AND mind are two, then the problem arises: How do they relate?

Just watch a small action: you think to raise your hand -- how do you do it? Such a simple phenomenon, raising your hand up -- how do you do it? Philosophers have been puzzled and have not been able to answer it, how it happens, because of this internal and external: they are the mind and the body is being raised -- how can the body follow the order from the mind?

Mind is invisible, immaterial; body is visible, material -- how can matter follow mind? What is the link? How is it translated into body language? How does it correspond? But to me, basically the problem is wrong: there are not two entities in you -- it is all one. Then the problem disappears.

You ask me how the internal relates with the external reality. There are not two realities. There is no question of internal and external. They don't relate. They are one. How do two lovers relate with one another? If they are lovers,

they don't relate -- they are simply one. In love they know the unity. If they are not lovers, then they relate. Then relationship is not much. It is more conflict and less relating. It is more fight than being together.
If love has happened, in that moment it becomes absolutely clear that there is no division. Then they start functioning in a harmony. And not that the harmony has to be imposed from the outside. No, it comes of its own accord, with no effort, with no cultivation, with no conditioning. It simply happens. As trees grow upwards... just like that. As birds can fly... just like that. As flowers can bloom... just like that. It is natural.
The internal and the external are in absolute harmony. There is no division. But man has created the division and has created much anxiety about it. Drop the division, and go beyond anxiety.
Dropping dualities one becomes religious. Don't think yourself separate from the world. That's why Zen people say: The world is Nirvana. There is no other enlightenment. That's why the other day I was talking about Zorba the Buddha. Zorba is extrovert, Buddha is introvert. Zorba has no idea who he is, Buddha has renounced the world, he only thinks about who he is. His whole consciousness moves inward. Zorba is interested in women and wine and dance and song; his whole energy moves outward.
To me, the Perfect Master will be one who has no divisions. He flows in all the directions -- internal, external -- because there is no problem at all. It is all one flow. To be in this one flow is to know God.

The second question:

Question 2
I HAVE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH A FRIEND'S WIFE WHO IS IN LOVE WITH MY WIFE -- IS IT NOT STRANGE?

IT IS. THIS WHOLE LIFE IS STRANGE. Things happen here, strange things. I can understand your problem. No husband can ever believe that anybody can fall in love with HIS wife -- although he can fall in love with somebody else's wife and there is no problem. But somebody falling in love with HIS wife? and he is so fed up with the woman? and he cannot see any beauty in her? and all ugliness has surfaced?

A man came home and saw his partner making love to his wife. The partner was very much afraid: "Now there is going to be trouble." And the man came and tapped on his shoulder and said, "Come with me to the other room. I would like to have a word with you."
And the partner was trembling: "Now there is going to be danger -- maybe some fight or something." And the man took him into the other room and closed the doors and said, "Tell me one thing: I HAVE to, but why you? What has happened to you? Have you gone crazy or something?"

I can understand your problem: somebody falling in love with YOUR wife? Let me tell you one anecdote:

Two men were playing golf one morning, but could not play as quickly as they wanted because there were two

women playing the hole ahead of them who were moving too slowly.
Finally, out of their frustration, one of the men began walking towards the women to ask them to stop gossiping so much and to play golf, or to please get out of the men's way.
He got within a hundred feet of the women and all of a sudden stopped, turned around and ran back to his friend. "You'd better go," he said. "One of them is my wife and the other is my mistress."
So the second man started walking towards the women. He got within a hundred and fifty feet of the ladies, and he too turned around and ran the other way. He got back to his friend and said, "Small world!"

The third question:

Question 3
JEWISH RELIGION, LIKE ZEN, IS BASED ONLY ON THE FORMLESS AND DOESN'T PERMIT THE WORSHIP OF FORMS. BUT EVER SINCE RYE BEEN IN INDIA THESE LAST EIGHT YEARS, I'VE MOVED AWAY FROM THIS IDEA AND HAVE FALLEN IN DEEP LOVE NOT ONLY WITH YOUR FORM, BUT ALSO WITH HINDU RELIGION, ITS MULTITUDE OF MYTHOLOGICAL FIGURES AND THE STORIES AROUND THEM -- RAM, KRISHNA, SHIVA, ETC. I LOVE KEEPING MY ROOM DECORATED WITH PICTURES OF YOUR FORM AND OF ALL THESE AS WELL, AND IMMERSING MYSELF IN THE FEELING OF BEING SURROUNDED BY AN INDIAN

MYTHOLOGICAL WORLD OF GODS AND GODDESSES, THOUGH INTELLECTUALLY I KNOW THE ILLUSION OF IT.

I ALSO LOVE FORM BY WAY OF THE INDIAN TREES, SKIES AND NATURE, AS WELL AS THE INDIAN PEOPLE -- IN GENERAL AND IN PARTICULAR -- AND I SEEM TO COME ALIVE HERE IN INDIA IN A GREAT HEART-THROBBING DANCE OF JOY AS I NEVER COULD FEEL LIVING IN THE WEST.

MY HEAD KNOWS THE TRUTH OF THE CONCEPT OF THE FORMLESS AND OF THE IDEA OF 'KILLING THE BUDDHA', BUT MY HEART IS ABSOLUTELY IMMERSED IN THE LOVE AND WORSHIP OF FORM. I EVEN HAVE NO DESIRE FOR ENLIGHTENMENT ANY MORE AND WOULD RATHER LOVE BUDDHA THAN BECOME HIM, IN THESE MY OWN WAYS.

DOES THIS MEAN I AM STUCK SOMEWHERE AND NEED YOU TO BE A TOTAPURI TO CUT MY FOREHEAD, OR IS IT OKAY FOR ME TO REMAIN IN MY PRESENT ECSTATIC, HEART-THROBBING WORLD?

ANANDA PREM, THE JEWISH CONCEPT OF GOD AS FORMLESS and the Zen concept are not the same. Zen has NO concept of God -- because how can you have a concept of a formless God? That is absurdity! The moment you have a concept you have created a form. That's why Zen

never talks about God, Buddha never mentioned God at all. He has been asked again and again, but he keeps mum, he will not say.

If you talk about the formless God, what are you saying? What do you mean by 'formless God'? If you contemplate on the formlessness of God you will be surprised: either you have to drop the idea of God like Buddha, like Zen, or you have to create some form. Either the formlessness can remain and God has to go, or God can remain but then the formlessness has to go.

So remember it: Zen has no idea of God. Formlessness cannot be called God. The moment you call it by any name, you have given it a certain form; the formlessness is falsified, is destroyed. It is no more formless. About the formless God you can be only silent. You cannot even say THAT much -- that God is formless. That is profane! that is sacrilegious! You cannot define in any way: Not even are you allowed to say that God is indefinable because that becomes a definition. You have said something, you have ALREADY said something. And you are saying nothing can be said.

Buddha is very logical in that way. Zen is very clear. Judaism is not so clear. It is AGAINST creating forms of God, that is true -- but its being too much against simply shows it is obsessed with the idea of form. That's how Mohammedans are also obsessed, because they are an offshoot of Judaism.

Judaism is obsessed that there should be no statue of God in any temple. And Mohammedans have gone one step further: that if you find any statues, destroy them! free people of the forms of God! As if you can free anybody

from the forms of God -- because forms exist in the mind, not in the temples. They are not in the statues but in the intellectual visualization of God.
Why should Judaism not permit the worship of forms? The very effort to deny forms shows that somehow you are still attached to the form. It is not formlessness! It may be an anti form attitude, but not formlessness.
Zen is really formlessness. And because of this, just as Prem says:

JEWISH RELIGION, LIKE ZEN, IS BASED ONLY ON THE FORMLESS AND DOES NOT PERMIT THE WORSHIP OF FORMS.

If God is formless, who are you to permit or not to permit? The very idea of permitting is destructive to freedom. Judaism has not given freedom to people. It is not just an accident that all the revolutionaries have come from the Jews. It is a rebellion. From Jesus to Freud, all the revolutionaries have come from the Jews. Why? No other religion has created so many revolution-aries -- no other religion is so restrictive.
If a religion is free, the revolutionary has nothing to do there. Hinduism has not created any revolutionaries. Buddhism has not created any revolutionaries. Why? Because the freedom is so total! What is the point?
If Jesus had been born in India, nobody would have thought about him that he was a revolutionary. People would have allowed, because there is no question -- who is there to allow or not to allow? It is everybody's own choice.

Because Jews have not been allowing forms, Jesus was born. And Jesus became the form of God for Christians, for millions of people. And then it has been happening again and again.
Marx comes out of Jews, and Albert Einstein, and Sigmund Freud. Why? The religion is very restrictive. It does not have the flavor of Zen.
And when I am talking about Jews, I leave aside the Hassid Masters. They HAVE the flavor of Zen. But Jews don't accept them either. They are thought to be rebellious. And whenever a religion becomes too much interested in permitting and not permitting, it becomes ritualistic, dull, dead. It becomes formal.
Just see the point: Jews talk about the formlessness of God and their whole religion has become absolutely formal! Just ritualistic. Nothing of the interior, nothing of the heart. Just a social formality.
I have heard:

The couple were registering at a small hotel in Vermont. They were asked to show their wedding license. The man flashed a fishing license to the near-sighted clerk and laid it on the desk.
After the couple went upstairs the clerk examined the license more carefully and rushed up after them. He banged on the door shouting, "If you ain't done it, don't do it! This a isn't the license fer it!"

Who can permit? Who can give you a license for anything? If there is any possibility to know God it is through freedom. It is through ABSOLUTE freedom.

You say: BUT COMING TO INDIA, I HAVE MOVED AWAY FROM THIS IDEA....

It is good that you have moved away from this idea -- that was just an idea, not your experience. But now you have moved to another idea, just the opposite. That's what has been happening to Jews down the ages. When they rebel, they move to the opposite idea. Just the opposite. It always happens. You react, and you move to the other extreme. Now, Prem says she has moved away from this idea. You may have moved, but you have moved in the opposite direction. Now she is surrounded by all kinds of gods and goddesses: Ram and Krishna, Shiva.... In India you have millions of gods. They say there are more gods than people in India.

I have known people whose whole day is lost into worship ping. I used to stay with a man. He had at least three hundred statues in his small temple, his own temple. Three hundred statues of all kinds of gods and goddesses. And from four o'clock early in the mowing he would start worship ping -- you have to take care of three hundred gods. Half the day was wasted in it. And he was in such a hurry he could not worship even one, because he knew, "Now there are still two hundred and ninety-nine waiting," and he had to rush to everybody. And he had to be careful, other-wise somebody may have become angry -- those three hundred jealous gods. You have to pay the same attention to each.

He was getting crazy! I said, "You will go mad! Three hundred gods are too much."

Now Prem says she is feeling ecstatic. Yes, you will feel ecstatic because you have moved to the opposite polarity. It gives freedom. But this is not true freedom -- soon you will lose it. Soon you will become tired. And then there is every possibility the mind will start moving to the other extreme agate. And the truth is just exactly in the middle, remember. The truth is just exactly in the middle.

In ancient Greece, on the temple of Delphi, there were two inscriptions. One is very well known, the other is not so well known. There must be some cause why the other never became so well known. One was: Know THYSELF. And the other was: NEVER in EXCESS. But the other is not so well known, and they both are together. They each are as important as the other, of the same plenitude, of the same potential.

One can know oneself only if one lives a life of no excess, if one moves JUST in the middle. Otherwise, one becomes a victim of extremes.

Now, from the idea of formless God you are becoming a victim of thousands of forms. Just exactly in the middle, where gods disappear; neither form nor formlessness, when there is utter silence -- there is the home.

And Prem says: I EVEN HAVE NO DESIRE FOR ENLIGHTENMENT ANY MORE AND WOULD RATHER LOVE BUDDHA THAN BECOME HIM...

READING YOUR QUESTION, PREM, I started becoming worried about Buddha. It is perfectly okay, you will love Buddha -- but what about Buddha? Your love will be your love, with all its poison. In fact, your love is not love at all.

Only through light does love arise. Only after enlightenment does love flow. Before that it is just a false illusion of love.
You can go on loving Buddha, but you will never know what Buddha is -- how can you love? Your love will be nothing but a kind of illusion, a hallucination.
You have loved people before, now you project the same illusory energy on Buddha. And if Buddha is alive he won't allow it. He will try to destroy it in every way, because he will think of you in this illusion, in this dream. You may feel good, but this is a dream all the same. Sooner or later you will awake and then you will see that you have been wasting your life.
Yes, there is excitement but there is no ecstasy. And don't think your excitement is ecstasy. They look alike. And the greatest danger in life is from things that look alike. Excitement looks like ecstasy -- it is not. Ecstasy has NO excitement. It is a very tranquil state. Ecstasy is absolute silence, nothingness. It is enlightenment!

Now, you say: I EVEN HAVE NO DESIRE FOR ENLIGHTENMENT...

In a way that is good, because if you don't have any desire for enlightenment, enlightenment Becomes more possible. But the way you are speaking it seems that you are clinging, you are afraid. It is not just a statement of no-desire: it is a statement of rejection. You are afraid of enlightenment, you are afraid to become SO conscious -- because then all these illusory loves will disappear and all these mythological gods that you are surrounded with will

look stupid. You will hove to throw them down in the river. You will hove to get rid of them, because they are un-necessarily occupying space.
You cannot love Buddha unless you become a Buddha! And to become a Buddha is what enlightenment is, and that's what ecstasy is.
Prem, you are not in an ecstasy. You may be in a heart-throbbing excitement, you may be enjoying this trip, but for how long? And these gods that you are surrounded with are all nothing but your projections. You have created them. You can put your energy into Ram, and then he becomes alive, but it is YOUR energy.
Why not become alive COURSES? Why put it in Ram and make him alive? Why go THAT far? And you say:

DOES THIS MEAN I AM STUCK SOMEWHERE AND NEED YOU TO BE A TOTAPURI TO CUT MY FOREHEAD?

I am not a Totapuri. Ramakrishna was too much attached to form, and Totapuri was too much attached to formlessness. I am not attached at all! To me both are the same. Attachment to form or to formlessness is the same. I am not giving you a formless god, I am not trying to substitute form by formlessness -- no, I want you to drop both form and formlessness and just be... free of ALL illusions. In that JUST BEING is freedom. Meditate on these lines of J. Kerouac:

THERE IS NO WAY TO LOSE.
IF THERE WAS A WAY,

THEN
WHEN THE SUN IS SHINING ON THE POND
AND I GO WEST, THOU EAST,
WHICH ONE DOES THE TRUE SUN
FOLLOW?
WHICH ONE DOES THE TRUE ONE BORROW?
SINCE NEITHER ONE IS THE TRUE ONE,
THERE IS NO TRUE ONE WAY.
AND THE SUN IS A DELUSION
OF A WAY MULTIPLIED BY TWO
AND MULTIPLIED MILLIONFOLD.
SINCE THERE IS NO WAY, NO BUDDHAS,
NO DHARMAS, NO CONCEPTIONS,
ONLY ONE ECSTASY,
AND RIGHT-MINDEDNESS
IS MINDFULNESS
THAT THE WAY IS NO-WAY
ANYHOW SOME WAY.

Only one ecstasy. Ecstasy has nothing to do with form or formlessness. Ecstasy has nothing to do with Judaism, Hinduism, Buddhism. Only one ecstasy. And what is that? I teach you only that, and what is that? That is being so utterly quiet, unmoving, not going anywhere, not desiring anything, not dreaming anything -- gods or no-gods, forms or no-forms -- no thought at all. The thought of form, the thought of formlessness, are all the same. Can't you be in that mirror like silence? nothing is reflected even! The mirror is empty. That is the one ecstasy.
That one ecstasy is God. The taste of it is God. God is not a person with form or without form. God is the taste on your

tongue of that moment -- of that moment of bliss, of that moment of Tao, of that moment when ALL stops, time stops, and the world stops.

I am not a Totapuri at all. He was very much obsessed with the formless, otherwise why should he bother to cut Ramakrishna's forehead? I would not have done that. For what? I am not in any way interested in changing you from one position to another position, from one philosophy to another philosophy. They are all points of view. My effort is to make you free of ALL points of view -- Ramakrishna and Totapuri both.

And what happened? do you know? And that's what I am afraid of, Prem, it can happen to you. Ramakrishna said after those six days, "The last barrier has fallen," and then he lived at least ten more years -- and continued to worship Kali. And the day he died, he died with the name of Kali on his lips: "Jai Kali, Jai Kali!" The day, the moment he died, it was not the formless, it was again the form. What happened? For a few days he remained in that excitement of the formless, then he became tired and moved again.

No excess. No extreme. Be in the middle. Exactly in the middle is the door. If you think of time, then in the past there is no door, in the future there is no door -- but in the present, because that is exactly in the middle. If you think of form and formlessness there is no door, but exactly between the two. Neither this nor that -- NET I, NET I -- just exactly between the two. Neither the soul nor the body. Don't become a spiritualist or a materialist. Don't think of the external reality or the internal. Just exactly in the middle!

Always go on thinking of the middle, and slowly slowly relax in the middle and let the extremes dissolve. And you have wived home.

The fourth question:

Question 4
BELOVED OSHO, KINDLY TELL ME -- HAVE WE MET IN A PAST LIFE?

CHIDVILAS, WE HAVE NOT even met in this life. What are you talking about -- the past life? You have been here, I have been here, but meeting has not happened YET. I go on trying to meet you, and you go on escaping. You are very artful, skillful, clever. And you KNOW it! And to avoid THIS encounter you are interested in thinking about past lives.
Ask me why we have not met in this life. How is it going to help whether we met in the past life or not? Now we cannot go back to it; we cannot make anything out of it. It is finished. But this is how mind works. It escapes from the present. It finds ways either in the past or in the future. Those are tricks, strategies of the mind to save itself. Why should you be interested in-'past life'? It is finished, it is gone, it is no more! It has no existence anywhere, no validity. Even if we did meet, it matters nothing.
The only thing that matters is: I am here and you are here, but the meeting is not happening. If the meeting happens, you will become enlightened. And let only that be decisive. The day you become enlightened, the meeting has happened. Otherwise, what is the point?

And I know that you know it, because you have also asked another question which will make it clear. Chidvilas asks:

I STRONGLY FEEL TO GO THROUGH THAT BEAUTIFUL INITIATION CEREMONY AGAIN! WHAT AM I MISSING WHICH I GOT WHILE YOU ALLOWED ME TO ENTER YOUR KINGDOM? PLEASE THROW SOME LIGHT ON THIS FEELING, AND ON MISSING.

You know it! You ARE missing. The initiation ceremony is not going to help -- no ceremony is going to help. It is not a question of any ceremony. It is a question of risk. You have to be courageous enough to encounter me, to face me, to face the reality that I am making available to you. And you go on dodging. This way and that you go on running.
And your mind is full of knowledge. So you can always find excuses, explanations, rationalizations. That's why the meeting is not happening. Now this is another effort out of your knowledge: you want to know whether we have met in some past life.
If I say yes, your ego will be strengthened. You will start thinking yourself very special. That is the desire in it. So even if we have met, I am not going to say it. All I am going to say is: Meet me now! because there may be no other life for me again. You may not meet me again. No possibility. Don't miss THIS opportunity.
And remember: the initiation ceremony is not going to help. It has not to be just a ceremony -- it has to be existential. You are initiated as a sannyasin, but that has not helped either. Just by becoming a sannyasin you don't

become one. It is just a preliminary. It helps. It brings you a little closer. It makes you a little more open, a little more trusting. But it is not the end!
The real initiation is going to happen some day when you drop all your mind and you just look into me with no idea, with no knowledge, with innocence.
Remember Zusya and those children who looked into his eyes. The day you look into my eyes as if you are a child, innocent, with no past, with no future, then the meeting will happen.

And that meeting is going to transform you. I am waiting for it. I am working for it. I am surrounding you from everywhere. But up till now it has not happened -- because of you. You go on escaping.
Stop escaping.

The fifth question:

Question 5
WHY ARE THE PSYCHOTHERAPISTS CALLED SHRINKS?

BECAUSE THEY ARE. The word exactly describes what the V psychotherapists are doing -- they shrink people. They shrink people from persons into patients. That's their work. They reduce.
When you go to a psychotherapist, you go as a person, with dignity. They reduce you immediately to labels: you are a schizophrenic, paranoid, neurotic. Immediately you are reduced! You are no more the same person with the

dignity. A label has been put on you. You are a disease! You have to be treated.

By reducing you to a patient, the psychotherapist has become much bigger. The more he reduces you to smallness, the bigger he feels.

This is an old trip, only the names have changed. In the past it was the priest, now it is the psychotherapist. In the past, the priest was shrinking you -- trying to create the guilt feeling, trying to create the feeling that you are wrong somehow, that you need to be changed, that you are not acceptable as you are, that you are getting ready for hell. The whole effort of the priest was to reduce you to criminals, sinners. The priest was creating a kind of guilt feeling in you. Now the work has been taken up by the psychotherapist. The psychotherapist is the priest of the new age. He reduces you, he does not enhance you. He does not give you splendor, respect for your being. On the contrary, he makes you feel worthless.

And that's why we are trying to create a new kind of therapy here -- in which you are not reduced to diseases, but enhanced, expanded. The psychotherapist is not there to label you as ill, but is there only to help you to know that you are not ill, that who says that you are ill? that you are carrying wrong notions about yourself. Who has told you that you are worthless? You are immensely valuable.

That is my whole effort here: to help you expand.

The psychotherapist and the priest and the so-called gurus, they have ALL been doing the same thing to people: they have been shrinking them. They have reduced humanity to worms, crawling on the earth, ugly, afraid of seeing their own faces in the mirror. Afraid to look into their own

beings, because there is nothing but all that is wrong. Wounds and pus.
Here the effort is to create a totally different kind of therapy, true to the very meaning of the word. The meaning of the word 'therapy' is that which heals. And what heals? Love heals. Love is therapy. Nothing else is therapy. Not psychoanalysis, not analytical psychology. Only love heals. Healing is a function of love. But love expands your consciousness. It allows you to go higher and higher and touch the stars. It makes you feel respected. It makes you feel that you are needed in existence, that without you there will be something missing in existence, there will be a hole without you, unfulfillable. You are a must. This existence cannot be the same without you. You are not just an accident. You are essentially needed.
Let me remind you of Zusya again: Zusya is one of the most beautiful Masters -- you can call him the Perfect Master. One day he was caught praying in the synagogue. Why caught? because the people felt very offended. He was saying to God, "Listen, I need you so you need me. Without you I will be nothing. And I say to you: without me yowl will be nothing. I am me because of you; you are you because of me."
The people were offended. They said, "What are you saying Zusya? Have you gone mad?"
He had not gone mad. This is the way one should have a dia-logue with God. This is not ego! not at all. This is a simple fact. Even a small leaf of grass is AS valuable as any star. There is no hierarchy in existence, nobody is lower and nobody is higher. We are ALL joined into one organic unity.

This is real therapy. Therapy when it is real will be nothing but love. Therapy when real will help you to regain your con-fidence, will help you to bloom.

The word 'Buddha' comes from a root 'bodha'. In the ancient days, the word 'bodha' was used for the opening up of a bud. It comes from the world of flowers; then it was taken over. 'Bodha' means originally opening up of a bud and becoming a flower. Then it was taken in a metaphoric sense: when a man opens up, blooms, releases fragrance and color and dances in the sky, he becomes a Buddha -- he has opened up.

REAL therapy does not shrink you: it opens you up. It makes all that is yours available to you. It gives you your lost treasure. But as far as the modern psychotherapy is concerned, people are right in calling psychotherapists shrinks -- they are.

And a strange thing is this: that they are AS ill as the people they are treating. Sometimes even more so. I have never come across a psychotherapist who is not mentally in some disturbance. Maybe just to avoid his own mental disturbance he has become interested in other people's mental disturbances, and he is playing superior. And he is getting more and more ill every day.

I have heard:

A motion picture actor told his psychiatrist, "I'm attracted to men instead of women."

The shrink replied, "You've come to the right place, handsome!"

They are suffering from the same kind of problems, pretending to help people. Psychotherapy is one of the most bogus things that has happened to this age. But a totally different kind of orientation is needed.

People get in trouble -- not that people are wrong but because people are brought up in wrong situations. Everybody is born perfectly healthy and normal, but is born in a neurotic society, where parents are neurotic, teachers are neurotic, priests are neurotic, politicians are neurotic. And they ALL jump upon the small child, and they start manipulating him. They drive him crazy.

We have not yet been able to develop a right kind of upbringing. The science remains very rudimentary, primitive. We have come from bullock-carts to jets, but as far as the rearing of a child is concerned, we are as primitive as ever. We have not evolved in that. Parents go on pouring their diseases into the children. And children are helpless victims. And in their own turn they will have nothing to give to their children -- they will have to give their illnesses. That's all they have.

People are not neurotic: it is a neurotic atmosphere.

And, just by analyzing people's neuroses you are not going to transform them either. Just by analyzing, at the most you can help them to become a little more adjusted. You can make them feel that that's how life is. Freud says: There is no possibility of enjoyment in life -- one can only endure it. If you go through psychoanalysis, sooner or later you will see this is what life is: all this nonsense, all this rubbish, all these neurotic desires -- this is what life is! One starts settling with it. One loses hope, becomes settled. What is

the point of raging against it? It is to no purpose. There is no enjoyment possible.
Psychoanalysis is very pessimistic. It is very strange! People say Buddha is pessimistic, even Freud and people like that say Buddha is pessimistic. This is really strange. Buddha is not pessimistic, neither is Shankara, nor is Rumi. These people are NOT pessimistic, although they say that life is full of misery. But they say it only to make you aware that it should not be so, that it need not be so.
Life is misery, they say again and again, because life can be bliss. They simply provoke you to take your life in your own hands. It can be transformed into bliss. But they are not pessimists.
Freud is a pessimist. Psychotherapists ARE pessimists. They have accepted this is all that life is supposed to be; one has to live with it, one has to endure it somehow. They make people capable of COPING with it, but this is not much. Just to cope with it -- and then comes death...?
No, life can be a dance. Life can be a song. A real therapy will not only help you to cope with hue: it will help you to become more alive. It will help you to gain life abundant. It will help you to move towards SATCHITANANDA -- it will help you to attain to eternal bliss. Only then is it therapy. But then it is no more a kind of shrinking -- then it is expansion.
In fact, the original Hebrew word for heaven means expansion. When Jesus says: the kingdom of heaven is within you, he is saying metaphorically that if you expand, if you expand to the very ultimate limits of existence, this is what the kingdom of heaven is.

Real therapy will be of a totally different color, shape, flavor. This is why I am so much interested in therapy. You will not find anybody else in the whole of India so much interested in therapy. To have therapies in an ashram is unheard of, but my interest is deep in it, because I know therapy is doing much wrong to people. It has moved in a very very pessimistic dimension.
And therapy is the religion of the modern man. Just to go on talking about the Bible and the Koran and the Vedas is almost out of date, it is meaningless. It has no relevance. One has to talk relevant to the situation and to the real problems people are facing in their lives.
Therapy is one of the things that has to be changed, transformed, so that it can become a healing force, so that it can bring you towards more wholeness and holiness.

The sixth question:

Question 6
DO REAL PROBLEMS EXIST? ARE ALL PROBLEMS JUST MIND GAMES? DOES AWARENESS MAKE PROBLEMS DISAPPEAR? OR IS THERE A POSSIBILITY THAT AWARENESS BRINGS REPRESSION? IF I'D THAT WHENEVER I FEEL A LITTLE MORE CENTERED AND AWARE THAN USUAL I DON'T FEEL ANY PROBLEMS, BUT WHEN I AM NO MORE CENTERED ALL THE OLD PROBLEMS ARE BACK AND THEY LOOK EVEN BIGGER. IS THIS REPRESSION?

RATNA, ALL PROBLEMS ARE out of unawareness. Unawareness Creates problems, is the ONLY problem really. So when you become alert, aware, problems disappear -- they are not repressed! And if you repress them you will never become aware, remember it; because a person why represses his problems will be afraid of becoming aware. The moment one who has repressed problems becomes aware, those problems will come up. Awareness will bring them to light.
It is as if you are hiding rubbish in your house: you will be afraid to bring light in, because then you will have to see all that you have been hiding there. You cannot bring light in.

I used to live in a village once, for a few days. There was a river, so dirty -- just such a small river that you cannot even call it a river. And there was no other way, no other water supply. A guest came to stay with me. Now, I was a little puzzled: how to take him to that dirty river? So I took him early, four o'clock in the morning, and we enjoyed and we talked about the beauty because the moon was there and the river was really looking beautiful. And he enjoyed and he said, "I have never seen such a beautiful spot."
I said, "That's perfectly okay, but never come in the day."
He said, "Why?"
I said, "Just don't come."
Naturally, he rushed, in the morning he went back. And he came from there saying, "Such a dirty place!"
But it was looking so beautiful.

If you repress, you will be afraid of becoming aware. That's why millions of people are afraid of becoming aware.

Awareness will bring light into you, and then you will see all the scorpions and the snakes and the wolves... and that is frightening. One keeps oneself in darkness. At least one can go on pretending that there is no problem.
Awareness will release all that is repressed. Awareness NEVER represses -- on the contrary, it releases repressions. But Ratna's experience is true. If you become aware, problems disappear. Naturally, the question arises: Is not awareness repressing those problems? -- because how can they suddenly disappear? And when awareness is lost, centering is gone, and you are no more so conscious, again the problems pop up -- and they are bigger than ever! So the natural conclusion is: awareness repressed them. It is not so.
When you are unconscious, you create problems. Unconsciousness has its own language -- that is the language of problems. It is like when you are groping in darkness. One thing falls, you stumble upon another thing. These are problems because of the darkness. If light comes, you will not stumble upon the table, and nothing will fall. You can move easily now. You will be able to see. But when it is dark, try to move in your own house and many accidents will happen. You may not be able to find the door in the night. You may not be able to find where things are. In darkness, the way you live creates problems. Darkness or unconsciousness only understands the language of problems; it has no solutions. Even if a solution is given to you, In your unconsciousness you will make a problem out of it. That's what goes on happening: if I say something to you, you understand something totally different. You understand from your standpoint.

A spinster schoolteacher on her summer vacation was visiting the reservation at Yosemite. She spotted a big brave standing against a tree and became very curious about his sex life.
"How does a great big man like you get satisfaction up here where there are no young squaws?" she asked.
The Indian stared at her unbelievingly and then said, "You see cow?"
"Yes, I see cow... you don't mean?"
"Yes," said the brave, "me make love to cow. Also, you see horse?"
"Yes," said the spinster, horrified. "I see horse."
"Me make love to horse."
"Oh, dear!" cried the distraught old maid.
"No," grunted the Indian sadly. "No make love to deer. Run too fast."

Unconsciousness understands in its own way. That's why Buddhas are always misunderstood. That's a natural fate. It can't be avoided. It is very difficult to understand a Buddha. It is very easy and natural to misunderstand him. To understand him will require great awareness on your part -- because he lives in the world where there are no problems! where there are all solutions and solutions and no problems, all answers and no questions. And you live in a world where there are only questions and questions and no answers. You live so far away... as if you are living on different planets.
He goes on shouting from there, but whatsoever reaches to you is totally different. And you can always find

rationalizations for whatsoever you understand. You can become very argumentative, defensive too.

William was seated in the witness stand. He had already calmly answered all the questions of the prosecuting attorney. Now it was the judge's turn.
"Does the defendant really expect this court of law to accept his story that the completely assembled still on his property was not being used for the purpose of producing illicit whiskey?"
"That's right, Your Honour!" said Gilliam. "I bought that as a novelty, a conversation piece. I do not now, nor have I ever, operated it as a still to produce whiskey."
"Hogwash!" howled the magistrate. "As far as this court is concerned, possession of the equipment is proof enough of your guilt!"
"Then, Your Honour, I guess you'd also better charge me with raping your daughter!"
"What!" screamed the judge. "Did you rape my daughter too?"
"No, sir," said Gilliam. "But she was at my place last night -- and I sure got the equipment for it!"

Mind is very cunning and clever. It can argue in clever ways. It can even find rationalizations and proofs; it can give you the feeling that you have understood rightly. But Ratna's question is of immense importance. It is of importance for everybody who is here. Because this is a place where you have to become more and more aware. Awareness has to become the climate.

DO REAL PROBLEMS EXIST?

They exist only when you are unconscious -- then they are real. If unconsciousness is there, they are real. Just as dreams exist when you are asleep -- are they real? Yes, when you are asleep they are absolutely real. But when you are awake, you know they are unreal, they were unreal. They were part of sleeping consciousness. Exactly like that -- problems exist if you are not centered, not alert. If you become centered, alert, watchful, a witness, problems simply dissipate, evaporate.

ARE ALL PROBLEMS JUST MIND GAMES?

Yes. They are all mind games. And 'mind' is nothing but another name for unconsciousness.

DOES AWARENESS MAKE PROBLEMS DISAPPEAR OR IS THERE A POSSIBILITY THAT AWARENESS BRINGS REPRESSION?

It depends on you. There is a little danger of it. If YOU FORCE awareness upon yourself, it will be repressive. If you allow awareness to take possession of you, it will be non-repressive. If you practice awareness, stubbornly, if it is a kind of will, then you will repress. Will always represses. Will is the source of repression. Wherever will is, there will be repression.
So your consciousness has not to be out of will-power. It has to be out of understanding. It has to be relaxed. It has to be a kind of let-go. Not enforced. That is one of the most

essential things to understand. If you try to become aware, you will repress.

For example, anger has arisen, and you try to become aware of the anger -- stubbornly, forcibly, violently, aggressively. activity, with will. With that effort, anger will recede. It will fall into the reservoir of your unconscious. It will move into the basement of your being, and will wait there. When your effort is gone... and effort cannot be continuous, because effort tires. You can make effort, will for a moment, for a few moments, for a few hours, or for a few days, but sooner or later you will need a holiday. You will be tired of the whole effort. And the MOMENT you are on a holiday, the anger will come back, and with greater force -- because while it was repressed it became pressurized. And whenever any energy is pressurized, it gains energy, it becomes more condensed. So whenever the lid is off your effort and will and the weight is removed, it will explode into violent rage.

That's what happens to people who cultivate things. They can repress their anger but they will be creating only rage. Anger is momentary. Rage is chronic. Anger is nothing to be worried about -- it comes and goes. It is just a breeze. But rage is dangerous. It becomes part of you. It becomes your foundation. It is always, there. Don't you know people who are always angry? And they may not show their anger at all, and they are always angry. Whatsoever they do, they do in anger. The anger is constantly flowing underneath them like an undercurrent. It has become underground. But it affects their love, it affects their friendship, it affects their very vise. They become repulsive, they become ugly. And they may not be angry at all, not showing anger.

Ordinarily what happens is that people who become angry for small reasons are good people, they are never in rage. You can trust them: they cannot murder or commit suicide. They will never gather that much poison. Small poison is created, thrown away. They are always fresh, healthy. Situations create anger, but they don't collect it, they don't accumulate it -- they are not hoarders.

The so-called good people, respectable people, saints, etcetera, they are the really dangerous people -- they go on accumulating. One day it is going to explode. And if-it is not going to explode, it has to become their very life-style. Chronic it will be.

Never bring awareness through willpower. Anything brought by will-power is going to be wrong -- let that be the criterion. Then how to bring awareness? Understand. When anger comes, try to understand why it has come; try to understand without any condemnation, without any justification either, without any evaluation. Just watch it. Neutral you should be.

Just as you watch a cloud moving in the sky: in the inner sky an anger cloud moves -- watch it. See what it is. Look deep into it. Try to understand it. And you will find there is a chain: the anger cloud disappears, but because you looked deeply into it, something else has been found -- maybe ego was hurt, that's why you become angry. Now watch this ego cloud, which is more subtle. Go on watching it. Get deep into it.

Nobody has ever been able to find anything in the ego. So if you go deep into it, you will not find it; and when you have not found it, it is no more. Then suddenly there is a great light -- out of understanding, out of penetration, out of

witnessing, with no effort, with no will, with no conclusion that it should be like this or should be like that. A neutral witnessing. And awareness arises. And this awareness has beauty and benediction. This awareness will heal you
And if this awareness comes, you will never be tired of it, because it has not been forced in the first place. So there is no need for any holiday!
Just think: the Christian, the Jewish God, after six days was tired and had to rest on the seventh day. In the East we don't have any conception for God's rest. Why? It looks a little hard on him. The Eastern God goes on working, goes on working -- no holiday. Why is there no holiday in the East for God? In fact, the holiday that happens here in the East, in the offices, in the schools and colleges, has been brought from the West. Otherwise, there was no question of holiday at all, because life was seen from a totally different vision. It is play, not work.
The Jewish God MUST have got tired. Six days work, such a long work, and such a failure! Must have got tired. And finally, in the end, he created man, and since then he has not created anything. It indicates what has happened to him: he became so fed up with his own creation that after man he stopped it. He said, "Enough is enough!"
But the Eastern God is a continuum of creativity. It is play -- LEELA. Then it is possible. Let your awareness be a play. Effortless, relaxed, and then it can become a continuum, it will be there, it will not be lost.
My feeling is that Ratna must be making this effort too much. That's why she says:

I FIND THAT WHENEVER I FEEL A LITTLE MORE CENTERED AND AWARE THAN VISUAL, I DON'T FEEL ANY PROBLEMS, BUT WHEN I AM NO MORE CENTERED, ALL THE OLD PROBLEMS ARE BACK AND THEY LOOK EVEN BIGGER. IS THIS REPRESSION?

There must be a little bit of it, otherwise those problems will never come back. Once you have looked into any problem deeply, relaxedly, it is finished for ever. Because ALL anger is the same. If you have looked into one anger situation deeply, you have understood it for ever. It is finished, you are treed from it And all that energy that was getting involved in anger will be yours. And all that energy that was getting involved in greed is yours. Suddenly one finds oneself a great reservoir of energy. Then one can dance, overflow, with joy. Then life is no more an endurance but becomes enjoyment. Then life is a celebration.

Unless your awareness is without will you will be repressing. And repression can be very subtle. Then always, when the awareness is gone, the repressed thing will come, and in a bigger form, with vengeance. It will take revenge.

Ratna, don't force awareness on yourself in any way. Let it grow. Become more relaxed, calm, quiet, accepting One has to accept all -- the good and the bad, success and failure, love and hate ALL one has to accept. In that acceptance, relaxation happens. And awareness is nothing but the fragrance of relaxation. It is the flowering of let-go. Then problems disappear and disappear for ever....

Question 7
OSHO, WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

The last question:

BRENDA, I DON'T KNOW, and I don't think anybody knows, or anybody has ever known. Buddha, Christ, Krishna, nobody And it is beautiful that nobody knows, because once it is known all joy will be lost. It is a mystery. It is infinite mystery. There is no way to demystify it. There is no way to KNOW what it is. All knowledge fails. Innocence succeeds, because innocence can say "I do not know."

The Perfect Master, Vol 1

Chapter #7
Chapter title: It Will Devour You Too
27 June 1978 am in Buddha Hall

IT IS RELATED THAT A DERVISH ONCE STOPPED A KING IN THE STREET. THE KING SAID, "HOW DARE YOU, A MAN OF NO ACCOUNT, INTERRUPT THE PROGRESS OF YOUR SOVEREIGN?"

THE DERVISH ANSWERED, "CAN YOU BE A SOVEREIGN IF YOU CANNOT EVEN FILL MY KASHKUL, THE BEGGING BOWL?"

HE HELD OUT HIS BOWL, AND THE KING ORDERED IT TO BE FILLED WITH GOLD.

BUT, NO SOONER WAS THE BOWL SEEN TO BE FULL OF COINS THAN THEY DISAPPEARED, AND THE BOWL SEEMED TO BE EMPTY AGAIN.

SACK AFTER SACK OF GOLD WAS BROUGHT, AND STILL THE AMAZING BOWL DEVOURED COINS.

"STOP!" SHOUTED THE KING, 'FOR THIS TRICKSTER IS EMPTYING MY TREASURY!"

"TO YOU I AM EMPTYING YOUR TREASURY," SAID THE DERVISH, "BUT TO OTHERS I AM MERELY ILLUSTRATING A TRUTH."

"AND THE TRUTH?" ASKED THE KING.

"THE TRUTH IS THAT THE BOWL IS THE DESIRES OF MAN, AND THE GOLD WHAT MAN IS GIVEN. THERE IS NO END TO MAN'S CAPACITY TO DEVOUR, WIT HOUR BEING IN ANY WAY CHANGED. SEE, THE BOWL HAS EATEN NEARLY ALL YOUR WEALTH, BUT IT IS STILL A CARVED SEA-COCONUT, AND HAS NOT PARTAKEN OF THE NATURE OF GOLD IN ANY RESPECT.

"IF YOU CARE," CONTINUED THE DERVISH, "TO STEP INTO THIS BOWL, IT WILL DEVOUR YOU,

TOO. HOW CAN A KING, THEN, HOLD HIMSELF AS BEING OF ANY ACCOUNT?"

MAN IS ALWAYS IN A STATE OF BECOMING. MAN IS NOT A BEING but a process of becoming. Hence there is so much misery, anxiety, anguish. Animals are, trees are, mountains are, God also is -- man is not. Man is an effort to be.

Trees are not trying to be, they simply are. God also is not trying to be, he is one with isness. Man is just in between the two -- of course tense, pulled apart, torn apart. A part of his being wants to become one with the animals, another part of his being wants to rise high into the sky and become God.

Man remains in this tug-of-war.

Walt Whitman says: "There have been many moments in my life when I had the desire to become an animal again, because they are so free of desire, so free of anguish, so free of competition, so free of ambition."

Look into the eyes of a cow, or into the eyes of a cat or a dog -- all seems to be so quiet and silent. As if THIS moment is all! But look into the mind of man and you will find a maniac. And not one but a crowd, not one but the whole madhouse inside. So many madmen shouting, desiring, asking and asking. And the desires are contradictory. If you fulfill one, necessarily the other becomes impossible to fulfill. If you fulfill the other, then something else becomes the problem.

You cannot satisfy man! There is no communication between his parts. One hand wants to do one thing, another hand may want to destroy it. A part of you is constantly

hankering for the past that is lost; another part is striving to reach to the future. How can you be at ease? How can you be at home?
Listen sometimes to what goes on inside your mind.
Just the other night I was reading a passage from Ionesco's play, THE BALD SOPRANO:

Two couples -- the Smiths and the Martins -- sit in a room engaging in small talk which does not communicate. A weird clock on the wall which strikes at any time does not communicate either.
At one point in the play, the four characters angrily shout meaningless insults at each other: "Cockatoos, cockatoos, cockatoos.... Such coca, such coca, such coca.... Such-cascades of cacao, such cascades of cacao, such cascades of cacao.... "
When the Martins fall into bored slumber, the maid addresses the audience: "Elizabeth is not Elizabeth, Donald is not Donald. It is in vain that he thinks he is Donald. It is in vain that she thinks she is Elizabeth. But who is the true Donald? and who is the true Elizabeth? Who has any interest in prolonging the confusion?"

Ionesco is telling us in this play that loss of self is the loss of communication, and the loss of communication is the loss of self.
Have you watched inside yourself what goes on? No communication! between one fragment of your being and another fragment of your being. What to say about communion? There is no communication even. You are not one: you are a multiplicity. And you are a multiplicity

because of the multiplicity of desires. You want to become so many things.

In the first place, the moment you want to become something you are losing your being. In the clouds of becoming, the being is lost. The moment you start thinking in terms of what to become, you are no more aware of WHO YOU ARE. When becoming is dropped, energy turns back upon itself.

That's what Jesus calls conversion -- returning to the source. That's what Patanjali calls PRATYAHAR -- coming back to oneself. That is what Mahavir calls PRATIKRAMAN -- turning back to one's own being.

We are all rushing -- rushing for somewhere there in the future. We are ALL rushing so fast because life is short and time is fleeting. And we go on rushing, and where do we reach? We reach only our graves. Nothing ever is fulfilled, because those desires are by their very nature unfulfillable.

Try to understand the nature of desire. That is the only deception there is, the only mirage, the only illusion. If one understands what desire is, one becomes a Buddha. Seeing the futility of desire, desire is no more valid for you. That dimension simply disappears. Becoming aware that NO desire is ever fulfilled, cannot be fulfilled by its very nature, it is intrinsically unfulfillable, you need not then renounce it.

Those who renounce have not understood. Those who have understood, they don't renounce -- there is nothing to renounce! Simply, the desire is no more relevant. It slips out of your hands -- not that you renounce it. It simply becomes utterly meaningless. In that very understanding you are free of it.

The whole work of sannyas is to understand the nature of desire. What is the nature of desire?
First thing: it always hankers for that which is not. Now, look into it, meditate over it. This is the very nature of desire: asking for that which is not. How can it be fulfilled? When you have it, your desire will have moved away.
You see a beautiful house, and you desire it and you long for it end you dream about it, and you work hard for years. And then one day the house is yours. But you are surprised, a revelation: the moment the house is yours, the desire is no more there for it. It has already moved. It is never in the present. It can only be in the future. Future is its space, its soil; it grows there. Present is not its soil. In the present it dies -- immediately dies. So when the house is yours, and you have moved into the house, suddenly you are surprised: where are those beautiful dreams that you have been dreaming about the house? House is yours, but where are those dreams? They have flown away.

The English poet, Byron, was in love with a woman. He was in love with many women, it is said near about sixty women -- and he didn't live long. And to each woman he was saying, "Without you I cannot live." And he was deceiving. And the deception may not have been conscious, because he was a good man. It may have been unconscious. He may not have been doing it on purpose, but it was happening. Whenever he became interested in a woman, the whole world would disappear. That woman would be his target.
And he was a beautiful man, talented, a genius. And women are always interested in people who have some

kind of talent, some kind of genius. Women are always interested not in the physical beauty as much as in something inner. And Byron had it! that magic touch, that magnetism. So it was very easy for any woman to fall in love with him. But the love would not last for a few days, at the most for a few weeks, and Byron would move to somebody else.

When he fell in love with one woman, she was very very insistent: "Unless you get married to me I am not interested. You say you are ready to die for me -- I don't want you to die for me. I simply want you to get married to me."

Now, that was a bigger demand. It is very easy to die -- it is so poetic, so romantic -- but to live with a woman and to get married is so unpoetic, so unromantic, so utterly meaningless. Byron tried to avoid and avoid, but the woman was also very clever. She had learnt many stories about Byron, that this was happening: "Within weeks, within days, his interest simply disappears. He starts looking at the woman as if he has not known her at all, as if she does not exist."

The more the woman avoided Byron, the more he became infatuated. That is the nature of desire. The more the woman looked unapproachable, the more mad he was. The more the woman created hindrances, the more he was bent upon it to get her. He was ready to do anything -- even marriage. They got married.

The day they got married... Byron and his wife are coming down the steps of the church, the wedding bells are still ringing, guests are still in the church, coming out, Byron is holding the hand of the woman for whom for months he

has been dreaming and has not been able to sleep, has not been able to think of anything else. She has been for these few months his whole life.
And suddenly he saw another woman pass by... and for a moment he forgot the woman to whom he had just got married. His hand slipped out of the hand of the woman. The woman saw what was happening. Those eyes were focussed on the movement of some other woman, and she asked Byron, "What are you doing?"
And Byron said, "I am sorry, but I have to be true to you. When I saw this woman, my whole energy moved towards her. I forgot about you, completely. It is not conscious that I have taken my hand out of your hand. You ceased to exist in that moment. And I know I was mad after you, but the MOMENT we were married something disappeared. The oasis is no more an oasis. You are an ordinary woman."

And you will see this happening to you again and again, if you are alert. You strive for a certain thing -- and you GET it one day! But ALL joy is in the waiting, dreaming, fantasizing. When you get it, it is finished -- because desire cannot live in the present. Desire cannot live with that which is available to you, which is yours. Desire lives only in that emptiness....
Whatsoever you have is NEVER an object of desire -- how can it be? What you DON'T have is the object of desire. So whenever you have it, the moment you have it, it ceases to be an object of desire. This is the intrinsic nature of desire. Hence desire just drives you and drives you... to NO point! It is a vicious circle. You go on moving, much movement... MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING! A TALE TOLD BY

AN IDIOT FULL OF FURY AND NOISE SIGNIFYING NOTHING -- that's what desire is.
But that is where man is caught. Man is not caught in the world. Don't renounce the world. The world has nothing to do with it. There are thousands of people who have renounced the world without understanding the nature of desire -- they remain the same. They can move to the Himalayas or to a monastery -- Catholic, Hindu, Christian, Mohammedan -- they can go to Tibet, but nothing is going to happen.
In fact, this is again another game of the desire. Now, they are not desiring the things of the world -- they are desiring things of the beyond. Now they desire God, they desire paradise, they desire heaven, they desire Nirvana, enlightenment. But they go on desiring! And desire is the problem, not what you desire. The object is irrelevant. Desire can live with any object. It can live with money, it can live with power, prestige, respectability; it can live with God, it can live with enlightenment. Any object will do.

IF YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND DESIRE you will go on changing your objects of desire. And the desire will continue the same. And you will be in the grip of it.
This is a very unconscious state. You are SUFFERING from desire, but you think you are suffering from things. People think they are suffering from their wives, from their husbands, children, society, people. No. Not at all. You are suffering only from one thing: desire.
Come to the root cause of it, and try to understand the root cause. And my emphasis is on understanding. I am not saying DO something about it. I am not saying DON'T

desire -- no, not at all. I will be the last person to say don't desire. I am saying something totally different: Look into desire. Meditate on desire. Go deep into it. SEE it as deeply as possible. Layer upon layer, penetrate into it. Penetrate to the very CORE of it.

In that very penetration there comes a renunciation which is not of your making. There comes a renunciation which is a gift. And because it comes out of understanding you need not cultivate it, you need not practice it. Its very coming is transforming. You go through a mutation.

Let this be your criterion forever: that that which you do is going to remain superficial -- you ARE superficial, how can you do anything in depth? Your doing is not going to help. Your doing has been your undoing up to now. No more of it. Now change the emphasis. It is not a question of doing.

Sannyas is not a question of doing: it is a question of awareness, understanding, observation, witnessing. Witness desire.

Below man, there is no desire. There are no needs. They are momentary. The tiger is hungry, he searches for the prey. When he is not hungry, there is no desire.

One day, a tiger and a hare entered into a restaurant. And the tiger asked for Coca-Cola. The waiter asked the hare, "What would you like? And your friend has asked only for Coca-Cola -- is he not hungry?"

The hare said, "What are you asking? If he was hungry, should I be here? He would have breakfasted long before. He is not hungry -- that's why I am with him."

If a tiger is hungry, he eats! But when he is not hungry, he does not hoard. He never thinks of the future. Tomorrow does not exist for him. When the spring comes, trees bloom; they don't prepare for it, they don't fantasize about it, they don't have great desires of blooming. They don't go through rehearsals; they don't cultivate. They don't do yoga. When spring comes they bloom! It is simple, it is spontaneous. It is not out of desire -- hence the beauty of nature, hence the immense silence of nature. There is no desire. The desire has not entered yet. It cannot enter, because for desire to enter a little bit of conscious-ness is needed -- otherwise, how will you think of tomorrow? How will you think of death How will you think of beyond? How will you plan for the future?

A little consciousness is needed -- but only a little, because we have seen Buddhas who are fully conscious: again desire disappears. A Buddha again lives spontaneously, like a tree, like a rock, like a river. Of course, there is a great difference the difference is that the Buddha is conscious and the tree is unconscious. But there is a great similarity too: both are utterly in the moment.

Buddha is in the moment because he is fully conscious; the tree is in the moment because it is fully unconscious. One thing is similar, that both are non-dual, a single phenomenon. Buddha is pure consciousness -- consciousness and only consciousness. CHINMATRAM -- just consciousness. There is no duality involved in it. And the tree is unconscious -- ACHINMATRAM -- just unconsciousness no duality involved, purity, one.

When the dual comes, tension comes. With the dual, the tug-of-war. Man is dual. A part has become conscious, and

the greater part has remained still unconscious. Man is like an iceberg -- only the tip of the iceberg is conscious, one tenth. Nine tenths is underneath the water, unconscious. Between these two there is bound to be conflict, a civil war. Man is a constant civil war. The conscious says, "Do this," the unconscious says, "Do that." They are totally different phenomena. They can't understand each other. There is no possibility of any communication. One says one thing, another says another thing. There has never been any communication between them.

Because of this split, man remains in a turmoil, and remains absolutely unconscious of who he is. If he listens to the conscious he is one thing. If he listens to the unconscious he is totally another. That's why man is divided in many ways. Not only psychologically -- biologically, physiologically man has divided himself. The upper part of the body seems to be higher; the lower part seems to be lower -- not just lower, but low in an evaluating sense. You are identified with the upper part of the body; you are not identified with the lower part of the body. The lower seems animal. And you are constantly repressing it.

Because of these repressions, there has arisen a China Wall and you are not one. And without being one, there is no possibility of peace.

The animals are in peace, in utter peace. The Buddha is in peace. Man? Man is just in misery.

Sometimes man decides, as Walt Whitman says, just to become an animal. That's why there is so much attraction in drugs: they help you for a moment to lose your consciousness. You are again one. It may be alcohol or it may be modern drugs, but they give you a release -- a

release from the tense life. You relax, you become calm. Suddenly you are one again. And life seems to be no more a continuous fight in which failure is absolutely certain. When you are drunk, you can dance again, sing again, be loving again. There is no more competition, no more politics. But how long can you remain in a drugged state? You have to come out of it. It cannot become a permanent state. And when you come back, those worries those anxieties, are waiting for you -- and they jump upon you with a vengeance. Then it becomes a vicious thing: when you become too tired of the worries, you fall into a drugged coma; and then you come again and the worries are there -- they have grown meanwhile. When you were fast asleep in the coma, they were growing, they were multiplying. They don't wait for you. When you come back they are there to be taken care of.

Man constantly wants to fall back but cannot. All his efforts, at the most, can succeed for a few moments. But this is easier -- to fall back. It is always easier because it is downhill. The other way to be blissful is to become a Buddha, but that is an uphill task; one has to grow, grow in consciousness. That is the only growth, remember! To grow in consciousness is the only growth. To transform your dark continent inside into an eternal light, to fill your whole being with light and awareness -- that's what growth is.

JUST WATCH YOUR LIFE, HOW CONSCIOUS YOU ARE. You will be surprised -- it is negligible, it is almost zero. It is very fragile, your consciousness. It is not even skin-deep. Somebody insults you and the consciousness is

gone, and you are boiling with anger, mad. Somebody praises you, and the consciousness is gone, and you are puffed up and your ego becomes huge. Just SMALL things! Just two persons standing by the road when you pass by start laughing, and you are hurt. They may not be laughing at you -- there are millions of things to laugh at. You are not the only person to laugh at. They start whispering something, and you start thinking they must be whispering against you, otherwise why should they whisper? Why can't they talk loudly? And suspicion has arisen. And you are in a turmoil. What is your consciousness?

Rena went into the City Clerk's office to report the birth of her sixth child.
"But, miss, this is your sixth child by the same father," said the clerk. "Why don't you marry him?"
"Are you jivin'?" replied Rena. "I don't even like the sonuvabitch!"

Then why do you go on making love to this man? But you should not ask the question. People go on doing a thousand and one things, not knowing why they are doing them, for what. They are simply doing them because they have nothing else to do; they are simply doing them to keep themselves occupied.

A man was getting married, and his friends asked him, "How come? Because you were introduced to this woman only two, three days ago. Have you fallen in love or something?"

And he said, "Nothing of the kind! We were dancing in the club and after a few minutes I could not find what to say to her, so I proposed."

You can laugh at it, but think of your own proposals... were they out of your consciousness, or just because you couldn't find anything else to say? And one HAS to say something. Just think: when you talk with a friend or your wife or your husband, are you really talking, or is it just that one has to say something? Silence seems so embarrassing.
And just because something has to be said, you say it, and then it creates trouble. Ninety-nine percent of your troubles will disappear if you stop talking too much.
I have heard:

A hunter went into the jungle. He found there a skull. He was just sitting by the side of the skull, underneath the tree -- he was tired and exhausted. Nothing else to do, and there being nobody else he just said "Hello!" to the skull -- just by the way.
But he was surprised: the skull said "Hello!" He was shocked too. He said, "Can you talk?"
The skull said, "Yes!"
And the man asked, "What brought you here, to this situation?" The skull said, "Talking, too much talking."
He was scared. He ran away from the place. He could not believe it. He immediately went to the king, because this was a miraculous phenomenon. And he told the king, "Something one will not believe I have seen, I have heard with my own ears a skull talking! I said 'Hello!' because there was nothing else to do and there was nobody else

either. Just the skull was Lying by the side of the tree. I never thought... but the skull said 'Hello!'"
He was still trembling.
"And I asked the skull, and she answers! She says, 'Yes.' She can talk."
The king said, "You must be joking."
He said, "No! I bet!"
The king said, "Okay, I will come."
And the whole court followed, and the king went there, and of course the skull was there, and the man went close to the skull and said, "Hello!" And she didn't reply. He said, "HELLO!" loudly, and the skull remained silent. He said, "What has happened to you?" But no answer.
And the king said, "I knew it before. Either you are a madman or you have some deceptions in your mind. Cut this man's head!"
The head was cut and thrown there, and the king returned. When the king returned, the skull said to the head "Hello!"
He said, "You fool! Why didn't you speak THAT time?"
And the skull asked, "What brought you here?"
And the head said, "Too much talking."

Ninety-nine percent of your problems will disappear if you don't talk too much. But what else to do? Life is so empty! One fills it somehow, patches it, stuffs it, makes it look as if it is full. Desires help you infinitely. They keep you on the go. They make you feel that something is happening or is going to happen. They keep you hoping. They keep you on the move; otherwise, how will you move? how you will live? But all those desires are unconscious. You don't know

from where they come, how they take possession of you, where their source is.

Armstrong was brought into court for non-support by his wife.
"Young man," said the judge, "your wife says you have twelve children and you don't support them. How can a man who doesn't support his family want to have so many children?"
"Your Honour," said Armstrong, "when I get that feel in', I feel I could support the whole world."

But from where does that feeling come? It comes from somewhere in your innermost core, but it is dark and you have never groped for it, from where it comes. The only thing that a man has to do to get out of the misery that is created by the unconscious and the problems that are created by the unconscious is one, the only one key: become more conscious.
What do I mean when I say become more conscious? De-automatize your habits. Remember this: de-automatize your habits. You are walking, it is an automatic habit; you need not be aware of it. But bring awareness to yourself. Walk fully conscious.
Buddha says: When you stand up, stand up consciously; when you sit down, sit down consciously. When you say some-thing, say it very consciously. When you listen to something, listen consciously. When you are eating, eat consciously.

It happened once:

Buddha was not yet enlightened, was coming closer and closer and closer. Maybe ninety-nine percent of his being was almost light; only one percent remained dark. He was just on the verge of enlightenment. It was just a few days before he became enlightened that this incident happened. They were moving -- he had five disciples with him. A fly came and sat on his forehead. Just out of unconscious habit, he waved his hand, the FLY went away, but he stopped himself in the middle of the road with the five disciples watching what happened. Now, there was a FLY, but he took his hands again, very consciously, slowly, waved at the FLY -- which was not there!

The disciples were puzzled, they said, "What are you doing? The FLY is gone! When you first waved your hand, the FLY went away. What are you doing now?"

Buddha said, "I did it unconsciously. It is automatic. It was robot like. Now I am doing as I should have done. The FLY is not there -- that is not the point -- but now I am doing as I should have done. Consciously I move my hand, slowly, with full awareness, attentiveness. My mind is nowhere else. My total mind is focussed on this simple act -- the hand is moving, and then I wave, with great compassion for the fly.

"The first time, I was walking, I was looking around, and the FLY came. And the robot part of my body worked, but I was not in it."

That's what happens when you have learnt something. If you start learning to drive, in the beginning you have to be very alert -- alert about many things: the wheel, and the accelerator, and the brake and the clutch, and the people on

the road. You have to be conscious of all these things. Slowly slowly, once you have learnt to drive, you need not think of anything at all. Everything has become automatized. Now you can sing a song, smoke a cigarette, listen to the radio, talk to the friend -- you can do anything! Now, that part, the driving part, needs no attention, your attention is free.

This is a necessity of life, otherwise you will not be able to do many things. So whatsoever you have learnt is always transferred to the robot. Then the robot does it and you are free to learn something else. This is perfectly okay in ordinary life, but, slowly slowly, the robot becomes bigger and bigger. And your tiny consciousness remains tiny.

The work that one has to do upon oneself consists in taking back from the robot, de-automatizing processes. And you will be surprised: if you de-automatize any process, great awareness is released.

Just walk consciously for half an hour, and you will be surprised how quiet, how peaceful and serene you look and you feel. Just sitting in your chair, watch your in-going, out-going breath, silently -- the breath goes in, and you know, you watch, it is going in. Each step of the breath: it has touched your nostrils, the inner side of the nose, it is moving, it has touched your throat, it has moved, it has gone deep into your lungs; you can feel the belly coming up. And then you feel for a moment it has stopped. No movement. And then the return journey: the belly falls back, the air is going out; again you feel the same route. It leaves your nostrils... and again a moment's gap. And then again new fresh air moves in.

If you simply watch such a simple process, you will be surprised: one hour's watching of breath will bring you so much silence and so much alertness, as you have never felt in your life. And that makes a difference. THAT is the difference that makes the difference, that transforms your whole life, slowly slowly. Then you can change everything: eating, walking, breathing -- even making love can become a very very conscious, alert phenomenon.
And then from everywhere, consciousness goes on pouring in. And, slowly slowly, the balance changes: you become more conscious than you are unconscious. Then you start leaning towards God, farther and farther away you start moving from the animals. When a man is really conscious, all desires disappear just as dewdrops disappear when in the morning the sun rises.
Desires have not to be dropped, they have also to be used to grow in consciousness.
Now this famous Sufi story -- it is one of the greatest gems:

IT IS RELATED THAT A DERVISH ONCE STOPPED A KING IN THE STREET. THE KING SAID, "HOW DARE YOU, A MAN OF NO ACCOUNT, INTERRUPT THE PROGRESS OF YOUR SOVEREIGN?"

We will go into EACH important word:

IT IS RELATED THAT A DERVISH...

A DERVISH IS ONE WHO HAS ATTAINED. A dervish is one who has arrived. A dervish is one whose journey is complete, whose circle is complete. A dervish is one who

no longer has any desires, a state of desirelessness. But the state of desirelessness is the state of bliss -- SATCHITANANDA -- it is the state of bliss, of consciousness of truth. The dervish is the highest point of growth.

IT IS RELATED THAT A DERVISH ONCE STOPPED A KING...

Now, tune dervish looks like a beggar, and is REALLY the king. And the king looks like a king, but is nothing but a beggar. The dervish has nothing, but has all; in having nothing he has become capable of having all. By becoming empty of all desires he is full of God. There is no need to ask for more. More cannot be conceived.
The dervish lives like a beggar, but only from the outside. If you can look into him, if you have eyes to see, if you have a little alertness, you will find him luminous, you will find in him all the grandeur of God, all the splendor of existence. He is the richest man there is.
Swami Ram used to call himself an emperor. When he went to America, people cult not understand. In the East we know; in the East this has become now a definite conclusion. Thousands of years of experience have proved it again and again, that only people like Buddha are real emperors. And the so-called emperors are just beggars somehow hiding their inner emptiness.
The kings, the presidents, and the prime ministers are nothing but people suffering from inferiority complexes. Hence creating much noise around themselves to show others that "We are not nothing. We are somebodies!" A

man who tries to prove that he is somebody is simply showing that deep down he is afraid of his nobodiness. If he becomes the president of a country, of course he can prove -- at least to the fools he can prove that he is somebody. And looking in the eyes of those fools, he himself can believe, "When so many people believe that I am somebody, I must be somebody. How can so many people be wrong?" He deceives others and is deceived in return. It is a self-deception. The East knows it.

The East has known real emperors. And it has known a long long series of beggars too. You will be surprised: the East has never been interested in writing the history of emperors, prime ministers and all those kinds of neurotic people. The East's interest has been in Buddhas, Ramas, Krishnas.

The West is very much puzzled why we have not been interested in history. We have been writing real history -- because the real history consists of the evolution of human consciousness. The real history has nothing to do with money, the real history has nothing to do with power-politics. The real history has only to do with one thing: that is who comes in the world with light, religious light, bliss, consciousness; takes humanity a step further into growth.

But when Swami Ram went to America, people were naturally puzzled. He was a beggar, and he called himself an emperor! People started asking him, "Why do you call yourself an emperor? You don't have anything."

And he laughed, and he said, "That's why -- because I don't have anything, because I don't NEED! I am an emperor, because all that I need I have. And your emperors are not emperors, because they will never have all that they need.

Their desires wily go on multiplying themselves. They will live the life of a beggar, and they will die the life of a beggar."
Look into the hearts of the rich people -- they have to be pitied. They are poorer than the poor. It sometimes happens that in a poor person's heart you may find a jewel, luminous, but rarely in a rich man's heart, because to become rich he has to sell his soul. To become a prime minister or a president he has to destroy his self, he has to compromise. He has to adjust to the demands of the stupid humanity, the majority. He can lead people only if he follows them -- so your great leaders are nothing but great followers of the masses and the mob.

IT IS RELATED THAT A DERVISH ONCE STOPPED A KING IN THE STREET.

And why in the street? Because the king is always and always moving. He is always searching for more; he is always in the street, he is always on a journey, because there are many things yet to be attained.

When Alexander came to India, Diogenes asked him -- a very rare man, Diogenes.... Naked he lived, like Mahavir, an utterly blissful man. He asked Alexander, "Where are you going?"
Alexander said, "I am going to conquer the whole world!"
And Diogenes asked, "Then what? Then what will you do?"

Alexander was a little puzzled because nobody had asked this: "Then what?" He shrugged his shoulders, and then said, "Then I will rest."
And Diogenes started laughing -- that mad laughter. Only enlightened people can do that. Embarrassed, Alexander said, "Why are you laughing?"
He said, "I am laughing because I am resting right now!"
He was Lying down on the bank of a river, naked, it was early morn g. Fresh air, and the sun was rising and the birds were singing, and it was all beatitude. And he said, "You fool! I am resting, and you will rest when you have conquered the whole world, then what is the point? If I can rest without conquering the world, why can't you? Come on! Lie down by the side of me! And this bank is so big, it can take both of us. There is no problem, no competition."
Alexander was hypnotized by this man. He said, "You are right. Nobody has dared to say such things to me. I see the point, but right now I cannot stop because I am in the middle of my journey, I am on the road. I have to conquer and finish things, then I will come."
Diogenes said, "You can go. But remember: this road is endless. You will never be able to come back."
It is NEVER completed. Who has ever been able to complete it? Death comes before! And it happened exactly like that. Alexander could not come back. He died. He never came back to his country; he died in the middle. And the moment he was dying, only Diogenes was in his mind. In that moment, just think how poor he must have looked to himself, and how rich Diogenes was -- how beggarly he was. Begged and begged and begged... and to no point! And was dying.

It was because of the memory of Diogenes that he told his generals, "When you take my body to the cemetery, let my hands hang out in the procession -- out of the casket."
"Why?" the generals asked, "because we have never heard of any tradition like that."
He said, "So that everybody can see that Diogenes was right -- I am dying empty-handed. Let them see my hands! My whole life was empty and I am dying empty-handed, nothing in my hands."

Every king is in the street.

IT IS RELATED THAT A DERVISH ONCE STOPPED A KING IN THE STREET. THE KING SAID, "HOW DARE YOU, A MAN OF NO ACCOUNT INTERRUPT THE PROGRESS OF YOUR SOVEREIGN?"

IT IS VERY DIFFICULT TO SEE who is the man of account and who his the man of no account. It takes great insight to see it. Those who appear on the surface men of account are not. They are just pretenders. And those who don't appear at all as men of account are. But appearances won't help.

THE DERVISH ANSWERED, "CAN YOU BE A SOVEREIGN IF YOU CANNOT EVEN FILL MY KASHKUL, THE BEGGING BOWL?"

Now the Sufi Master is creating a situation. Great must have been his compassion. He is creating a situation, and a rare situation. He says, "You and a sovereign? And you

think yourself a man of account? If you are, then do this simple thing. I have got this begging bowl, this KASHKUL, can you fill it?"
The king must have laughed: "This man is mad. Such a small begging bowl I cannot fill?"

HE HELD OUT HIS BOWL, AND THE KING ORDERED IT TO BELLED WITH GOLD.

BUT NO SOONER WAS THE BOWL SEEN TO BE FULL OF COINS THAN THEY DISAPPEARED, AND THE HOWL SEEMED TO BE EMPTY AGAIN.

SACK AFTER SACK OF GOLD WAS BROUGHT, AND STILL THE AMAZING BOWL DEVOURED COINS.

"STOP!" SHOUTED THE KING, "FOR THIS TRICKSTER IS EMPTYING MY TREASURY!"

Still he could not see the point. It is so difficult to see the point. The Master was confronting him. The Master has come to the disciple. The Master is creating a situation in which even a blind man will be able to see, in which the deaf will be able to hear, and the heartless will start feeling again. But people are stubborn -- stubborn in their idiocies, stubborn in their ideologies, stubborn in their conceptions and prejudices.

"STOP!" SHOUTED THE.KING, "FOR THIS TRICKSTER IS EMPTYING MY TREASURY!"

The Master looks like a trickster, as if he is after his treasury. He is after him, certainly, but not after his treasury. A Master is always after the disciple. But you can miss, because sometimes the situa-tion may be such that your whole mind will interpret it in a wrong way.
The king knows only money and money and money. He understands only one language -- the language of money. Now, certainly, this man is cheating. He can see only some device: "The begging bowl is a trick. It cannot be filled and he will empty my whole treasure. And he has caught me -- he has provoked me and now he is cheating."

"TO YOU," SAID THE DERVISH, "I AM EMPTYING YOUR TREASURY..."

"... because you cannot see beyond that. Your eyes are focussed on money. You can only think of money. All is always translated by you in terms of money -- as if money is all. Life is much more: money is nothing."

"TO YOU I AM EMPTYING YOUR TREASURY," SAID THE DERVISH, "BUT TO OTHERS I AM MERELY ILLUSTRATING A TRUTH."

WHO ARE THESE OTHERS? The dervish must have been Surrounded by his disciples. It was a situation for the king, and it was a situation for his disciples too. To those disciples he was illustrating a truth. What truth was he illustrating? And the king asked:

"AND THE TRUTH? WHAT TRUTH?"

"THE TRUTH IS THAT THE BOWL IS THE DESIRES OF MAN..."

The bowl is made of the mind of man. The bowl is made of the skull of man. It represents man's mind -- his constant hankering to become this, to become that, to gain, to profit. It represents greed. It represents that CONSTANT effort to be something other than you are, to be somewhere else, to be more, to have more. This madness for more is represented by the bowl.

"THE TRUTH IS THAT THE BOWL IS THE DESIRES OF MAN, AND THE GOLD WHAT MAN IS GIVEN.... "

And God has given much more than you really need, much more than you deserve. God has been a showering, a constant showering, of gifts on you. You have not earned them. But look at the thanklessness of man. Even to thank God seems to be impossible. We go on complaining to God. We go on asking for more. All your prayers are nothing but demands for more.
Have you ever prayed without demanding anything? directly, indirectly?

A woman, a young woman, heard a mystic say, "You should not ask God anything for yourself. Ask for others, then the prayers will be heard. Ask because of compassion."
The woman was young but was very much worried... in fact she had come to the mystic only to be blessed. She

wanted a husband, and it was getting late. Must have been homely, ordinary; must have been poor or something. But now the mystic says, "Ask not for yourself, only then will the prayers be fulfilled." So what is the point in praying? But then she found a way.
She went into the temple and prayed to God, "God, give my mother a beautiful son-in-law."

Directly or indirectly, all your prayers are demands. And a demand poisons the prayer and kills it, cuts its wings. Then it cam lot reach to God. Only prayers which have no demands are weightless enough to fly into that plenitude.

" THE TRUTH IS THAT THE BOWL IS THE DESIRES OF MAN, AND THE GOLD WHAT MAN IS GIVEN. THERE IS NO END TO MAN'S CAPACITY TO DEVOUR WITHOUT BEING IN ANY WAY CHANGED...."

And man goes on devouring. You can go on giving. The more you give, the more demand comes, but the frustration continues. The gap between the man and his desire remains constant. It is one of the constants in the world, unchanging.
The difference between you and the horizon remains constant. You can go on and on, and whether you go on foot or you rush in a plane makes no difference -- the horizon remains there, ALWAYS there, never here. The closer you come to the horizon, the more it goes on receding. You never come close.

It is not that man is not given anything. Just think of this beauty! of this benediction of existence, of this silence, of this joy, this celebration! Have you ever thanked God for a rose flower? If not, then WHEN are you going to thank him? Have you ever thanked God for the dewdrops slipping so quietly from the grass leaves in the early sun, so pearl-like? And sometimes when the rays penetrate them, a small rainbow arises around them. Have you not looked at this beauty? at this poetry? at this constant celebration of existence? When are you going to thank God? For what are you waiting? Have you forgotten to thank? Have you forgotten to bow down in gratitude?
Those who know, they always thank and praise, even in moments when you will not think that praise is possible. Let me remind you of Zusya, the same mad mystic who would run and jump and dance into the synagogue, so madly, so wildly, that everybody else who was in the synagogue would escape, because he would turn tables upside down. And whosoever would come in between him and his dance would be thrown. His dance was of such abandon that he would forget everybody! He would forget himself -- only God existed in those moments.

Zusya's son died, his only Son and he had loved the son tremendously. And do you know what? He danced! He danced all the way to the cemetery. He was dancing and tears of joy were flowing from his eyes. And he was saying to God, "Look! You had given me such a beautiful and such a pure soul, and I am returning the beautiful and the pure soul AS beautiful as it was. It has not been contaminated at all. Can't you see?! I am returning your gift

back to you. I am happy that for these few days you have given this gift to me. I am immensely grateful. It must be time that the child has to go back home."

If you see, then all and everything becomes a cause to celebrate. If you can't see, then everything is a cause for a complaint.

"THE TRUTH IS THAT THE BOWL IS THE DESIRES OF MAN, AND THE GOLD WHAT MAN IS GIVEN. THERE IS NO END TO MAN'S CAPACITY TO DEVOUR, WITHOUT BEING IN ANY WAY CHANGED."

And things go on showering on you, and you never change, you remain at most the same! You devour everything, but nothing transforms you.

"SEE, THE BOWL HAS EATEN NEARLY ALL YOUR WEALTH, BUT IT IS STILL A CARVED SEA-COCONUT, AND HAS NOT PARTAKEN OF THE NATURE OF GOLD IN ANY RESPECT."

Remember this. If you start feeling grateful, you will be transformed. You will start changing your being from baser metal into gold -- this is what alchemy is all about, and this is what sannyas is all about. Sannyas is the purest alchemy, the new alchemy, the science of transforming the baser into the higher. And the bridge is gratitude.

Feel grateful! Search for causes to be grateful, and you will find INFINITE causes. In the morning the sun rises and there is enough cause, MORE than enough, to dance and sing. God has risen in the sun. And by the evening when the sun is setting, sing and dance! Soon the night is coming with its beautiful darkness and all those stars. Soon the mystery will surround you, the mystery of darkness and the coolness of darkness and the silence of darkness and its infinite music.

Just go on looking for reasons to celebrate, and you WILL become religious. And, slowly slowly, each gratitude felt deeply transforms you. Desires never transform, only gratitude transforms -- and they are diametrically opposite. Desire means: "Give me more! I am complaining. I am demanding." Gratitude says: "You have given me so much that I never deserved in the first place. I am grateful, I am thanking."

See the point. Desire says: "Give me more!" Gratitude says: "You have given already so much! Nothing more is needed. It is enough for me to live with it for eternity." Desire takes you into the future. Gratitude makes you still, in the present. Gratitude is meditation. It is being silently here now... and the whole opens up. And thousands of lotuses bloom in your being.

That fragrance transforms you. That fragrance will fill your begging bowl. You will become an emperor. You will not be a beggar any more.

This is what I would like to give to you here. But if you desire, it cannot be given. If you don't desire, it can be given. If you ask for it, you will miss. If you don't ask for it and you celebrate, you have got it already!

"IF YOU CARE," CONTINUED THE DERVISH, "TO STEP INTO THIS BOWL, IT WILL DEVOUR YOU TOO. HOW CAN A KING, THEN, HOLD HIMSELF AS BEING OF ANY ACCOUNT?"

YES, THAT"S WHAT HAPPENS REALLY. This more, this constant desire for more, this obsession for more, devours ALL that you go on collecting, and finally devours you too. That's what death is: devoured by your own desiring, eaten up by your own hungry mind. That's what death is. Sooner or later, you will step in the bowl. That bowl is your grave.
And the dervish is right:

"YOU CARE TO STEP INTO THIS BOWL, IT WILL DEVOUR YOU TOO. HOW CAN A KING, THEN, HOLD HIMSELF AS BEING OF ANY ACCOUNT?"

"What are you talking about?" the dervish said. "Do you think yourself of any account? You cannot even fill this small begging bowl, and you think you are a king? Forget all about this nonsense. Your kingdom is not worth anything; it cannot even fill the begging bowl of a beggar. What worth does it have? Even if you step in it, you will disappear. You are less than the begging bowl of a beggar. What nonsense are you talking about that you are of some account? You are not."
A man becomes only of some account when he stops desiring. The moment you stop desiring, you are yourself. Suddenly you become awakened to your innermost being.

A famous ancient parable:

Once ten men forded a swift and dangerous river. Upon reaching the shore, they counted to see if all had arrived safely. But each man could count but nine. A passerby, hearing their wailing over the loss of a comrade, counted the men and discovered there were ten. He then asked each man to count, and when he counted, he counted only nine. The stranger touched him oh the chest and said, "YOU ARE THE TENTH!"

That's the function of a Master: to put his hand on your heart and to say to you, "You are the tenth!"
You go on searching everywhere, except in your own being. You count everybody else, but then it only comes up to nine, one is missing. And you can go on looking for that one for ever and ever, and you will not find -- because THAT ONE IS YOU!
A man becomes an emperor the moment he finds himself.

In the same way, a great scientist, A.S. Eddington, says: "We have found a strange footprint on the shores of the unknown. We have devised profound theories, one after another, to account for its origin. At last we have succeeded in reconstructing the creature that made the footprint. And, lo! It is our own."

You are the tenth. If this simple key becomes available to you, you are the emperor. Then all the treasures of life are open for you, and all the mysteries therein.

But everybody is rushing to find where it is... and it is inside you The I ought is not outside, the sought is in the seeker. The God is not outside, the God is in the seeker. Seek, and you will seek in vain. Stop seeking, and look within, and you have found it: And, lo! It is our own footprint.
The tenth is missing, and the tenth is you.

The Perfect Master, Vol 1
Chapter #8
Chapter title: The Grass Grows By Itself
28 June 1978 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:

Question 1
WHAT EXACTLY DO YOWL MEAN BY 'CONSCIOUS IGNORANCE'? IS IT THE RECOGNITION THAT ONE IS ULTIMATELY, FUNDAMENTALLY IGNORANT? OR IS THERE MORE TO IT?

Ashoka, conscious ignorance is not ignorance at all. It is the ultimate state of consciousness -- how can it be ignorant? It is pure knowing. Of course, there is no knowledge, hence it is called ignorance. But there is knowing, utter knowing, clarity, transparency. No knowledge is gathered, but all is known.
Conscious ignorance means innocence AND conscious. If innocence is unconscious, sooner or later it will be

corrupted by knowledge. Unconscious mind is always ready to be corrupted, polluted, distracted.
Consciousness means centering, awareness -- you cannot be distracted. You remain in your knowing, but you don't accumulate knowledge. Knowledge is always of the past: knowing is in the present, is of the present. Like a mirror: the mirror reflects if something comes before it, but when it passes the mirror is empty again. This is conscious ignorance -- not that the mirror does not reflect: it reflects, but it doesn't gather. It is not like a photo plate.
A photo plate becomes knowledgeable. The moment something is reflected in it, it catches hold of it. It becomes attached to it. The mirror remains unattached -- available, open, vulnerable, unprotected, with no defense, yet ALWAYS virgin. This is virginity: when nothing corrupts you. Things come and pass.

You ask me: WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU MEAN BY 'CONSCIOUS IGNORANCE'?

It is consciousness, KNOWING consciousness. Ignorant I am calling it because it cannot claim any knowledge -- that's why. It cannot say "I know."
When the Emperor Wu asked Bodhidharma, "Who are you?" he simply said, "I don't know."
This is conscious ignorance. We misunderstood him. He thought, "Then what is the point? If you don't even know who you are, then what is the difference between me and you? I also don't know who I am."
We is simply ignorant. Bodhidharma is consciously ignorant. And that word 'consciousness' makes all the

difference -- all the difference that there is in the world. It transforms the whole quality of ignorance. Ignorance becomes luminous. It is full of light -- not full of knowledge but full of light.

You ask: IS IT THE RECOGNITION THAT ONE IS ULTIMATELY, FUNDAMENTALLY IGNORANT?

No. ONE IS not, so how can one be fundamentally and ultimately ignorant? To think that one is you have already gathered knowledge, you have already claimed. You have already declared to the world that "I am!"
Those who know, they know something totally different. They know that "I am not -- God is." They know that "My existence is arbitrary. My existence is a make-believe. 'I' as a separate entity has never existed. I am just a wave in the ocean."
But when the wave is arising and reaching to the clouds, it can believe that "I am." And the ocean meanwhile is laughing and roaring, and knows that this wave has gone crazy. Soon the wave will disappear in the ocean again. Even when it IS there, it is not separate from the ocean. You cannot separate a wave from the ocean! Can you exist even for a single moment without the universe surrounding you? Not for a single moment.
So who are you? what are you?

IS IT THE RECOGNITION THAT ONE IS ULTIMATELY, FUNDAMENTALLY IGNORANT?

No. The conscious ignorance knows that one is not. There is utter silence inside. Nobody has ever been there. You have dreamt about it; it is your dream. You are nothing but a construct of your dreaming mind.

And, secondly, ignorance does not mean that one is ignorant. It simply means that life is ultimately mysterious. The emphasis is not on your ignorance, remember it, because the ego is very cunning. It can survive even on the idea of ignorance. It can say, "I am ignorant -- fundamentally, ultimately I am ignorant. But I am."

First it was claiming its existence through knowledge: "My knowledge is valid. Nobody else's knowledge is valid." Now it claims, "No knowledge is valid -- I am ignorant. But I am." Now, behind ignorance, the I is hiding again. It has taken another face, a new mask, a new persona, but it is the old game being played with new rules. The form has changed but the content is the same -- the same dream, the same stupid dream. The same arbitrary ego claiming absoluteness about itself.

No. When I say ignorance, my emphasis is never on 1. My emphasis is on the ultimate mysteriousness of existence. Ignorance is ultimate because existence cannot be reduced to knowledge. It is irreducible. It is a mystery, and remains a mystery. You cannot demystify it.

In fact, the more you try to demystify it, the more and more mysterious it becomes. It gathers new dimensions of mysteries.

Just watch: five thousand years of human mind's evolution -- has it helped in any way to demystify existence? Existence has become far more mysterious than it has ever been before. Go back five thousand years: there was a

limited number of stars, because by the bare naked eye you cannot count more than three thousand stars in the night. When the night is dark and full of stars and there are no clouds, at the most you can count three thousand stars, not more than that, by the bare naked eye. How many stars are there? Now they say, "We have counted three thousand billion stars. We used to see only three thousand, now there are three thousand billion stars. And this is not the end: this is just the beginning of the counting."

The existence goes ON and on. There seems to be no possibility that it will be ending somewhere.

When the Vedic mystics looked at the sky, it was mysterious. When you look at the sky it is far more mysterious. Medic mystics will feel jealous of you -- but you don't look at the sky.

For thousands of years man believed that life, existence, consists of matter. Now physicists say there is no matter -- all is energy. They have not been able to solve the mystery of matter. The mystery has become very deep. Now there is no matter -- it is all energy.

And what is energy? Now, even to define it is becoming difficult -- because it was possible to define it in contrast with matter. Now there is NO matter. How to define it? Definition is lost. It is there in its sheer mystery. And the efforts that have been made to define it have made it look even more mysterious.

If you go into modern physics, you will be surprised. Mystics look not so mysterious now -- with all God and heaven and angels and souls, even then they don't look so mysterious. The modern world of physics is far more

mysterious, incomprehensibly mysterious. And the infinite space....
And Albert Einstein says it goes on expanding... into what? And he says, "We don't know yet into what. But one thing is certain: it goes on expanding."
Existence is expanding, into what? Naturally, the question arises. There must be some space beyond it, but that cannot be said. By the very definition of existence that is prohibited, because when we say 'existence', we mean ALL that is, space included. ALL THAT IS. Then how does it expand? into what? There is nothing left outside it!
It is almost as mysterious as one day you go to the market and you keep yourself in your own pocket. It is possible to keep yourself in your own pocket? It should be -- if existence can expand without there being anything to expand into. All space is in, in its pocket, and it goes on expanding into its own pocket! Looks absurd. Zen khans are nothing compared to it.
Albert Einstein says the world is finite. That too is mysterious. If the world is finite, then there must be something to define it. There must be a boundary! If you call it finite, then there must be a boundary to it. But to make a boundary you will have to accept something beyond the boundary, otherwise the boundary cannot be drawn. The boundary can be drawn only between two things!
You can have a fence around your house because of the neighbor . If there is NO neighbor, nothing exists beyond your fence, how are you going to put the fence and where? And how will you decide that "This is the place where we

should put the fence," that "This part belongs to me and there is nothing outside it"?
But Albert Einstein says this is how it is: "We can't explain it, but this is how it is. The world is finite and yet there is no boundary to it. Unbounded finiteness!" Absurd! Illogical!
And not only that: this unbounded finiteness is round in shape -- because everything is round. How can an unbounded thing be round? Who will give it the shape of roundness?
The mystery has thickened every day. And Albert Einstein is just on the threshold of existence. It is maddening.
So when I say 'conscious ignorance', I don't mean that you ARE ignorant: I mean that life is so vast and existence so infinite that there is no way to fathom it. You cannot measure it; it is immeasurable.

WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU MEAN BY 'CONSCIOUS IGNORANCE'? IS IT THE RECOGNITION THAT ONE IS ULTIMATELY, FUNDAMENTALLY IGNORANT? OR IS THERE MORE TO IT?

If there is not more to it, then the mystery is solved. There is ALWAYS more to it! and there will always be more to it. Whatsoever can be said will never be satisfactory -- there will always remain more to It.
And I am not saying that what is not said and you understand inside is enough -- even that is not enough. NOTHING IS enough. That is the meaning when I say existence is mysterious. It simply cannot be understood.

To see this point makes one feel humble. To see this point to let it sink in your heart, one feels like bowing down. To bow down before this mystery that is unfathomable -- not only unknown but unknowable -- is prayer.

The second question:

Question 2
I REMEMBER.
I LET GO.
I FORGET.
I LET GO.
MY LOVE AFFAIR WITH LIFE
KEEPS DEEPENING.
STILL, I AM NOT WITHOUT DOUBTS.
BUT THE PLUNGE FORWARD!
A DANCE UNPREDICTABLE.
AND I ALLOW ALL AROUND...
DISSOLVE IN THROUGH SOUND...
AHH, OSHO -- THANK YOU.

A QUESTION ON POLARITIES:
MAN-WOMAN, ZEN-SUFI...
CAN ANY ONE BEING ENCOMPASS IT ALL?

YES, KAVITA, I AM ENCOMPASSING it all -- so can you. Because being is vast. Being is neither male nor female. Bodies are male and female. Psychologies are male and female. But not being. Being is simply being.
At the very core of your existence, there is no man, no woman. The consciousness is beyond polarity. When you

are witness sing your body, if you are a man you will see a man's body there as an object; if you are a woman, you will see a woman's body as an object. But the witness is the witness, man or woman. The witness is neither. The witness is simply there -- a witness, that's all. A consciousness, an awareness.

That awareness comprehends all. When you become a witness, when you become a Buddha, all is comprehended. Then there is no question of polarities.

The world is not just polar. That is the meaning of the Christian idea of the Trinity and the Hindu concept of Trimurti. The world is not divided in two -- world is divided in three. The three is very fundamental. The two is on the surface and the three is at the center. Man-woman, on the surface. Zen-Sufi, on the surface. But as you move deeper, as you dive deep into your being, and you reach the center, all disappears. One simply is. A kind of purity, a pure existence.

Kavita, it is possible -- not only possible, it has to be made possible. That's my work here. On the path, be a Sufi or a Zen. When you reach the center, forget all about it. When the goal is reached, the path has to be forgotten. These are divisions of the path.

One can climb up a mountain from many sides, can choose different routes. And when you are moving on different routes, you look as if you are moving in different directions, sometimes opposite also. One is going to the north, another is going to the south, but ultimately, when you reach to the peak, you will have come to the same place.

At the peak, Buddha is Christ, Christ is Krishna, Krishna is Mohammed, Mohammed is Zarathustra, Zarathustra is Lao Tzu. At the peak ALL distinctions dissolve.
So, Kavita, right now be Zen, be Sufi, and when you have roached to the peak be Zen/Sufi -- then forget all about it! But on the path... one has to move on some path. And all paths are good, because they all lead to the same goal. All doors are good, because they lead to the same shrine.
You say:

I REMEMBER.
I LET GO.
I forget.
I LET GO.
MY LOVE AFFAIR WITH LIFE
KEEPS DEEPENING.
STILL, I AM NOT WITHOUT DOUBTS.

Don't be worried about it! Doubts are perfectly natural on the path. If you are without doubts, that means you have reached the peak. They disappear only at the peak. They have a certain purpose -- they goad you, they keep you going.
Doubts are not necessarily hindrances. It depends on you, on how you use your doubts. They can become hindrances. If because of doubt you simply stop moving, you say, "Unless my doubt is dissolved I am not going to move," then the doubt has become a rock. But if you say, "The doubt is there, but in spite of the doubt I am going to move, because that is the only way to resolve it.... Unless I reach

higher I cannot resolve this doubt" -- a better vision, from a height, will help.

Doubts are not resolved if you remain clinging to the same space where you are, because those doubts are created by THAT state of mind. If you remain clinging to that state, the doubts will persist; they will become stronger every day.

Doubts are not resolved by somebody else answering you. These are not philosophical doubts -- these are existential doubts. They are resolved only by experiencing. When you move a little higher, they disappear. You have reached to another state of mind. In that state of mind they cannot exist. Suddenly they disappear, as if they have never been there.

In spite of the doubt, one has to go on moving. In fact, one has to use the doubt as a goading to move. Listen to the doubt and say to the doubt, "Okay, I will remember you, but the only way to solve you is that I should go a little higher in my consciousness. I should become a little more alert. It is my unalertness that is creating you. It is my unconsciousness that is creating you, that is feeding you, nourishing you. It is my state of mechanicalness that is the cause of it."

If you try to solve your doubts where you are, you can gather many many answers from many many sources. They will make you knowledgeable, but not really -- they will fill you with information. But the doubt will remain somewhere. On the surface, you may start pretending that you know, but you will know that you don't know. And it will gnaw at your heart.

You can learn the answers, you can start telling those answers to others, but your very existence, your very life-style, will show that you don't know.
That is the difference between the Western and the Eastern philosophies. They should not be called by the same name, because their approaches are so basically different, so fundamentally different, so diametrically opposite.
The Western philosopher thinks, but never changes his state of awareness. He thinks where he is. He thinks hard, he thinks VERY logically. He tries in every way to solve the problem, and he finds many solutions. But those solutions don't help his life. If they don't even help HIS life, how can they help somebody else's life?
For example: the English thinker and philosopher, David Hume, arrived at the same conclusion as Gautam Buddha, exactly the same. Had he been in the East he would have become a Buddha, but unfortunately he was in the West, in the very thick of the Western noe-sphere.
He arrived at the same conclusion, not by changing his consciousness, but only by logical argumentation. Buddha became enlightened, Hume remained unenlightened. Buddha arrived at a state of bliss; Hume remained crawling on the earth in the same way as of old. Buddha created a new tradition which has remained alive even today; twenty-five centuries have passed. Many people have bloomed because of Buddha.
What did Hume create? Hume also created great argumentation, and even today books are written on Hume, and the argument continues. But it is only argumentation; not a single human being has been transformed by it.

And the irony is that the conclusion is EXACTLY the same. Buddha came to see that there is no self; that was HIS realization. He meditated. He went deeper and deeper into his being. He searched inside, each nook and corner, and he didn't find anybody there. That was his release. The ego disappeared, and with the ego all its miseries and hells. The ego was not found, so all the problems that were created by the ego evaporated. When the source evaporated, all the by-products evaporated of their own accord. When the ego was not found, there was silence -- and that silence is beatitude, and that silence is benediction. When the ego was not found, there was all light, radiant. The whole existence flowed in. Buddha became a void capable of containing the whole existence. He himself became transformed . And thousands of other people became transformed from his insight. Remember, it was an insight.

What happened to David Hume? He also came to the same point, but it was not an insight -- it was an outlook. Remember these two words. Literally they are significant: insight, outlook. He arrived at the same conclusion, AS an outlook. He discussed, argued, pondered, thought, contemplated, concentrated -- did everything on the problem, but never went in.

And he came to the point, exactly the same, at least in appearance the same, that there is no self. The self cannot exist. But it was not a great revolution in his life; it was just a beautiful conclusion in his treatise. But he remained the same man! Before the conclusion and after the conclusion there was NOT a bit of difference in the man. He continued to behave in the same way.

If you had insulted him he would have become angry, but not Buddha. That is the difference. He would have become angry, although he says there is no self. He would have forgotten all his philosophy. That philosophy was not his insight. He would have said, "That is philosophy -- that is aside. But when you insult me, I am insulted. And I am going to take revenge. You have to be answered!"

When Buddha was insulted, he smiled. He said, "You came a little late. You should have come ten years before, then I WAS there, very much. Had you insulted me ten years before, I would have reacted madly. You come a little late. I feel sorry for you, because now there is NOBODY to react. I hear what you are saying, but it simply passes through me. It comes in through one ear and it goes out through the other ear. There is nobody inside to catch hold of it. I am sorry. I feel compassion for you."

This is the difference between the Eastern and the Western approaches. Western philosophy is rightly called philosophy -- love of knowledge, love of wisdom. For Eastern philosophy, Hesse has coined a word which I like. He has coined a new word; he calls it PHILOSIA -- it means love of seeing. SIA means to see. That is exactly the translation of the Eastern term for philosophy, DARSHAN -- to see. It is philosia -- it is insight, it is seeing in.

Western philosophy is a search for knowledge, and Eastern philosophy or philosia is a search for KNOWING. Knowledge looks out; knowing looks in. Knowledge gathers information; knowing does not gather anything -- it simply goes in to see who is there. "Who am I?" Its inquiry is not objective, its inquiry is subjective.

Kavita, doubts will persist. They leave you only on the last rung, never before. Use them creatively. Each doubt has to be transformed into a goading. The doubt simply says you have to go a little further, a little ahead, a little higher. The doubt says, "I do not feel satisfied -- whatsoever you have now is not satisfactory. You have to go a little deeper." Don't be stopped by the doubt; that is not the function of the doubt. And don't start arguing, and don't start thinking, because by thinking you will become a David Hume, you will remain the same person.

My effort here is to create Buddhas. And unless you become a Buddha, doubts will continue. You can solve one doubt, it will assert itself from another corner. It is the same doubt in a new shape, a new form. You repress it here, it pops up there. You will go mad. No need. Take note of the doubt, thank the doubt, and say, "Okay, so I will go a little further so you can be solved."

It is like this:

A man was sitting on a tree. His friend was sitting underneath the tree. The man on the tree was picking some fruits, and the man underneath the tree was waiting for the fruits and collecting whatsoever was falling. The man on the tree said, "I see a bullock cart coming." He was high on the top of the tree; he could see far away.

And the man underneath the tree looked to the side where the man was pointing and he said, "I doubt -- I don't see. There is no bullock cart. What are you talking about? Can you deceive me? I have eyes, I am not blind. There is no bullock cart coming! "

And the man on the top said, "Yes, it is coming!"

And they started arguing. Is the argument going to help? Can the man on the tree convince the man who is not on the tree that the bullock cart is coming? Howsoever clever he is in his arguments, how can he prove to the man who cannot see the bullock cart?

What did the man do? First he argued, tried in every way, saying, "It is coming. It is painted red. One bullock is black one bullock is white, this and that," and everything he described. "And the man has a beard," and all. But it was in vain.

Then he recognized the truth: "How can he see? His vision is limited." So he called him; he said, "You come up. You climb up the tree, and I will show you the bullock cart." NOW, if the man underneath the tree says, "I will come up only if you convince me that the bullock cart is there," then there is no way. But he climbed up the tree, and he saw the bullock cart, and the doubt was resolved. And there was no more argumentation. He apologized. He said; "I feel sorry. I unnecessarily argued with you. It was not a question of argument. You had a far better vision from here."

This is what the Buddhas have been doing down the ages. They say, "We have a far better vision from here. From this vantage point you will be able to see what is. Come closer to us. Don't go on arguing."

Not that Buddhas cannot argue -- they can certainly argue and they can argue better than you. But it is pointless! They can silence you through their arguments, but they cannot convince you. They can destroy all your arguments, but even that will not help -- you will not be able to see the

bullock cart. And the whole point is how to see it, because only seeing is believing.
Kavita, go on climbing the tree. I am calling you. I can see. You cannot see yet. Doubts will persist. Let those doubts help you to climb up faster, sooner. Let it become an urgency, those doubts, make it an urgency. Doubts in themselves are not wrong -- it all depends on how you use them. They can become blessings .

The third question:

Question 3
HOW IS ANXIETY RELATED TO DESIRE? IT SEEMS EASIER TO SEE THAT ONE IS DESIRING THAN TO SEE THAT ONE IS 'ANXIETING' -- IN FACT, THERE IS NO VERB FORM FOR ANXIETY, AT LEAST NOT IN ENGLISH. AM I DESIRING MY ANXIETY OR ANXIETING MY DESIRE?

THE DESIRE IS NOTHING but an escape from the state of anxiety. Desires don't create anxiety, as ordinarily is believed. Anxiety creates desire.
Man is anxiety.
Just the other day I was telling you: animals have no anxiety, because they don't have to become -- they are. A dog is a dog, and a tiger is a tiger, and there is no problem! The tiger is not trying to become a tiger. He is! He already is! There is no becoming involved.
In the world of animals there is no anxiety. In the world of Buddhas again there is no anxiety, they have arrived, they have become. They are SIDDHAS -- they are beings. Now

there is no goal left, no movement. The journey is complete. They have arrived home.
Hence the similarity in the eyes of the animals and the eyes of Buddhas. The same silence! The same innocence. The same depth. The same purity. Yet the difference is also great: animals are' unconscious, Buddhas are conscious. Hence animals' eyes are innocent, but not luminous. There is no anxiety, but there is no celebration Ethel. There is no despair, but no ecstasy either. In the eyes of the Buddhas you will not find anxiety, you will not find agony; you will not find the constant urge to be this, to be that. The fever of becoming you will not find. But there will be a constant overflowing ecstasy -- peaceful, blissful, a well-being. Between these two is man: half animal, half Buddha. And that is where anxiety exists. Anxiety is THIS tension. A part of you wants to go back to the animals. It goes on pulling you backwards. It says, "Come back! It was so beautiful -- where are you going?"
The other parts goes on hoping for the future. In some indirect way you know perfectly well that to be a Buddha is your destiny. The seed is there! And the seed goes on saying to you, "Find the soil, right soil, and you will become a Buddha. Don't go back

Go ahead...."
This tug-of-war is anxiety. Anxiety is one of the MOST important words to be understood, because it is not only a word: it is the very situation man finds himself in. This is the human dilemma. The MOST fundamental dilemma is anxiety: To be or not to be? To be this or to be that? Where to go? Man is stuck on a crossroads, all the possibilities

open. But if you choose one, you have to choose against other possibilities -- hence the fear. You may be choosing wrong. If you go to the right -- who knows? -- the path going to the left may have been the right path.

And there are people, shopkeepers, who go on calling, hawkers, who go on calling, "Come to the right! This is the right way." "Come to the left -- THIS is the right way!" "Come our way, this is the ONLY way!" "Follow Christianity, or Hinduism, or Buddhism... all others are wrong. You will fall in hell."

Man is paralyzed! Standing on the crossroads, listening to all these people, he is paralyzed. Where to go? Whom to listen to? Whom to believe? How to be certain that you are going on the right track? Great suspicion, great doubt, great anxiety.

And deep inside you, something is pulling you back: "Better become an animal again. Fall into drunkenness. Take drugs, or become a sex maniac. Or become violent -- kill people!" Why is there so much violence in the world? The animal past goes on pulling you back. Your humanity is only skin-deep. Any moment you can become a wolf, you can become a tiger; you can tear the other into pieces. Any moment! Any moment you can kill.

And not only can you kill others: you can kill yourself too. Suicide and murder, constantly pulling you. Destruction calling you, alluring you.

And then there are Buddhas... once in a while you see a man and you are enchanted. He has that enchanted space in him. He has that magic by which your future suddenly becomes your present. At least in his presence, at least when you vibrate with him, you forget all your animal past.

You start flying like angels in the sky. Those people are also there.

THIS is the anxiety: Where to go? What to do? And whatsoever you do, anxiety will remain. If you become an animal, the Buddha part will go on rebelling against it. Go and do something that your animal part feels good doing, but your Buddha part starts creating guilt in you. Even the greatest murderer, before he murders anybody, feels the pangs; a great pain arises in him. His Buddha part tries to stop him, "What are you doing?" He may listen, he may not listen -- but he will repent! For years he will repent for what he has done. He should not have done it.

The thief, before he moves into somebody's house, is again and again warned by the Buddha part, "Don't do it. There is still time -- escape!" If you do it, you feel guilty. If you don't do it, you will feel guilty. Because if you don't do it, and you leave and you come home, then you cannot sleep, because the animal part goes on saying, "You are a fool! So much money, and it was so easily available, and there was nobody in the house, and the whole neighborhood was fast asleep, and there was not a single chance of your being caught -- you are just an utter fool! Why have you come back? There is still time -- go again!"

If you follow one part, the other part makes you feel guilty. And vice versa. This is anxiety. And this anxiety is very existential. It is not that somebody is suffering it and somebody is not suffering -- no. It is existential: everybody is BORN into it. Humanity is born into it. Human beings are born into anxiety. That is their challenge. That is the problem they have to solve -- that is the problem they have to transcend.

Now, there are two ways to transcend it. One is the way of the world -- you can call it desire. Desire is the way to hide this anxiety. You rush into earning money, madly. You become so absorbed in earning money that you forget all existential anxiety. Then there is no point, no time to think about real problems. Then you put aside everything and you just go into the search for money, more money. And as you get money, more and more desire arises. This desiring for money or political power is nothing but a cover for your anxiety.

That's why people are very much frightened when they are left alone and nothing is there to be done. That's why retired people become very very uneasy, uncomfortable. They die fast. It is said -- now psychological research has proved it -- that a man who is retired is going to die ten years earlier than he would have died if he had remained employed. Ten years earlier? Why? Because the anxiety that he has been repressing through his job asserts itself. He was running after money, chasing after political power; there was no time to give to anxiety.

Now there is all the time and nothing to do. Sitting in his armchair he does only one thing -- anxieting. Nothing else to do! Now ALL the repressed anxieties of his whole life -- that denied existential part takes revenge. It kills. He becomes ill, heart attacks come, he becomes paralyzed. But there is more possibility that all this is happening because of the psychology, not because of the body.

When a person is succeeding and his desires are taking him farther and farther away, he remains healthy. Politicians are almost always healthy when they are in power; when they lose power, they suddenly become old. When a person is

earning and earning and earning, he remains healthy. When he becomes d failure, when he goes bankrupt, then suddenly, yes, in a single night all his hair can turn white -- literally.

Desire is a way to avoid anxiety, but only to avoid. You cannot destroy it by desiring. And desire gives you small anxieties, remember, VERY small anxieties, which are not existential. Of course, when you are earning money you will have a few anxieties: the market and the share market, and things like that, and prices. And you have put so much money -- are you going to earn out of it or are you going to lose? These small anxieties. These are nothing compared to the real anxiety -- these are tricks to avoid the real.

Of course, when you are ambitious for politician power, you will have anxieties, a thousand and one. But they are nothing! they are play-things compared to the fundamental anxiety.

You ask me: HOW IS ANXIETY RELATED TO DESIRE?

Desire is a cover-up for anxiety. It is a trick, a strategy. And meditation is to uncover it.

That's why people can't sit silently even for a few minutes. Because when they sit silently, anxieties start raising their heads. They become very much afraid. That's why people ask, even in meditation, "What should we do? Can we chant a mantra?" Then it is okay; then the mantra becomes your cover. Then you can repeat, "Ram, Ram, Ram," and you can go on repeating. This repetition keeps your anxiety repressed.

Real meditation is Zen, VIPASSANA. Real meditation is nothing but to sit silently, doing nothing. Just doing nothing, sitting silently, that is real meditation. There is no other technique, no technique at all in it. No mantra has to be repeated. No prayer has to be done, no God's name to be pronounced. You simply sit... but that is the hardest thing to do in the world. Looks so simple!
When I say again and again:

SITTING SILENTLY,
DOING NOTHING,
AND THE SPRING COMES
AND THE GRASS GROWS BY ITSELF...

You think it is very easy: "We can sit and the spring will come and the grass will grow by itself." This is the hardest and the most difficult and the most arduous thing in the world: to sit silently, doing nothing. And this is the greatest meditation.
What is meditation?Just allowing your existence as it is without covering it in ANY way. So the Transcendental Meditation of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi is not meditation at all. It is neither meditation nor transcendental. It is just a strategy to be fool people.
And America needs such people to be fool them. America needs something to cover its anxiety. Because money is there now, so money, and the search for money, cannot become a cover-up for long now. Society is affluent. People have all that you can desire. Now what? Now the anxiety is knocking on the doors, and the anxiety is saying, "Okay, now you have a two-car garage -- now what? Let

me come in! Now you have a house in the hills, another house on the beach, a beautiful yacht, what else?... now let me come in! You were telling me, 'Wait! First let me have a house in the hills, another house on the beach. First let me purchase a beautiful yacht.' Now you have all that -- now let me come in. I can't wait any more!"

Anxiety is knocking on the American door. It always knocks when a society is rich. When a society is poor, Transcendental Meditation is not needed. That's why in India NOBODY bothers about Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. Who bothers? People have so many ways to cover up their anxiety so easily.

But when all the desires are coming to a completion, what to do? Something new is needed. Then in many directions new doors have to be opened: Go to the moon! One company is selling tickets for the moon. Of course, it has to be a Japanese company -- '85, It January. People are purchasing. It is already booked. Tickets are being sold on the black market.

"What to do? Let us go to the moon! At least we can cover up with that. We have to go to the moon. We can say to the anxiety, 'Wait! First let me go to the moon, then I will look at you. Wait a little more.'" Or do Transcendental Meditation. Any foolish word, repeat it, call it a mantra. Go on repeating it. That becomes a blanket cover.

REAL meditation is not a technique. Real meditation is just relaxing, sitting silently, letting it happen, whatsoever it is. Allowing the whole anxiety to come up, to surface. And watching it, watching it. And doing nothing to change it. Witnessing it is real meditation.

In that witnessing your Buddhahood will become more and more powerful. Witnessing is the nourishment for your Buddhahood. And the more powerful your Buddhahood is, the less anxiety there is. The day your Buddhahood is complete, all anxiety is gone.

HOW IS ANXIETY RELATED TO DESIRE? IT SEEMS EASIER TO SEE THAT ONE IS DESIRING THAN TO SEE THAT ONE IS 'ANXIETING'.

YES, IT IS EASIER TO SEE THAT ONE IS DESIRING because this is what you are doing. Anxiety is not something that you are doing: you are born in it. It has nothing to do with YOUR doing. You are BORN anxiety! That's why it is difficult to see -- one reason.

And the second reason: you don't WANT to look at it. It is scary. One feels that one will go mad. It is better to avoid it, to keep it at the back, never to encounter it.
It happens every day.

One very beautiful man took sannyas a few months ago. He has been a con man. The moment I looked into his eyes he became afraid of me. I said, "What kind of con man are you? Now I am going to con you." I gave him a few groups -- he escaped without those groups. He became so frightened! For months nothing was heard about him. Then he sent his lawyer to watch here -- a con man is a con man -- to find out "What is really happening here? Is it okay to get into things?" The lawyer came here. He

watched. He must have reported that "There is nothing to fear, you can go." He gathered courage and came back. And I told him, "You are a coward. What kind of con man have you been? And this time don't try to escape." And I gave him a few groups again -- and he disappeared!

Now I have received a letter from Singapore. He says, "Osho, I am reading your books here and listening to your tapes, but I became so much afraid because you have given me these groups again -- and I will have to expose ALL the rubbish that I am carrying within myself. I will have to expose my whole being. I will have to be nude and true and authentic, and that frightens me. But I will come... I am reading, I am listening, I am gathering courage again, and I will come."

It happens to many people: I give them groups; one day, two days, and they escape from the group. It becomes too much. What fear arises? The fear of exposure. Not that they will be exposed to others: the fear basically is that "I will be exposed to myself," that "I will have to see what I have been hiding all along." And once you have known it, it will be impossible to hide it again.

That's why before I tell you to meditate, I send you into Primal Therapy, into Encounter -- I send you into different groups. So that, the first thing: your cover is taken away; you are left naked, spiritually naked. Then meditation becomes easier, because meditation is nothing but to be with yourself in your totality.

Yes, I understand, to see desire is easy:

IT SEEMS EASIER TO SEE THAT ONE IS DESIRING THAN TO SEE THAT ONE IS 'ANXIETING'.

To see that one is anxieting NEEDS GUTS. It is really only for those who have courage.

IN FACT, THERE IS NO VERB FORM FOR ANXIETY, AT LEAST NOT IN ENGLISH.

Our languages are as false as we are. Our languages are made by us. They reflect us. In fact, a real language will not have any nouns, will have only verbs. If it has to be true to life, it can only have verbs, not nouns.

When you say, "This is a tree," you are falsifying, because there is NO static tree anywhere. A tree is a treeing. It is growing, it is constantly moving! A new leaf has come up, and the old leaf has fallen. A new bud is opening. When you are saying, "This is a tree," it is no more the same tree. Your statement is already out of date. This is ANOTHER tree!

When you say, "This is a river," what do you mean? River is a riveting; it is constantly flowing. And so is a man and so is a woman. All are processes, dynamic. Everything in existence is a verb. But our languages are as false as we are. They have to be -- they are our languages.

It is no wonder that Buddhas always feel it difficult to say the truth to you -- because they have to use your language, and your language is so against truth. Why do we use so many nouns when no noun is true? Life is not life but living, and love is not love but loving, and death is not death but dying. Why do we use nouns at all? It gives us a feeling of control. Nouns can be controlled; verbs cannot be controlled. Verbs are beyond you. Nouns are static, dead,

you can manipulate them. Verbs are alive. They will slip out of your fingers; you carrot hold them in your hands. Loving has to be transformed into love -- then it is easy to tackle. If a man says to a woman, "I am in a state of loving towards you," just see how much difference it makes. And then he says, "I love you." When he says, "I love you," he is saying something static. Implied in it is that, "Tomorrow also I will love." It is a static phenomenon: "I LOVE YOU." It is definite, it is absolute. There is not going to be any change in it.

But if a man says, "I am in a state of loving," you will be afraid, because 'state of loving'? -- it is a process. Morning it may be there, evening it may be gone. Then what?

And when somebody says, "I love you," the noun is addressed to you. When somebody says, "I am in a state of loving," it is not addressed to you. He may be loving to somebody else too! It is dangerous. You cannot possess it. Nouns can be possessed, hoarded. You can become masters. But verbs cannot be possessed. They go on and on... they go beyond you; they go beyond all your comprehension. They remain unpredictable. Nouns are predictable. Verbs are unpredictable. They are like a cloud changing its form every moment.

You cannot depend on a cloud's form. There may be an elephant in the cloud -- it looks like an elephant. By the time you call your child, "Come here! Come out! There is an elephant in the sky!" and by the time the child comes, it is no more an elephant. The elephant has dissolved. The cloud is not a fixed phenomenon. Now what to say to the child? He will say, "You have been lying. Where is the elephant?"

In fact, there was no elephant -- the moving cloud was just elephantine. Sometimes it is horsing... it is unpredictable. And we are very much afraid of the unpredictable. And life is unpredictable, so we go on keeping ourselves surrounded by nouns. It feels safe.

Our languages reflect our minds, our ignorance, our unconsciousness, our stupidities, our jealousies, our fears, our obsessions, our neurosis. Our language represents ALL that we are. It is a reflection of our mind -- it is a mind product.

That's why there is nothing like 'anxieting'. 'Anxiety' -- then it is fixed. Then you can label it: This is anxiety. You can label: This is love. But if you watch real love, it changes sometimes into hate -- REAL love changes into hate. Now it will confuse you, so you label differently: This is hate -- this is love. And you bypass the link. You never look into the link. Love becomes hate: hate becomes love. Friends turn into enemies: enemies turn into friends. Everything is moving into everything else! It is all one! Things are not divided by water-tight compartments.

The earth becomes the tree... the tree becomes the air... it goes on melting into each other... the air is breathed by you... it becomes your blood... everything is moving into everything else. Nothing is unrelated. It is all ONE process. When you stop manipulating life, when you sit silently and simply watch, you will see all this tremendous beauty, this tremendous up!edict able process of life, this dynamism. AND this is God! This wholeness. This interdependence. This inter linked existence, where everything is changing into everything else. This fluid energy is God.....

The last question:

Question 4
OSHO, DO YOU EVER GET BORED? WHY NOT DROP THE ASHRAM AND LIVE IN THE FOREST?

VEETGYAN, WHAT ARE YOU talking about? What ashram? I am living in the forest! These people are my trees -- orange trees, aflame with flowers. Can you find a more wild jungle than this?
And how can I be bored with so many beautiful people around me? with such a celebrating existence? If you feel bored, that simply shows you must be insensitive, you must be thick. Your skull has to be broken. Otherwise, where can you find a better existence than this? This is the only existence there is, AND the perfect one. All is as it should be. Trees are green, and roses are red. All is as it should be! How can you get bored?
Boredom comes out of insensitivity. Because you are insensitive you cannot see the subtle changes that go on happening around you. Hence it looks repetitive: "The sun rises every morning, the same sun -- how can one remain without being bored?" But it is NOT the same sun! It is constantly changing. It is FIRE -- how can the fire remain the same? Watch fire... it is constantly changing. Flames are changing. It is constant flux. Sun is a liquid fire. It is never the same.
But, thinking that it is the same, you don't look at the morning, and the clouds are new every day. Their forms are new. They take new colors. Every day they celebrate the coming of the sun. And the birds and the trees and the

whole existence every moment is new, AND fresh -- as fresh as a dewdrop in the morning. And so are people! But you are dull, you are insensitive. You think it is the same woman you have lived with for twenty years. You have stopped looking at her. You have not looked at her for MANY years, not into her eyes. You have not touched her. You have forgotten her body smell. Then it is boring; then it is the same woman again and again.

It is NOT really boring -- it is just that your eyes have collected much dust. Life becomes boring the more dust you collect in your eyes. The life becomes just formal, a ritual, empty. You go on doing things. Slowly slowly, all your acts become mechanical, robot like. Then life is boredom.

But I have never seen two moments alike. Each moment has its own beauty. Each moment is Only for once. If you miss it, you miss it forever; it will not be repeated again. God is not repetitive. God is very original -- he never sings the same song again.

If you hear the same song again, then something must be wrong with you.

It happened:

A woman was singing, it was her birthday. She sang late in the night. Her voice was just horrible, but the neighbors were somehow tolerating it because it was only once in a year that her birthday used to come. So they had become tolerant about it. But that night she continued and continued... it was getting really late, two o'clock in the night. And a man just in front of her house could not sleep; tried in every way -- tried all the tricks. Tossed and turned

and did TM... etc., but nothing helped. She was driving him crazy, so he opened his window and shouted at her, "Lady, now it is time. You stop! otherwise I will go mad."
The woman opened her door and said, "What are you talking about? It is almost one hour since I stopped!"

But what happened to this man? He was already mad. One hour before she had stopped, but he was listening, listening, listening... it was something in HIS mind. It was his inner gramophone.

Just watch: when you see a rose flower, your inner gramophone says, "You have seen it before. It is the same rose flower, nothing special about it. I have seen better."
You look at the moon and the inner gramophone says, "So what?! This is the same moon, and we have seen it many times."
There are millions of people who never look at the sky. If suddenly one night all the stars disappear, they will not become aware of it. It may take a few days for them; when the news comes in the newspapers that "All the stars have simply disappeared from the world," then they will look at the sky. And then they will miss them, and they will make much fuss and they will say, "How unfortunate! And we had not seen the stars for many years and they were here."
You are bored because of your inner gramophone. I have none in site me. Each person is fresh, each moment is fresh. They a,Rex not repetitions -- they are all unique. And I remain thrilled, I remain ecstatic.
Your life, Veetgyan, must have become an empty ritual. You must be moving through things, dragging. Not even

under-standing the meaning, why you are doing these things. You come home and you kiss your wife -- you have to, but there is no kiss, there is no kissing, there is no ecstasy in it. Just a dull phenomenon. And if you feel tired and bored, I can understand.
Life, slowly slowly, becomes so mechanical that it loses ALL meaning. All meaning oozes out of it. Then it is just a dull ritual. To live this way is to live irreligiously. That's my definition of religion: to live joyously, ecstatically, thrilled by each moment that knocks on your door, is to live religiously.
Religion is nothing but the Al chemical process in which all your insensitivity dissolves, and you become utterly sensitive, delicate, vulnerable. Then each moment is samadhi, is God. is enlightenment.

The Perfect Master, Vol 1

Chapter #9

Chapter title: Hail Great Scholar!
29 June 1978 am in Buddha Hall

NAWAB MOHAMMED KHAN, JAN-FISHAN, WAS OUT WALKING IN DELHI ONE DAY WHEN HE CAME UPON A NUMBER OF PEOPLE SEEMINGLY ENGAGED IN AN ALTERCATION.

HE ASKED A BYSTANDER, "WHAT IS HAPPENING HERE?"

THE MAN SAID, "SUBLIME HIGHNESS, ONE OF YOUR DISCIPLES IS OBJECTING TO THE BEHAVIOR OF THE PEOPLE IN THIS QUARTER."

JAN-FISHAN WENT INTO THE CROWD AND SAID TO HIS FOLLOWER, "EXPLAIN YOURSELF."

THE MAN SAID, "THESE PEOPLE HAVE BEEN HOSTILE."

THE PEOPLE EXCLAIMED, "THAT IS NOT TRUE: WE WERE, ON THE CONTRARY, DOING HIM HONOUR FOR YOUR SAKE."

"WHAT DID THEY SAY?" ASKED THE NAWAB.

"THEY SAID, 'HAIL, GREAT SCHOLAR!' I WAS TELLING THEM THAT IT IS THE IGNORANCE OF THE SCHOLARS WHICH IS OFTEN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CONFUSION AND DESPERATION OF MAN."

JAN-FISHAN KHAN SAID, "IT IS THE CONCEIT OF SCHOLARS WHICH IS RESPONSIBLE, QUITE OFTEN, FOR THE MISERY OF MAN. AND IT IS YOUR CONCEIT IN CLAIMING TO BE OTHER THAN A SCHOLAR WHICH IS THE CAUSE OF THIS TUMULT. NOT TO BE A SCHOLAR, WHICH INVOLVES DETACHMENT FROM THE PETTY, IS AN ACCOMPLISHMENT. SCHOLARS ARE SELDOM

WISE, BEING ONLY UNALTERED PEOPLE STUFFED WITH THOUGHTS AND BOOKS.

"THESE PEOPLE WERE TRYING TO HONOUR YOU. IF SOME PEOPLE THINK THAT MUD IS GOLD, IF IT IS THERE MUD, RESPECT IT. YOU ARE NOT THEIR TEACHER.

"DO YOU NOT REALIZE THAT, IN BEHAVING IN SUCH A SENSITIVE AND SELF-WILLED MANNER, YOU ARE ACTING JUST LIKE A SCHOLAR, AND THEREFORE DESERVE THE NAME, EVEN IF IT IS AN EPITHET?

"GUARD YOURSELF, MY CHILD. TOO MANY SLIPS FROM THE PATH OF SUPREME ATTAINMENT -- AND YOU MAY BECOME A SCHOLAR."

EXISTENCE IS -- UNEXPLAINED, UNEXPLAINABLE, UNKNOWN -- not only that, but unknowable also. There is no way to know it, because there is nobody who is separate from it. Knowledge needs separation. You can LOVE existence because love depends on union, and we are already united with it. But you cannot know it, because knowledge needs division, and there is no way to be divided from it.
Knowledge means the knower is separate from the known. We are not separate from existence -- we ARE it. It is our suchness -- how can we know it? The claim to know is the greatest conceit. The claim to know is the greatest ego there is. Hence the knowledgeable man goes on missing it. Only

lovers know, scholars never. But to be a lover needs courage -- you have to dissolve and disappear.
To be knowledgeable needs no courage. That is the hiding place of the cowards. All cowards become scholars. Because they cannot love, the only thing left for them is to try to know. And because knowledge is impossible in the very nature of things, all that they claim is false.
All knowledge is false, absolutely false. Not even a bit of it is true. It CANNOT be true. Only love is true, only love can be true.
Do you see the point? The way of love is the way of union, and the way of knowledge is the way of separation. Love is marriage: knowledge is divorce. Love understands: knowledge only pretends.
Remember it, because the mind is always trying to become knowledgeable. It is always collecting information and avoiding transformation. Information is a way of avoiding transformation. You go on collecting... you can become a walking encyclopedia, but still you will remain the same, exactly the same. Because this is not the way to grow in being, this is not the way to become wise.
The knowledgeable man is never wise, he cannot be. He collects rubbish and thinks it is precious. But the first step has been wrong so the whole journey goes wrong. The more he thinks he knows, the less he knows. The more he thinks he is coming closer to knowing the truth, the farther away he is moving from truth.
Existence is. If you are also in that state of isness you will understand what it is. But that is not knowledge. That's a totally different dimension. You will know, yet you will not be able to reduce it to knowledge. You will see, but you

will not be able to describe it. The mystery will not be demystified by your knowing it -- it will be deepened, it will be thickened. Life will become more joyous.

One cannot know, but one can dance it. One cannot know, but one can sing it. It can never become knowledge, but it can become ecstasy, great ecstasy. A great orgasmic life is possible.

The Sufis say: Avoid being scholars, pundits. Avoid! Because sometimes it has happened that sinners have reached, but scholars never. Sin is not that big a thing as knowledgeability. Seen rightly, knowledge remains the ultimate sin.

The biblical story is to be remembered again: Adam falls from grace -- not because of any sin but because he has eaten the fruit of the tree of knowledge.

There were two trees, special trees, in the Garden of Eden: one was the tree of knowledge and the other was the tree of life. He became interested in the tree of knowledge. It looks foolish to us when we read the story. Why should he not go and eat from the tree of life? But that's what everybody else is doing too -- nobody wants to eat from the tree of life, because to eat from the tree of life first one has to pass through a kind of death.

The moment you eat the fruit from the tree of life, you will die as you are. You are momentary. Your being now is temporal. You will die in time and you will be born in eternity. That's what life is! -- life abundant, life eternal. You will die as a tiny being, you will disappear as a drop of water, and then you will appear as the ocean. Oceanic will be your resurrection! But before that, the dewdrop has to disappear.

That is the fear. Because of that fear, Adam never went close to the tree of life. That's why you have not gone close to it. That's why millions of people go to the universities, to the libraries, but avoid going to a Master.

A Master, a Perfect Master, is a tree of LIFE. He is not a teacher. A teacher means the tree of knowledge: a Master means the tree of life.

A Master does not impart knowledge, he imparts being. He stirs your heart, makes it more alive. He breathes in you, gives you a new rhythm. He touches you in your deepest core and creates a dance there.

Adam avoided the tree of life, so everybody else is doing it. Down the ages, people have been following Adam. But the tree of knowledge attracted him immensely. The temptation from the serpent was: "If you eat from the tree of knowledge, you will become as wise as God -- you will become a god." That's the temptation of knowledge. One thinks, "If I can know more, then I will be more -- I will become like a god." By knowing, nobody becomes a god, but only by BEING.

The serpent is deceiving you too. The serpent is not something outside; it is another name for your mind. The mind says, "Know more -- if you know more you will be more." It convinces you very logically.

Once Adam has eaten from the tree of knowledge, his eyes are closed towards eternity. He becomes caught up in the net of time. And time means death. And God has told Adam, "If you eat from the tree of knowledge, you will start dying. You will lose eternity. You will lose the quality of deathlessness. You will become a mortal!"

This parable is immensely beautiful. I take it again and again -- it has so many aspects. To me this seems to be the greatest parable ever -- it has SO many meanings.
If you eat from the tree of knowledge you will become mortal -- because you will become more and more confined into time, into mind. Time and mind are synonymous. It is mind that creates time -- psychological time, I mean, not the chronological time. The more you become mindless, the less you are aware of time. When you become perfect, you become constantly, completely unaware of time. Then all is eternity.

Once a Buddhist monk came to see me. He had come from a very very far off place, Kalimpong. He travel led for many days to see me. He said, "I have only one inquiry to make, and only for that have I come."
"What is the inquiry?"
He said, "My inquiry is this: since you became enlightened, what has been happening? What experiences have you been going through SINCE you became enlightened? What has been occurring? What more? What new experiences after enlightenment?"
I said, "You don't understand the word 'enlightenment'. After enlightenment, nothing happens. All happening stops, disappears. One simply is."
He could not believe it. He said, "I cannot believe it. Something MUST be happening. Twenty years have passed... something MUST have happened! How can it be that nothing has happened?"
I said to him, "You will be puzzled, but let me say it as it is: Before enlightenment nothing had ever happened, because

all that had happened was just writing on water. After enlightenment also nothing has happened, because time has disappeared. So the first happening and the last happening was enlightenment. Before that, all that happened was valueless; now it makes no sense, it was like a dream. And once you are awakened, nothing ever happens again. Not that the sun does not rise, not that the night is not full of stars, not that the flowers don't bloom any more -- ALL this goes on! But nothing happens in you. All remains calm and quiet."

After enlightenment there is no biography. After enlightenment all is silence -- because all is eternity. Things happen in time. Mind creates time because mind hankers for things to happen; mind hankers for excitements, something has to happen. If nothing is happening, mind becomes very uneasy. If good is not happening, let it be bad. If happiness is not happening, then let it be misery. But something must be there so one remains occupied. If nothing is happening, then you are at a loss -- then why exist at all?
So mind goes on creating new ways, goes on projecting new events. "Tomorrow I have to do this, the day after tomorrow I have to do this." Mind cannot remain without events, so it projects events. And when events are projected time is created -- psychological time. When nothing is projected, time disappears.

That is the meaning of the parable. God is right when he says to Adam: Don't eat the fruit from the tree of knowledge, otherwise you will become a mortal. Then you

will have to live in time! And you will become corrupted -- knowledge corrupts. You will not be innocent any more. You will lose trust, because knowledge creates doubt. And doubt is the thorn in the soul; it hurts, it wounds.
Still Adam ate the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and since then every Adam has been doing it.
Sufis say we have to reverse the whole process. We have to vomit what Adam has eaten. We have to throw it back. We have to become pure of it. It has not to be allowed to circulate in our systems any more. With knowledge goes time, with time goes mind -- it is ALL entangled with knowledge. And once there is no knowledge, no mind, no time, you are back home.
Let me repeat: Sinners have reached, but scholars never.
I have heard:

George Santayana, a great American philosopher, remarked once during World War II, "I am reading the Upanishads... to take the bad taste out of my mouth."

The Upanishads? Why should he read the Upanishads to take the bad taste out of his mouth? The Upanishads are not knowledge: they are statements of pure joy, they are euphoric statements. They are ecstatic ejaculations, assertions of mad mystics. You cannot become knowledgeable by reading the Upanishads. They don't argue, they don't prove -- they simply declare!
That's what Lao Tzu does, Buddha does, Plotinus, Eckhart, Rumi, Al-Hillaj -- all the mystics have been doing that. What they say is not knowledge: what they say is just an overflowing joy.

When Aristotle says something, it is knowledge. When Plotinus says something, it is not knowledge. You have to make that distinction very clearly. When Jesus says something, it is not knowledge; it is just his ecstasy. It is not that he is saying it -- it is said through him. God is speaking through him. He is possessed by God. What he is saying is not knowledge. It is his declaration: "I have come home." It HAS to be declared. It has to be declared from the housetops. It has to be shouted in the marketplaces. But it is not knowledge! And the difference is very clear.

If you read the Upanishads, you will see it. No argument is proposed, no syllogism, no proof, is given. Simply, the seer says: That art thou -- TAT-TVAM-ASI. Finished! He does not give any argument for it. He does not try to explain it. He does not propose a philosophy around it. Such a potential statement, bare, naked.

When the Upanishads were for the first time translated into non-Indian languages, it was a problem for the translators: These people go on asserting without giving any proof -- what kind of philosophy is this?" It is not philosophy really. It is religion. And that is the difference between philosophy AND religion.

Philosophy proves, argues, proposes, fights, debates: religion declares. Religion says: God is! No proof is given. If you ask a mystic, he will say, "Look into my eyes. Come, hold my hand! Feel it!" But is this an argument? And it is not going to convince the skeptic. He will look into the eyes and will not see anything. It can convince only the trusting. It can convince only the disciple.

Santayana was bored with all the knowledge that the West has produced in these days, and could see perfectly well

that "It is because of this knowledge that this world war is happening." Knowledge creates hate in the world, because it creates separation.
Love is not possible out of knowledge, because love is a diametrically opposite dimension. Hence he is right to say, "I am reading the Upanishads to take the bad taste out of my mouth" -- the bad taste of knowledge, the ugly knowledge that has created the ugly war, the murderous knowledge.

I have also heard: when Arthur Schopenhauer for the first time came across a translation of the Upanishads, he danced -- actually! With the Upanishads on his head, he danced in his garden.
His students were a little puzzled. They said, "Has he gone mad or something?" And they inquired, "What is happening?"
He said, "This is something I have been searching for -- this is not knowledge, this is knowing. This is authentic!"
When he was just about to die, he said, "The Upanishads have been the solace of my life, and will be the solace of my death."
What happened to Arthur Schopenhauer? What is the beauty of the Upanishads? What is the beauty of Sufism? What is the beauty of Zen? What is the beauty of Hassidism? The beauty is that they are not knowledge -- of course, great knowing, but not knowledge at all. Great insights are there, but no philosophy is proposed to be believed in. You don't become more knowledgeable through them: you become more innocent.

RELIGION IS EXISTENTIAL, philosophy is analytical. Knowledge has to be analytical; it can't be existential. Knowing has to be existential; it can't be analytical. If you want to know, forget all about analysis; otherwise, you will come across MULCH knowledge but never will you become a knower.

If you want to know a flower, don't dissect it -- otherwise you will destroy it. Be with it, in absolute quietness, with a throbbing, loving heart. Breathe it in, dance around it, sing a song, or be silent! Play upon a guitar, or on a flute. These are the ways to become friendly to the flower. When you are playing on a flute the flower starts leaning towards you, the flower becomes open. He understands... a friend has come. He knows when the cuckoo calls, he knows when a peacock dances -- he will know you too if you sing a song or play on the flute or dance a dance around it. Those are the languages he understands. Or silence he understands -- the silence of the stars and the earth.

Just be silently with the flower! Or let tears flow, let your tears drop on the flower. He understands that language too. When it rains and it has a contact with the clouds.... But be existential, don't be analytical, and the flower will release its secrets to you.

Secrets can be released only to friends. When you are analytical, you are an enemy. When the scientist goes to the flower, he goes in a very antagonistic mood, very egoistic, self-willed, adamant, stubborn. He goes like a rapist. Science is a kind of rape on nature.

Be a poet, be a painter, be a musician -- these are existential ways. And the flower, slowly slowly, will gather trust in you, will know that "This man is not dangerous, he is not a

scientist. He is not after knowledge. He will not rape me. He is a lover." And the flower will drop all protections, defenses, arm ours. And suddenly there is a meeting -- AND a kind of knowing which is not knowledge.

That's how one comes to know God.

Remember these two words: analytical and existential. Never be analytical. That is the path of knowledge. Be existential -- that is the path of knowing. Knowing is loving: loving is praying: and one thing leads to another.

It is a well-known fact of history that in Greece, Aristotle formulated the syllogism as a way to explain and examine valid reasoning. He was the father of logic in the West. But at the same time, almost exactly the same time, another man in India was working on the same lines -- but in a totally different dimension, with a totally different quality. His name was Gotama -- the founder of Indian logic. rut the difference is great. Their syllo-gisms are almost the same, their logic is almost the same -- it has to be -- but the difference is in their goals.

Aristotle says: it is to explain and examine valid reasoning. Gotama created similar syllogistic forms, but as he stated at the beginning of his Naya Sutras, the purpose of the study was to aid human beings in the attainment of supreme felicity -- liberation, MOKSHA, ecstasy, samadhi.

The difference is clear. Even if reason has to be used, it has to be used with full awareness to help ecstasy, to help supreme felicity, ultimate liberation. For no other reason. Philosophy is not an end in itself: it is a means. If it helps, good; if it doesn't help, throw it away, it is garbage. Use your mind to go beyond mind. Let philosophy commit suicide in you.

That is the message of this small story.

NAWAB MOHAMMED KHAN, JAN-FISHAN, WAS OUT WALKING IN DELHI ONE DAY WHEN HE CAME UPON A NUMBER OF PEOPLE SEEMINGLY ENGAGED IN AN ALTERCATION.

HE ASKED A BYSTANDER, "WHAT IS HAPPENING HERE?"

THE SUFI MASTERS BELIEVE IN SITUATIONS. Nobody else believes in situations so much. But the Sufi Master and his approach is that you can teach your disciples only in a certain situation, in a certain context. If the context is not there, the teaching will be lost.
You can beat iron only when it is hot, and you can give it a shape and a form. But when it is cold, it is impossible. A situation is a hot state of affairs. Sufi Masters watch always for particular situations to give particular lessons. It may take years, but they never speak out of context -- never.
So, to be with a Sufi Master needs great patience, because he will not speak unless the situation has arisen and things are hot and he can give a shape and form. He can teach you something only when the situation is ready.
The Master is passing, a crowd is there.

HE ASKED A BYSTANDER, "WHAT IS HAPPENING HERE?"

THE MAN SAID, "SUBLIME HIGHNESS, ONE OF YOUR DISCIPLES IS OBJECTING TO THE BEHAVIOUR OF THE PEOPLE IN THIS QUARTER."

Now, this almost always happens to knowledgeable people. They become haughty, they become egoistic. They carry that air around themselves of holier-than-thou. They are always putting everybody else right. They are always searching to condemn, to make people feel guilty. This is a way of the ego to satisfy itself. This is not the indication of a man who knows.

A man who knows never makes anybody feel guilty. The man who knows helps people to get out of their wrong patterns, but does not make them feel guilty. It is a great art, the most sublime art there is. It is very subtle -- has to be, because when you are trying to change a person it is very easy to make him feel guilty; it is very easy because the thing is delicate and you are touching his sensitivity. And you are trying to change him, so somehow or other you are saying, "You are wrong as you are." That has to be avoided.

Man is not wrong, never wrong. That should remain the fundamental. Man in his innermost core is always right -- even though he may commit a few errors on the surface. But those errors are momentary, of not much value. But his fundamental goodness, his natural goodness, is absolute. Once a person starts feeling guilty, you have contaminated his natural goodness. You have hurt him deeply; you have created a wound in his soul. So the art is never to create a wound in the soul. The real Master is always indirect. He changes people, he transforms people, but his way is

always indirect. The person who is being changed and transformed never comes to know of it -- or comes to know only when he has already changed, when he is already transformed. Then he feels grateful.

The Master's touch is a very subtle touch. It is never offensive, it is never aggressive, it is never violent. There is no condemnation in it. There IS compassion. There is love. There is great desire to help, to be of help, but there is in no way any effort, even a slight effort, to make the person feel that he is wrong.

Once you make a person feel he is wrong, you have created a barrier in his transformation process. Because once he thinks, "I am wrong," he loses hope. If he feels guilty he becomes closed up; he is no more open to you. Once he feels guilty, he becomes defensive. Once he feels guilty, he starts fighting back. And if again and again he is made to feel guilty, he starts accepting the idea: "This is how I am. When everybody says, 'You are wrong,' then I must be wrong." Then he starts persisting in his wrongness. Then he says, "Now, everybody says I am wrong so I AM wrong, and there is no possibility of my ever being right. So why bother? Then just be as you are. This is my fate! This is how I have been made by God. This is how my parents have brought me up. This is how the society has conditioned me." A thousand and one explanations he finds, and he relaxes... he will forget all possibilities of growing.

Never condemn a man, never make him feel guilty. It is a crime. Rather, when you find a man is doing something wrong, provoke his natural goodness! Remind him of his Tao, of the kingdom that is within, of his divine nature.

Remind him of his divine nature first, and with that remembrance he will be able to see what wrong he is committing. You will not even be needed to pinpoint it -- he will know himself.
Bring light to him! Don't say to anybody, "You are stumbling and you have broken this and you have fallen on this table and this table is turned upside down" -- don't say anything like that. Bring light and give light to the man, and he will know what he has done. But from your side there should be no indication about his being wrong, in the wrong.

THE MAN SAID, "SUBLIME HIGHNESS, ONE OF YOUR DISCIPLES IS OBJECTING TO THE BEHAVIOR OF THE PEOPLE IN THIS QUARTER."

This is the sign of a stupid disciple. And when I say 'stupid' I don't mean that he is not knowledgeable -- stupid people can gather much knowledge. Knowledgeable people are always stupid people. To become knowledgeable is their way of hiding their stupidity. They hang certificates and degrees around themselves , and it feels good! Except for a stupid person, who carts about the degrees and the scholarship and the certificates and the examinations that you have passed? It is always the stupid person who becomes interested in these things. These are his ways to prove to the world that "I am not stupid." But in the very effort of proving that "I am not stupid," you are simply declaring that you are stupid.
A man who is wise need not prove that he is wise -- his wisdom is enough, a proof unto itself. It is self-evident. It

needs no certificates , it needs no degrees, it needs no scholarship.

JAN-FISHAN WENT INTO THE CROWD AND SAID TO HIS FOLLOWER, "EXPLAIN YOURSELF."

This is a hot situation. People are there and the disciple was condemning them and, of course, he was clover, logical. He could prove by scriptures; he could quote scriptures and prove to them that they are wrong, that their behaviour is wrong. And he was doing that. Suddenly the Master appears in the crowd and says, "Explain yourself! What are you doing?"

THE DISCIPLE SAID, "THESE PEOPLE HAVE BEEN HOSTILE."

Now, if you are wise, it is impossible to say this. Unless you have some ego in you, you cannot feel anybody as hostile. If you have a wound on the foot and somebody touches it, it hurts -- but not because of his touch. It is because of the wound. If he touches somewhere else, it will not hurt. It hurts because of the wound, not because of his touch. Whenever you feel somebody is hostile to you, remember well: you must be having a very very strong ego -- he has touched the wound, he has put his finger on your ego. Hence he looks hostile; otherwise, there is no question! He is just himself. How can he be hostile to you? And EVEN if he is hostile, that is HIS problem; that should not become your problem.

Buddha is insulted by people many times, stones are thrown at him, people abuse him... he smiles. Once he said to a group of people who had come with very great hostility, "I feel sorry for you. You are almost in a rage! You must be burning within. I feel sorry for you. What can I do for you to help? How can I calm you down? You are in a spiritual fever!"

He does not say anything about himself. He is not saying, "You are being hostile to me." He is not saying, "Why are you hostile to me?" He is not saying anything in reference to himself; that is not the point at all.

Somebody asked, "But we are being hostile to you, and you are feeling sorry for us? We are enemies! We want to uproot you and your doctrine completely. And you are feeling sorry for us?"

And Buddha said, "Yes. You may be hostile from your side. For example," Buddha said, "you can throw a burning torch into the river -- it remains fire TILL it touches the river. The moment it touches the river, it cools down. I am cool. You throw fire at me -- it remains fire from your side, but the moment it touches me it becomes cool. It disappears! I am not hurt, you cannot hurt me -- because the one who used to be hurt is no more. That ego is gone. "I have searched for it, and it has not been found. There is nobody inside me -- how can you be hostile to me? I am not -- how can you be hostile to me?"

THE DISCIPLE SAID, "THESE PEOPLE HAVE BEEN HOSTILE."

THE PEOPLE EXCLAIMED, "THAT IS NOT TRUE: WE WERE, ON THE CONTRARY, DOING HIM HONOUR FOR YOUR SAKE."

"WHAT DID THEY SAY?" ASKED THE MASTER.

"THEY SAID, 'HAIL, GREAT SCHOLAR!' I WAS TELLING THEM THAT IT IS THE IGNORANCE OF THE SCHOLARS WHICH IS OFTEN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CONFUSION AND DESPERATION OF MAN...

"And they told me, 'Hail, Great Scholar!' And I was condemning scholars -- as Sufis have always been doing -- I was condemning scholars and scholarship. And these foolish people, they say, 'Hail, Great Scholar!' This is an insult. This is being hostile towards me.
"I am saying that scholars are the persons who have created the misery in the world, and they called me a scholar! These people have to be put right."

JAN-FISHAN SAID, "IT IS THE CONCEIT OF SCHOLARS WHICH IS RESPONSIBLE, QUITE OFTEN,FOR THE MISERY OF MAN. AND IT IS your CONCEIT IN CLAIMING TO BE OTHER THAN A SCHOLAR WHICH IS THE CAUSE OF THIS TUMULT. NOT TO BE A SCHOLAR, WHICH INVOLVES DETACHMENT FROM THE PETTY, IS AN ACCOMPLISHMENT. SCHOLARS ARE SELDOM WISE, BEING ONLY UNALTERED PEOPLE STUFFED WITH THOUGHTS AND BOOKS."

THE MASTER IS SAYING, These people are poor people, innocent people. They don't understand great, subtle distinctions between words. They have not been hostile to you! According to themselves, they were praising you. They were saying that you are no ordinary person -- you are a great scholar. From THEIR side, nothing is wrong. And from where have you got this conceit that you have gone beyond scholarship? This is an even greater ego, to think that you have gone beyond scholarship .

It is very difficult to go beyond knowledge, beyond the claim of knowledge. It is the last step in the journey. The moment a person goes beyond knowledge, he becomes enlightened. Because the moment knowledge is dropped, he enters back into the Garden of Eden.

Knowledge is not a bridge: it is a barrier. The moment the barrier disappears, you suddenly find that you have always been home. You had never left it. You had not gone anywhere. But remember: to come to that point is a very great accomplishment. Why?

Ordinarily, man, is ignorant -- ignorance hurts. "I am ignorant, I am inferior."

One of my sannyasins, a beautiful sannyasin, is Shanti. She goes on writing questions again and again that "Osho, I feel very inferior, because I can do only cleaning work or I can prepare food. I cannot be a great group leader. I cannot do something which is important. I cannot be a great editor. I am very inferior."

Now, this poor Shanti is unnecessarily suffering. My whole work consists of leaning! What else am I doing here? And

preparing food -- what else am I doing, Shanti? You are just next to me!
But the mind goes on earring these ideas: "I am just cleaning or evoking food, and I am not a great group leader, therapist, editor, or somebody important in the office. I am nobody." 5;he goes on asking, "What should I do?"
This is the question every child asks in the beginning: "What should I do to become important, to be somebody special in the world?" And there are only a few ways: either have money, more than others have, and you will be special; or have more power, political power, than others have, and you will be special; or have more knowledge than others have and you will be special. Or, if you cannot do anything else then at least renounce everything and become a great mahatma. But do something! Be special! The inferiority complex inside goes on pulling and manipulating you to do something so that you can stand out, you can be outstanding, so people know who you are. You can have money. It is not difficult -- many stupid people have money. You can become politically powerful, not a problem -- only stupid people become politically powerful. You earl gather knowledge: so many stupid people have so many degrees and scholarships, names, fame. It is not difficult at all! But deep down you will remain the same: unaltered.
This is not the way to transform your being. You earl have AS mush knowledge as possible, but how is it going to make you more knowing? Maybe others will think you know so much, but you, deep down, will know perfectly

well: "This is only in the memory. My being has remained untouched by it."
And then, one day, you can gather another conceit, the greatest there is, that "I renounce all this knowledge too. Now I will be like Socrates -- the one who knows only one thing, that he knows nothing."
But deep down you are still hoping that people will think you are a Socrates. You are a plastic Socrates, synthetic, just put together, not a real Socrates. A real Socrates is a great accomplishment.
How does the real Socrates happen? It is not by renouncing knowledge and declaring, "I have renounced knowledge, I am no more a scholar, I don't pay any value to scholarship" -- not that way. The real Socrates happens only when, slowly slowly, you understand the unknowability of life and existence -- the utter unknowability of existence, the absolute suchness of existence. And there is no way to know it, because we ARE it! Not that you renounce scholarship, no, but that you fall in love with life itself. Not that you burn your scriptures -- that is very easy. Even in burning the scriptures you are paying too much attention to the scriptures; they are still important to you.

There is a famous painting of a Zen monk burning scriptures. If I had been there I would have told him, "Why burn them? Why take so much trouble? Keep them, and if some time you have nothing else to cook your tea with, you can use them. But why take so much trouble in burning a big fire? You can cook your food some day if it is needed -- unobserved by anybody, unexhibited. This is an exhibition: taking all your scriptures to the market place and burning

them there. It is an exhibition. You are again hoping that "Now people will know here is the real Socrates."
This is not the way to become a real Socrates.
It is not against the scripture that the real happens: it is going deeper into existence and being that the real happens. The scriptures are forgotten! And once in a while, one can look into them, because they are assertions of old Masters, beautiful assertions. Of course, you cannot become a knower through them, but they can be great witnesses to your knowing.
Certainly, if you see the sun rising and you enjoy and dance with it, and one day you come across a few immensely beautiful lines of Kalidas about the sunrise, you will be surprised: he has said the thing that you would like to say! but you cannot. You don't have THAT quality to express. Not everybody is a Kalidas.
Remember: everybody can become a Buddha, but not everybody can become a Kalidas. Everybody can become a Buddha, but not everybody can become a Mozart or Beethoven. Everybody 's potential is to become a Buddha, because Buddha is your nature. But these are specific qualities, talents. A Kalidas is a Kalidas! He can sing a song that nobody else may be able to sing again. A Shakespeare is a Shakespeare -- the way ho can put words together... nobody may be able to put those words together again the same way. He is a magician with words, you may not be.
Scriptures are good! You cannot become wise through them, but the day you become wise you can relish scriptures. You can just go into them -- here and there a look -- and immense joy arises through them too! Because

suddenly an insight that has happened to you is expressed by somebody else five thousand years before. Then you are not only linked with existence through space, you are linked with existence through time too. A new kind of expansion happens. Five thousand years before, somebody sings a song in the Vedas, and one day, reading it, suddenly you see he has stolen your words! Five thousand years have disappeared. Between you and that unknown man, anonymous, there has arisen a bond, a friendship, a love, an intimacy. He has become your contemporary. You are not apart any more! He had seen things the way you see them; he has uttered the things that you would like to utter but you cannot.

These are the two dimensions: one is through space. I am contemporary to you through space. You are sitting in front of me -- we are contemporaries. I am contemporary to Buddha, to Jesus, to Krishna, to Rumi, to Hillaj... and to thousands more, through time. They are also sitting exactly in front of me as you are sitting in front of me. You are sitting in front of me in space, they are sitting in front of me in time.

So when I say something about Buddha, Mohammed, Lao Tzu, I am not talking about historical figures -- I am talking about my contemporaries. And life is immensely enriched when you can have Buddha on your one side and Lao Tzu sitting on the other side, and sipping a cup of tea. Life is immensely rich.

I am not saying burn the books. They are valuable, but they are valuable only for those who know how to cater into lithe and existence. Then they can enter even into books, because they are part of life. But if you cannot enter into a

tree, into the being of a tree, how can you enter into the being of a book? Impossible. The tree is more alive, contemporary to you in space. You can hug it. The book can become contemporary to you only in time -- for that you will have to grow, you will have to expand. You will have to become so huge that time and space both disappear in you. Then not only are the past Buddhas your contemporaries, but future Buddhas too. Then the whole existence exists in THY moment, culminates, converges, in this moment. ALL that has been, all that is, and all that will be, converges into this here now. And then the beauty is tremendous, and the benediction is incalculable, immeasurable.

The Master asked, "What did they say? Why did you feel that they are hostile?"

"THEY SAID," SAID THE DISCIPLE, "'HAIL, GREAT SCHOLAR!' I WAS TELLING THEM THAT IT IS THE IGNORANCE OF THE SCHOLARS WHICH IS OFTEN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CONFUSION AND DESPERATION OF MAN."

HE WAS SAYING IT, but he was saying it without knowing it. He had heard it. He was repeating it; it was a mechanical repetition. He was being a parrot.

AND that danger is always there for disciples: they can become parrots. That danger has to be avoided. That danger is great! And it comes so slowly and seeps into your blood and bones that you will never become aware of it. Disciples go on listening, listening, listening, and one day they start repeating. And they have forgotten completely

that what they are saying is not their own. Never repeat that which is not your own! because you will be getting into trouble. It will remain formal. And it will be so formal that your whole being will contradict it. You will say one thing and you will do another thing -- because your doing will come from you, and your saying will come from all that you have heard. This creates a dichotomy and a very ridiculous situation. And everybody can see it -- it is so apparent.
Whenever you repeat something that you don't understand, your whole life will contradict it, will belie it.

I was reading a beautiful anecdote:

Philadelphians have always been noted for their striving towards perfection, as the following story illustrates: Fenton, visiting the City of Brotherly Love, decided to dine in Philadelphia's most exclusive restaurant.
"Your order?" asked the waiter.
"I'll have the hamburger plate," replied Fenton after examining the menu.
In a few minutes the waiter returned. He uncovered a casserole dish revealing two hamburgers. From a pocket the waiter produced a pair of silver tongs and with them he transferred the meat patties to the diner's plate.
"We never touch anything with our hands," said the waiter, smiling.
"Very nice," said Fenton.
"Cleanliness is our motto," retorted the waiter. "And we never touch anything with our hands."
"That's wonderful!"

"We even have a special rule about visiting the lavatory. See this little piece of string attached to my apron?"
"I noticed all the waiters had them. What's it for?"
"Well," said the waiter, placing a large potato on Fenton's plate with his silver tongs,"if I have to go to the bathroom, I just unzip my pants and take it out with that piece of string. That way everything stays sanitary."
"But how do you put it back?" asked Fenton.
"I don't know about the other men," said the waiter, "but I use these tongs. We never touch anything with our hands."

That is the situation... when you are just repeating, when you have learnt a formality which has not become your being, your whole life will belie it. On the surface you will manage, but life is not lived only on the surface; it has many layers.
The problem for the disciple is that he listens to great truth. The Master goes on sharing whatsoever he has experienced. You can become parrots. Remember it. Listen, learn, but talk to people only when it has become YOUR experience, never before.
You can share only your experience, and then it has a beauty. When you start talking about somebody else's experience, it is ugly. And you may be repeating the same words! -- that is not the point.

"THEY SAID, 'HAIL, GREAT SCHOLAR!' I WAS TELLING THEM THAT IT IS THE IGNORANCE OF THE SCHOLARS WHICH IS OFTEN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CONFUSION AND DESPERATION OF MAN."

You can understand only that which you CAN understand in a certain moment. The Master speaks from his vision. You understand from your capacity. The Master is like an ocean; you have your small cup -- you cannot contain the ocean. To contain the ocean you will have to break your cup; then you will contain the ocean. The ocean cannot be contained in the small cup of thread . The head has to be broken completely. When you are headless , you will contain the ocean.
But that will come when it comes. In the beginning everybody has to listen from the head, and the head goes on playing tricks. You hear one thing, you understand quite another.

Passing a door in the early morning, a drunk noticed a sign which read RING THE BELL FOR THE DOCTOR. He did just that and a sleepy-eyed man came to the door.
"What do you want?" asked the man.
"I want to know why you can't ring the damn bell yourself."

It was written on the door RING THE BELL FOR THE DOCTOR.... Now the drunk is drunk; he understands in his own drunkenness. He is puzzled why the doctor cannot ring it himself, why somebody else is needed.

People are almost drunk with knowledge, drunk with ego. drunk with blindness. Somehow they manage, just somehow. It is a miracle how people go on managing and living for seventy years. It is REALLY a miracle.

The young couple was going at it hot and heavy on a park bench when the girl was heard to say, "Morris, could you please take off your glasses? They're hurting me." Quickly he whipped them off and went back to work.
After a few moments, the girl could be heard again. "Morris, could you put your glasses back on? You're kissing the bench."

Just thin glasses, just a little consciousness, and it is enough to carry on your day-to-day work. It is not enough to enter into reality. The reality will need eyes all over your being -- eyes and eyes. It will need great awareness, it will need awakening.
So this disciple HAS heard that the Master says that scholars have been the cause of the misery in the world. Yes, they have been. Without understanding what they are saying, they have created much misery for humanity. Without understanding what they are saying, they have been advising people. They have poisoned people's minds.

JAN-FISHAN SAID, "IT IS THE CONCEIT OF SCHOLARS WHICH IS RESPONSIBLE, QUITE OFTEN, FOR THE MISERY OF MAN. AND IT IS YOUR CONCEIT IN CLAIMING TO BE OTHER THAN A SCHOLAR WHICH IS THE CAUSE OF THIS TUMULT.

"Now you are gathering another conceit which is more subtle, subtler than the first. Somebody thinks, 'I am a scholar, a great Scholar.' Now you are thinking that you

have renounced all that kind of childishness -- you are no more a scholar. You are still a scholar."

"NOT TO BE A SCHOLAR, WHICH INVOLVES DETACHMENT FROM THE petty, is an accomplishment."

Not to be a scholar means one is no more interested in the trivial: one is interested only in the real, in the ultimately real. One is not interested in theories any more: one is interested only in existential experiencing.

"Why are you wasting your time?" the Master said to the disciple. "Who are you to teach these people? They may be ignorant, they may not know as much as you know, but they did not mean any of fence to you. They were thinking that to call somebody a great scholar is to pay respect. Look at their intention. Their intention was good. They are innocent people. Now you are confusing them. You are not helping them to become more clear. Now you will create a fear in them; now they will be afraid even to use the word 'scholar'. And they will be at a loss as to how to respect somebody.

"And you don't have that accomplishment, because not to be a scholar is the highest kind of consciousness."

The first stage is ignorance, the second stage is knowledge, but both are similar in one way. The first state is unconscious ignorance, and the second stage is unconscious knowledge. And the third state is conscious ignorance. The first comes back, but with a new form. The sage again becomes a child, the circle is complete -- but in a totally

different way. CONSCIOUSLY a child again -- this is rebirth.

Jesus says: Unless you are born again you will not be able to enter into the kingdom of God. This is rebirth: Unless you become a child again, unless you become ignorant again, with absolute consciousness that there is no way to know, that there is nothing to know, that there is nobody to know... so all three points of knowledge simply disappear into oblivion, and then the suchness of existence opens up. There is great ecstasy and great benediction.

Yes, love is there and dance is there and celebration is there, but there is no knowledge. That is a great accomplishment. And for that one needs detachment from the petty.

"Why are you bothering about these people and what they have said? Why are you so much interested in words? And can't you see your conceit? -- that by trying to teach them that scholars are the cause of misery, you are trying in a subtle way to pronounce, to propound, that you are not a scholar -- AND YOU ARE A SCHOLAR, because whatsoever you are saying is not your own experience. You have heard me say it and now you are, parrot like, repeating it. You must have been searching for these people; these people are victims."

Whenever you have some information, you start searching for somebody in whose mind you can pour it; otherwise, it creates a restlessness. Unobserved, you go on searching for somebody unaware. Whenever you have some information, it is very difficult to keep it inside yourself. That's why it is so difficult to keep a secret, almost impossible. It becomes heavy. One wants to say it to be unburdened.

It is very difficult to contain something that you have come to understand and not to say it to others. People search, they move around, they wait for some victim.

"SCHOLARS ARE SELDOM WISE," SAID THE MASTER, "BEING ONLY UNALTERED PEOPLE STUFFED WITH THOUGHTS AND BOOKS..."

"And so are you -- you are unaltered. You have not yet been transformed. You have become very much informed, that's true. The information is so much that you cannot even digest it. And what you are doing here is just a kind of diarrhea . You are throwing it on these poor people. And they have not done anything! You have just found an excuse: 'You are hostile -- you called me a great scholar, and scholars are the cause of the misery of the world.'" Unaltered. Knowledge never alters anybody. You remain the same, knowledge goes on being accumulated on the SAME Level. And unless the level changes, unless you have an altered state of consciousness, nothing is going to help. You can have all the scriptures of the world by your side, but you will remain as miserable as before.

"SCHOLARS ARE SELDOM WISE BEING ONLY UNALTERED PEOPLE STUFFED WITH THOUGHTS AND BOOKS."

But they become very very conceited, they become very egoistic.

A man who had just been promoted to vice-president boasted so much about it to his wife that she finally retorted, "Vice-presidents are a dime a dozen. Why, in the supermarket they even have a vice-president in charge of prunes."
Furious, the husband phoned the supermarket in the expectation of refuting his wife. He asked to speak to the vice-president in charge of prunes.
"Which kind?" was the reply. "Packaged or bulk?"

Presidents and vice-presidents and professors and scholars, they all go on bragging -- they are somebody special. On their noses it is written: "Look who I am. I am not an ordinary mortal." Just puffed up egos. And just a small prick and the balloon bursts.
Beware of it. The ways of the ego are very cunning. Unless one is very very aware, it goes on coming back from the back door.

"THESE PEOPLE WERE TRYING TO HONOR YOU. IF SOME PEOPLE THINK MIND IS GOLD, IF IT IS THEIR MUD RESPECT IT."

THIS SHOULD BE the approach of a really human person. If it is their mud and they think it is gold, why disturb them? It is THEIR mud. They respect it and they think it is gold -- let them be happy whatsoever they think. Don't unnecessarily disturb them. And:

"YOU ARE NOT THEIR TEACHER."

A Master is allowed to disturb, nobody else. Why? Because if somebody else disturbs people, he will ONLY disturb, he will not be able to reset. He will not be able to create the harmony again.
He will disturb the first thing, and he will not be able to create anything else instead. He will demolish the old building... it may have been a ruin, but still people were living in it. Now they will be under the sky in the rains, and under the hot sun. Don't demolish a building unless you can construct another and better.
Remember it: if you can't give truth to people, don't take their lies away. Otherwise, they will be left in such agony, their lives will become impossible. At least they were living -- with their lies they were hoping. Don't destroy people's beliefs if you cannot give them truth. If you cannot give them trust, don't destroy their belief. If you can give them the real coin, it is perfectly okay to take their false coins away. Only Masters are allowed, only Buddhas are allowed, to shake, shatter, to destroy, because they can create. Because destruction in itself is not the goal -- the goal is creation.

"DO YOU NOT REALIZE THAT IN BEHAVING IN SUCH A SENSITIVE AND SELF-WILLED MANNER YOU ARE ACTING JUST LIKE A SCHOLAR AND THEREFORE DESERVE THE NAME EVEN IF IT IS AN EPITHET?"

The Master has used the situation in a beautiful way. He has made it absolutely clear to the disciple that he has been acting like a scholar -- he knows not a single thing. He is a

pretender. But he can destroy those innocent people's beliefs, and he can enjoy that he can destroy. He can argue, he can silence those people -- although he cannot convince, because no argument ever convinces. Only the PRESENCE of a Master is a convincing source, not an argument.

"GUARD YOURSELF MY CHILD. TOO MANY SLIPS FROM THE PATH OF SUPREME ATTAINMENT -- AND YOU MAY BECOME A SCHOLAR."

In the world of the Sufis, a scholar is the dirtiest thing. Mm? If you fall too many times from the path you MAY become a scholar. Just as it is said: When a poet fails he becomes a critic, exactly the same way it can be said: When a sage fails to become a sage, he becomes a scholar.
To you also, I say:

"GUARD YOURSELF, MY CHILD. TOO MANY SLIPS FROM THE PATH OF SUPREME ATTAINMENT -- AND YOU MAY BECOME A SCHOLAR."

Scholarship, to be a pundit, is not an attainment: it is a failure. It is a consolation only. You have missed the real treasure, and now you have just old dirty books -- and that is a burden, NOT a liberation. Books cannot liberate. In fact, books themselves wait for somebody to liberate the truth from them -- how can THEY liberate you?
When a Master is there, he liberates truths from the imprisonment of books. That's why I have chosen so many books to speak upon. Many truths are imprisoned there -- they have to be liberated. The book cannot liberate you;

how can a dead book liberate you? Truth liberates. And if you know the truth, you can liberate truths from books too. But remember: this is not possible if you only become a scholar. This is possible only when you become a sage. And who is a sage? A child again. A child who has consciously understood the futility of knowledge, and has understood the ultimate beauty of ignorance.

The Perfect Master, Vol 1

Chapter #10
Chapter title: Buddha and the Beast
30 June 1978 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:

Question 1
WHAT EXACTLY IS MAN?

MAN IS A MERE PERHAPS, A POSSIBILITY, A POTENTIAL, a becoming, a longing. Man is not yet. Man has to be. That's the agony of man, and the ecstasy too. The beast is -- there is no growth possible. It is a finished product. There is no possibility to seek and search and be. Hence, there is no freedom. The beast is in absolute bondage. The beast lives and dies without knowing that he lives and dies.The beast is, but knows not that he is.
Man is and KNOWS that he is, but knows not WHO he is.

Man is a constant process. Something is always happening, is always on the verge of happening. Man is an excitement, an adventure, a pilgrimage.

No beast can ever miss its destiny. It is always predetermined. The beast has an absolute fate. Nothing is going to be otherwise. The beast is pre-programmed. Man has no pre-programme but is just an opening. A thousand and one things are possible. Hence the anxiety: "To be this or to be that? To go to the east or to the west? To live this way or to live that way? And what is right? And what is going to fulfill me?"

Each moment man has to decide. And, obviously, when you decide, there is trembling. You can always go wrong. In fact, the possibilities to go wrong are more. Out of one thousand and one ways, only one will be right. Hence great trepidation, anguish: "Am I going to make it? Am I going to succeed in being myself? Or is it just going to be a long futile effort, and in the end frustration and failure? Will I be able to know life abundant? Will THIS life become a foundation for a greater life to come? Or is there nothing but death? Is there only the grave in the end, or something more?"

Man is an open being. EVERYTHING is possible, but NOTHING is certain. The beast is absolutely certain. It has a definition. Man has no definition.

So when you ask me: WHAT EXACTLY IS MAN? you ask me a wrong question. Man is nothing exactly. He is just a vague longing, a very very vague dream of things to be, of things which may be possible, may not be possible. Man is a hesitation. Each moment man is gripped by hesitation,

because any single step gone wrong will destroy your whole life.

Man can lose. No beast can ever lose. But because man can lose, man can gain too. They both come together. Man can grow -- man is growth. The mere perhaps can become actual. The potential can be transformed into reality. The seed can become a flowering. That which is just unmanifest can be manifested, and then there will be great splendor, great benediction.

The Buddha is, knows that he is, and also knows who he is. These are the three states of growth: the beast, the man, the Buddha. The beast has only one dimension -- he IS, he exists, utterly unaware that he exists. Hence he cannot think of death.

Death is not a problem for the beast. Death can only become a problem when you know that you are. With that very knowing the fear arises that some day you may not be -- because there was a time when you were not, there will again be a time when you will not be. Your existence is momentary. You can disappear any moment. You will disappear some day. Death is bound to happen. It is only man who knows about death.

That's why man creates religion. Religion is man's response to the possibility of death. It's man's effort to conquer death. No animal is religious, cannot be. Without the awareness of death religion has no possibility. But before you can become aware of death, you will have to become aware that you are. That's a basic requirement.

So man knows he is -- and also becomes aware and apprehensive that any moment he will not be. Time is short. For the beast time is non-existential, time is not. The beast

lives in a timeless world. Each moment. Neither thinking of the past, nor imagining about the future.

Man cannot live in the present. He thinks of the past and all the nostalgia. Days that were golden and are no more. And thinks, imagines, fantasizes about the future -- days as they should be.

Man lives in the past and in the future. The beasts live only in the present. But they are not aware that this is the present. They cannot be aware of the present. Only one who is aware of past and future can be aware of the present, because the present is sandwiched between past and future. The animals have no anxiety. The memory does not disturb them, and imaginations don't stir their hearts. They are simple. Existence has no complexity for them. When they live, they live; when they die, they die. They are innocent. Time has not entered to corrupt their being.

But man lives in time. Is aware that he is, but is not aware who he is. And that becomes a great problem: Who am l? This is the fundamental question that any man can ask. Out of this fundamental question is all philosophy, all religion, all poetry, all art -- different ways of raising the question: Who am l? different ways of answering it. But the question is one: Who am l?

If you try to understand man's life, you will see this single question persisting. Yes, the man who is mad after money is also trying to answer the question: Who am l? By having money, he thinks that he will know who he is -- he will know he is a rich man. He will have a certain identity. The man who is searching for power is basically trying to answer the question: Who am I? By becoming a prime minister of a country he will know: I am the prime minister.

But these answers are superficial and are not going to satisfy really. They can satisfy only the mediocre. They cannot satisfy the really intelligent person. Even when you have become very rich, your intelligence will go on persisting, asking, "Who are you? Yes, you have money, but who are you? You are not the money -- you cannot be that which you possess. Who is this possessor? Yes, you have become the prime minister of a country, but that is just a function, that is not your being. Who are you? Who is this person who was not a prime minister and is now a prime minister, and tomorrow may not be again? This prime-ministership is just an episode -- in whose life?"
The question persists. It can't be answered by these superficial efforts and endeavors. But basically man is trim to do that. He becomes a husband, he becomes a mother, father, this and that... but the basic urge is somehow to have a certain identity: "I am the wife, I am the husband, I am the father, I am the mother." Still you have not answered the question. Your being a mother or your being a father is just accidental, on the surface. Your innermost core remains untouched.
This is not real identity. This is a pseudo identity. The child will die -- then who are you? Then you are not the mother. The husband may leave -- then who are you? Then you are no more a wife.
These identities are very fragile, and man lives constantly in the crisis of identity. He tries hard to fix some definition around himself, but they go on slipping out of his hands. Only the religious person really asks the question, and asks in the right direction.

The Buddha exists just like the beast. The Buddha knows just like man that he is. But a third dimension has opened: he knows who he is -- he has come to see his innermost being. He has not searched for the identity in the outside world, because there can't be any identity. How can it be in the outside world? You ARE your inferiority, you ARE your inwardness, you ARE your subjectivity -- how can you know it through objects?

You may have a beautiful house, but it is outside. You may have beautiful art, paintings, antique art works, but they are outside! They can't define you. You remain undefined by them. One day the house is on fire and all your identity is burnt, and. you are standing on the road, again puzzled: "Who am I?"

That's why people commit suicide. If their money is gone, if they become bankrupt, they commit suicide. Why do they commit suicide? One wonders -- why? Money can be earned again.... Look deep into them -- that was their identity. They had believed long that "This is me." Now all that bank balance is gone. Again the problem arises: Who am l? And they wasted their whole life in creating that bank balance. Now they are not ready to go into that effort again. It is too much. They have utterly failed.

In fact, by being. a bankrupt the suicide has already happened! Their identity is gone. They no longer know now who they are. Their face has disappeared. How can they live without a face? Your woman dies whom you had loved... and you commit suicide, or you start thinking of committing suicide! because that woman was your identity. Now you are left alone, empty. And to start from the very

beginning, from scratch, seems to be too much. It is better to finish this whole thing.

These are the three stages. And when I say the beast, there are many men who are like the beast. They are -- they are not even aware that they are. They live mechanically. There are many people who are men -- they know they are, but they don't know who they are. And there are only few and far between, those rare people, who know who they are. They become three dimensional.

Man is a bridge between the beast and the Buddha. Remember, man is a bridge. Don't make your house on the bridge; the bridge is not meant for that. The bridge has to be crossed. Don't remain a man, otherwise you will remain in anxiety and anguish -- because man is not a place to stay and abide. It is a passage to be passed. It is a ladder! You cannot stay on the ladder. It is only a link from one point to another point.

The beast is, and is in a certain state of contentment. No anxiety, no fear, no death, no ambition, no longing; utterly calm and quiet. But unaware, unconscious. The Buddha is again contented, utterly at peace, at home; has arrived, the journey is finished. There is nowhere to go, he has attained. Between these two is man: half-beast, half-Buddha. Hence the tension: one part moving backwards, one part moving forwards.

Man is torn apart.

Let me repeat: Man is not a being yet. Man has lost one kind of being -- the being of a beast. And man has not yet attained another kind of being -- the being of a Buddha. And man is constantly moving between these two beings, between these two banks.

You cannot go back, because in existence there is no backward movement. You cannot go back in time; time has only one dimension: it flows forward. You can go only forward. Don't waste your time in thinking that you can also be a beast and can live like a beast: eat, drink and be merry. It is not possible for a human being. He will have to think, he will have to contemplate. He cannot afford non-thinking. And it is very risky to do that, because then you will be stuck and you will become a pool of dirty water. Your freshness, your aliveness is possible only if you go on flowing and flowing till you reach the ocean. That ocean I am calling the Buddha -- the Buddha state of consciousness.
Man HAS to become a Buddha. Create that intense desire, that intense longing, to become a Buddha. Be in a passionate search for it. Put ALL the energy that you have! Become aflame with that longing... and you can become a Buddha. And the day you become a Buddha, you have become a being again -- and a being on a higher level, on the highest Level. There is nothing higher than that.

You ask me: WHAT EXACTLY IS MAN?

As man, man is nothing exact -- just a vague phenomenon, cloudy, foggy. Man is not exact because he is a crowd. Man is many men; hence he is foggy. The unity is missing. You don't have the center -- the center arises only through consciousness. Man simply lives like a driftwood.
That's why I say man is a mere perhaps, a bewildering paradox, an absurd being. He is and he is not. He is an in-between. He is the only animal that can make a fool of

himself. No animals can make fools of themselves -- only man, because man has the capacity to become wise.
If you don't grow into wisdom, you will behave like a fool. That's what the majority of the people in the world ARE doing. If you watch from a detached viewpoint, you will be surprised how people are living... in such a mess, in such confusion, in such madness. How are they moving? They are not moving at all -- they are jogging on the same place. And if you watch man, you will be surprised: it is very rare to come across a wise man. Fools and fools... fools abound. But remember: no other animal can behave like a fool. Have you seen a dog behaving like a fool? Never. Because they cannot be wise they cannot be took. Both the possibilities arise simultaneously.
Watch yourself. Watch your foolishnesses. Be constantly alert about what you are doing with your life. It is a precious life. It is of such value that you cannot measure, you cannot evaluate it. But because it is given to you as a gift, you don't appreciate its value. Because it has been just a blessing from God, you have taken it for granted. This is foolish! Don't take it for granted. This is an opportunity to grow.
And you have to answer to God for what you did with your life. Have you come the same as you had gone? Or even worse? Think of this, that man is answerable. And unless you are a Buddha you will not be able to answer. Because to be a Buddha is to be a God -- and that is your intrinsic possibility. And unless you are a God, you will not feel contented.
And only then will you know what exactly you are. Right now, you are nothing, a mere Lee r leapt....

The second question:

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO, I HAVE BEEN LISTENING TO YOUR WORDS FOR SOMETIME AND I CAN ACCEPT EVERYTHING YOU SAY ON TRUTH AND NO-TRUTH. ONLY ONE QUESTION REMAINS IN MY MIND: IF MY ENLIGHTENMENT DEPENDS ON ME AND MY RELATIONSHIP WITH TOTALITY AND NOTHING ELSE, WHAT IS THE POINT IN MY SURRENDERING TO A HUMAN MASTER?

THE MASTER IS NOT HUMAN, only looks human. The Master his a passage to the totality. This is the beauty of being a disciple, because only the disciple is able to see that the Master is not human. The curious visitors, or the students, who have come to gather a little bit of knowledge here, will not be able to see that. And then this question will arise.
Kenneth, you are right: you are here, still, unrelated to me. You are here uncommitted to me. You are here uninvolved with me.
You are a spectator, not a participant. And the greater mysteries become available to those who DARE to participate. Don't remain a spectator, otherwise I will remain human. Become a participant! and you will see a transforming vision. You will see that something has changed in you. I am the same! But when you become a disciple, you have the eyes which can see that the Master is not human.

If the Master is human, he is not the .Master. He is only a teacher. To the student I remain a teacher. To the spectator, how can I be available in my totality? Unless you come close... and what ELSE is discipleship? -- courage to come close to somebody where death is possible, courage to come close to a fire where you will be burnt to ashes. And only then is there resurrection.

Jesus was a human being to the Jews who crucified him. But he was not a human being to Luke, to Thomas, to Mark. To the disciples he was Christ, son of God. To the spectators, to the crowd, he was the son of the carpenter Joseph, son of man, and of a very ordinary man. They were not watching the same person, remember; although they were looking at the same person, they were not seeing the same person at all. Their visions made the difference.

To the disciples, Buddha was not human. Hence, they called him Bhagwan. But to the spectators he was just as human as anybody else.

And the problem is that the disciple cannot prove it -- these things are beyond proof. They are, but they are not available to proof. And those who were saying that Buddha is just human were more logical -- because he feels hunger, becomes thirsty, falls ill. These are the proofs that he is human! What more proof do you need? Became old, and died of food poisoning. What more proof do you need? How can God die? Human beings die; God is eternal. How can God fall ill? And Buddha falls ill. His private physician, Jivaka, has to follow him continuously. Does God need a physician? Only a human being needs a physician.

When it is hot, Buddha perspires. What more proof do you need?! When it is cold, he shivers. A thousand and one proofs can be gathered together that he is just like us. What is the difference?

And the disciple will always be at a loss, although the disciple will laugh about all these proofs, because these are just stupid things that have been collected by the people. They are irrelevant facts, because the disciple has come so close that he has been able to have a contact with the Master's soul -- the Master's body has become irrelevant. The body is just a vehicle.

If I am traveling in a car and the car is broken, I am not broken. If the car is rattling and making all kinds of noises, that is just in the mechanism of the car. So is the body -- a vehicle. But something deeper than the body is there, something higher than the body is there -- something of the totality. A window has opened into totality.

Who is a Master? One who is in tune with totality.

To be in love with a Master is to approach totality. To you, totality will be just a word. You can understand it intellectually. And that's what has happened to Kenneth.

He says: I HAVE BEEN LISTENING TO YOUR WORDS FOR SOME TIME, AND I CAN ACCEPT EVERYTHING YOU SAY ON TRUTH AND NO-TRUTH.

This is an intellectual understanding. You must be an intelligent person! So what I say, you understand. I am not using very difficult words; my expression is as simple and common as anybody else's. I am not using a special

terminology. I am not using any jargon, so you can understand. There is no problem in it.
But to understand that which I say is one thing, and to understand me is quite another. If you only understand that which I am saying, you will gather only the superficial; you will miss the essential, because the essential cannot be said. The Tao that can be said is not the true Tao. And the God that can be uttered is not the real God. Religion in its fundamental richness remains unexpressed.
So what I am saying is not that which I am.

Buddha was passing through a forest. The whole forest was full of dry leaves; leaves were falling. The trees were naked. His disciple, Ananda, asked him, "Bhagwan, a question has been persisting in my mind again and again. And now I cannot resist -- I have to ask it. This is my question: you have told us many things -- have you told all that you know? or is it only a part?"
Buddha took a few leaves, dry leaves, from the ground in his hand and said, "Ananda, how many leaves have I in my hand?"
Ananda said, "Not more than a dozen, just a few."
And Buddha said, "How many leaves are in this forest?"
And Ananda said, "Millions and millions -- cannot be counted."
And Buddha said, "So is the case, Ananda: what I have said is just like the leaves in my hand, and what I have not said is like the leaves in this whole forest. But don't think that I am a miser, that I don't want to say those things -- they cannot be said by their very nature. It is impossible to say them."

The student will learn only that which has been said. The disciple learns that which is not said and cannot be said. To the student, words reach, and he will become knowledgeable. To the disciple, the being reaches, and he becomes knowing, not knowledgeable.
That is the function of the relationship between a Master and a disciple. It is a love affair! It is intimacy. It is ajar more intense intimacy than happens in any other love. When two persons are in love, it is the intensity of sexual desire, a physical closeness. Soon it will disappear. It is not going to last long. It is momentary, because sexual energy is momentary. The body is momentary.
The relationship between a Master and a disciple is the relationship between two souls which are eternal. Once established, it

Kenneth, you say: I HAVE BEEN LISTENING TO YOUR WORDS FOR SOME TIME AND I CAN ACCEPT EVERYTHING YOU SAY ON TRUTH AND NO-TRUTH.

And it is not a question of acceptance either. It is a question of being DROWNED in me! Accepting, you remain yourself. Accepting, you are not coming out of your ego. You say, "Yes, my logic also says this is right -- I agree." This is a kind of agreement. You remain you, I remain me, and there is a kind of agreement. But when you dissolve, it is not a kind of agreement. It is not that you accept what I say. There is no question of acceptance or nonacceptance .

Remember: if you accept, any day you can reject -- because there is no guarantee that tomorrow also I will be saying the same thing. Today you have accepted something that I have said; tomorrow you may not be able to accept it. But the disciple is one for whom acceptance, non-acceptance, have become meaningless. He is drowned in me. So if today I am saying one thing, he listens joyously. And there never arises an idea whether to accept it or reject it -- there is no question because there is no separation. As if what I am saying, he is saying. Not that he agrees. There is nobody to agree with it. Not that he nods his head in agreement -- that head has disappeared; there is nothing to nod. Then tomorrow, even if I say just the opposite of it, there is no problem, because there is nobody to reject. Yesterday it was like that. Today it is like this. Tomorrow it will be like that. His attunement with my being is so total that he understands. It is not a question of acceptance but of tremendous understanding -- which knows no rejection. This is trust. Between the Master and the disciple blooms a flower called trust. And it is trust that leads you to God, to totality.

You say: ONLY ONE QUESTION REMAINS IN MY MIND...

And that is not one question -- that is thousands of questions. In one question are condensed all the questions possible.

IF MY ENLIGHTENMENT DEPENDS ON ME AND MY RELATIONSHIP WITH TOTALITY AND NOTHING...

Yes, I say again and again: Your enlightenment depends on you -- but not as you are today, not as you are now. This you has to go. Another kind of you has to come into existence. This you is the barrier; enlightenment doesn't depend on it. Otherwise, it could have happened already. This 'I' that you are carrying, this person Kenneth, in you who says "I am" -- no, on this enlightenment does not depend. It is the barrier, it is the hindrance.

If this 'I' dies, then a different kind of phenomenon arises in you -- which is no more 'I' but a kind of pure 'amness'. When you say "I am," I is false, am is true. And you will need a Master to destroy your I and to free your am. That amness, undefined, pure existence, being, innocence -- that amness is the door to enlightenment.

But where are you going to drop your I? That I is surrounding your am so much that you cannot even conceive what amness will mean without I. In fact, the question will arise: How can there be amness if there is no l? I seems to be more important; am seems to be just shadow to it. The truth is just the opposite.

I is false: amness is the truth.

And when you surrender to a Master, you don't surrender your amness -- it CANNOT be surrendered -- you only surrender your I. A Master takes away things which you believe you have but you don't have. A Master takes away your diseases only. And when all the diseases have been taken away, health wells up.

The health cannot be given by the Master, that's true -- because a given thing will be a given thing. And if it is given, it can be taken away. If it is a given thing, somebody

can steal it. If it is a given thing, somewhere you can forget, lose track of it. A given thing is not of much importance. The Master never gives you truth: he only takes your lies away. When all the rocks of the lies have been removed, truth flows. That is your innermost spring. Nobody needs to give it to you.

But who will take your I? Who will drink this poison of your I? You will need somebody who has come to a point where his immortality is revealed to him -- he can drink all your poison.

You must have seen pictures of Shiva. A beautiful myth is behind those pictures. If you have looked closely into a Shiva picture, you will see that his throat is blue. That is a very very beautiful story. DEVAS, gods, and the anti-gods, ASURAS, were churning the ocean to find elixirs -- but you cannot find elixir directly. It is hidden deep.

The first thing that they came across was not elixir but poison. Now who should drink the poison? Shiva drank it. That's why his throat has become blue. Only HE could drink it. You can drink death only when you know you are deathless.

When the disciple comes to the Master, he brings all kinds of poisons. Unknowingly he has been nourishing those poisons. And the ego is the greatest poison. And before your immortality can be revealed to you, your poison has to be removed. Who is going to drink it?! Only one who knows that he is deathless can drink it.

The Master drinks all the poison out of the disciple's system. Slowly slowly, he takes away all the poisons from the disciple. And one day, when all the poison has been taken out, the immortal is there in all its glory.

You say to me: ONLY ONE QUESTION REMAINS IN MY MIND: IF MY ENLIGHTENMENT DEPENDS ON ME...

Certainly it depends on you, but not as you are right now. This you is false. This you has to go. This you has to cease, then the real you will arrive.

... AND MY RELATIONSHIP WITH TOTALITY AND NOTHING ELSE, WHAT IS THE POINT IN MY SURRENDERING TO A HUMAN MASTER?

It is certainly true that the question is of your relationship with totality and nothing else is needed -- but as long as you are, you will resist totality, you will fight totality. You cannot relate with totality. You have to go, only then is the relationship there.

The Master is needed only to take away all that is unnecessarily around you -- the hindrances, the barriers. The Master will give you your real being by taking all that is unreal in you. When you surrender to a Master, you surrender only the unreal because you have only the unreal! If you already have the real, there is no point in surrendering to a Master. But if you HAD that, you would not have been here in the first place.

What are you doing here? Why are you even listening to me? For what? It all depends on you and your relationship with totality... why listen to me? This must be somewhere a deep ego which is rationalizing. The ego is VERY clever. When it listens to such statements, that the enlightenment

depends on you, the ego says, "Look, so it depends on me -- there is no need to surrender." When it is said that it is only a question of your being with totality, the ego says, "Perfectly true -- there is no need to surrender."

I am not interested in your surrender at all -- because what have you got to surrender to me? Only diseases, poisons. You have no riches to surrender to me! Only miseries, frustrations, despairs, anxieties. What have you got to surrender to me? But people cling even to their misery. They think it is some kind of treasure.

Watch the cunning ways of the ego.

And when you surrender to a Master, you surrender only all that is false. And in that surrendering, the Master is just an excuse. If you can surrender directly to the totality, perfectly good -- you go and surrender to totality. But where are you going to find the totality? Where? You don't have the eyes to see the totality. And totality cannot be encountered directly. You will come across it only in indirect ways. You will fall in love with a woman -- surrender! because the woman represents a kind of totality. The feminine aspect of it. You may fall in love with a friend -- surrender! He represents another kind of totality, another aspect of it. Another window opens. You love music -- surrender!

Don't go on using this word 'totality'. "Why should I surrender to music? I am going to surrender to totality. Why should I surrender to love? I am going to surrender to totality. Why should I surrender to beauty? I am going to surrender to totality."

Where will you find totality? Totality exists in millions of forms... the beauty of the sunrise, and the silence of the

night, and the loving eyes of a friend, and the warm hand of a woman. These are ALL gestures of totality. Totality comes in these ways. These are totality's approaches towards you.
The Master is the CLEAREST way of totality reaching towards you, a CONSCIOUS way of totality reaching to you. The woman is unconscious, the friend is unconscious -- they are unconsciously parts of totality. A Master is consciously part of totality; hence, there is no substitute for a Master.
Jesus is right when he says: I am the way -- unless you go through me, you will not reach. He is not talking only about himself -- the Master is speaking. And whenever a Master speaks, he speaks for all the Masters, past, present future.

The third question:

Question 3
WHY AM I SO AFRAID TO ASK YOU A QUESTION?

EVERYBODY IS, BECAUSE TO ASK a question means to put your head in front of me. And one never knows what I am going to do with your head. I may hit, I may cut it. I may make a football of it... nobody knows! Fear is natural. One thing is certain, that I am going to do something drastic. Fear is nothing out of place, but still ask -- because that is the purpose of your being here and my being here. Ask if a question arises; don't be afraid. And if you are very much afraid, you can do one thing a few people do: you can ask in somebody else's name. Then he gets the beating and you envoy.

But ask. Without asking, it will persist. And it may be important; it may have something of immense importance. It may change... the answer may become a new vision. In spite of the fear, go on asking -- till questions disappear and the questioner disappears too.
But fear is natural.
I have heard:

A man came to a doctor complaining that he had an uncontrollable cough. The doctor gave him a bottle of castor oil and said, "Go home and drink down the entire bottle and come back tomorrow. "
When the patient came back next day, the doctor asked, "Did you take the castor oil?"
The man answered, "Yes."
The doctor then continued, "Do you still cough?"
The patient said, "Yes, I continue to cough."
The doctor gave him a second bottle of castor oil and said "Take this, and come back tomorrow."
The next day the man returned. The doctor asked him, "Do you still cough?"
And the patient said, "Yes, I still cough regularly."
The doctor then gave him yet another bottle of castor oil, and said, "Drink this entire bottle tonight and come back tomorrow morning."
The patient returned and the doctor looked at the poor wretch and said, "Do you cough now?"
The patient quiveringly answered, "I don't cough any more -- I am afraid to."

You go on asking questions and I will go on giving you castor oil bottles. Sooner or later, one day you will be afraid to cough -- afraid to ask a question.

Your system has to be cleansed. Your question should not be just out of curiosity. Remember that. Never ask a question just out of curiosity; that is meaningless. If a question has something important for you, if your life depends on it, if it has something to do with your lifestyle, with your habits -- mechanical, robot like -- if it has something about it that if it is solved you will become more aware, ask it. Don't ask metaphysical questions, because they are not going to change you. Ask psychological questions -- only they are going to transform you.

Bertrand Russell has said: There are three possibilities of man's approach towards life. One is conflict with nature, second is conflict with other human beings, and third is conflict with oneself.

The first has been the way of the Western philosophy, Western science, Western speculation, thinking. A fight with nature. The Western mill became objective: How to transform nature? -- that became the root question. They have not been able to transform it, although they have destroyed it. They have destroyed the rhythm of nature. They have destroyed the ecosystem. They have created havoc in nature's harmony. And now there seems to be no going back. The earth is dying.

There seems to be only one possibility, that man should migrate from this planet to another planet. Within a hundred years it will be impossible to live on this earth. It is almost turning into a corpse. This earth has been so much raped by science, so much wounded, crippled, paralyzed,

because of that approach: conquer nature! And man became absolutely absorbed and occupied with only one thing: how to conquer nature? -- and forgot everything else.

The Chinese mind has moved in a different way. Its sole concern has been: How to live with man? Its concern has been social. Man is a social animal. How to create better moralities? How to create better social systems? How to have a better society? a higher culture? a better civilization? About nature, the Chinese mind has not been in conflict. It appreciates nature, it loves nature. Nature has an aesthetic value for the Chinese. Enjoy it! There is no need to conquer. Celebrate it! There is no need to fight. The basic problem for the Chinese mind has been: How should we make man more human? The whole struggle is: How to destroy between man and man, -- hatred, anger, rage, animality -- the beast-like attitudes, the violence? China has created one of most civilized cultures there ever has been.

The Indian mind has taken the third route: How to transform oneself? The West has given birth to science, China has given birth to a higher quality sociology, India has given birth to the supreme science of psychology -- the science of the soul. That's exactly what psychology means. In fact, Western psychology should not call itself psychology, because it is not a science of the soul at all. On the contrary, it only observes human behavior -- from the outside. It thinks about man also as an object. It reduces man's dignity. It turns man into a mechanism.

It is not important for the Western psychology to think: What is inside man? All that is important is what he DOES, how he functions -- his behavior. But in the Indian

consciousness, the only basic problem has been: How to conquer oneself? How to raise one's consciousness to the highest peak possible? How to become a Buddha?
These three approaches have been prevalent.

Never ask a question which is not really of any concern to your spiritual growth. My whole concern here is to help you become more conscious. Don't ask stupid questions. And sometimes even very intelligent people ask stupid questions.
Just the other night I was reading an ancient book written by a great Hindu philosopher, Kumaril. He criticizes Buddha on many accounts, but one thing was so ridiculous that I could not believe that a man of the intelligence of Kumaril should raise such a question!
It is said -- by the disciples of Buddha, of course -- that he was all-knowing. 'All-knowing' does not mean that he was a kind of Encyclopedia Britannica. 'All knowing means that he knew all that is worth knowing. 'All-knowing' means that he knew all that is helpful for the consciousness to grow. And what has this Kumaril done? He says, "This is wrong, because he did not know how many insects are in the world." Now this Brahmin, Kumaril, must have been a stupid kind of person. How many insects there are in the world Buddha did not know, so he is not all-knowing.
Sometimes it can happen: you may be an intelligent person on the surface, you may have logical acumen, cleverness, and still, deep down, you are stupid. Now what kind of question is this? It is so absurd just to think of it.
Never ask a question which is not relevant to your spiritual growth. And whenever a question arises about your

spiritual growth, put all fear aside -- you have to ask it! Even if my answer shatters you, even if I hit HARD on your head, I do that, I teach you, by hammering your head... I keep an invisible hammer in my hand always, and whenever I see that some skull is worth breaking, I really break it.

But you will be grateful one day that your skull was broken, that you were killed in your stupidities. So whatsoever the cause of your fear, you have to ask it. That is the only way to come closer to me. Each question asked, answered, brings you closer.

And I am not saying that if there is no question, then too you have to ask -- then there is no problem. Don't ask if you don't have any question. That too happens. People are such that they live in extremes. There are people who write to me: "So many people ask questions and I have not asked a single question up to now -- am I doing something wrong?" If you don't have a question, there is no need to ask one. But if you HAVE a question, it has to be asked -- whatsoever the cost.

The fourth question:

Question 4
WHAT IS A MYSTICAL EXPERIENCE?

MARGO, FIRST: a mystical experience is not an experience at all. It is called 'mystical experience' because we have to call it something, but it is not an experience at all.

An experience is always outside you. You see the clouds in the sky, or the lightning in the sky. Or, you can see the same inside too: you can close your eyes and you can see light inside That too is outside -- because the seer remains always outside the seen, the observer remains outside the observed, the experiencer remains outside the experienced. And the mystical experience is not something outside you: it is very special kind of experience, unique.
What is its uniqueness?
The experience and the experienced become one, the knower and the known become one. There is no division at all. It is not that you see something, but that you are it. God is never experi-enced as an object : God is always experienced as your innermost being,. "ANA'L HAQ!" declares Al-Hillaj Mansoor -- "I am God! " the Sufi says. Or "AHAM BRAHMASMI!" the Upanishads declare -- "I am all!" It is not an experience! All experiences have been dissolved. Nothing is left. Only pure consciousness is there, but in that pure consciousness this understanding arises. The knower and the known are no more separate.
The mystical experience is such that you are involved in it with your totality. It is not in the head, it is not in the heart either; it is not in the body, it is not in the mind, it is not in the soul only. It pulsates all over you and beyond you. It pulsates with your totality .
I have heard a very ancient parable:

Once it happened, three saints, very famous saints, well-known saints, were passing through a forest. They all had worked hard, disciplined their lives arduously. They were great seekers. One was a bhakti yogi -- a follower on the

path of devotion, love, prayer. Another was a gyan yogi -- a follower on the path of knowledge, wisdom, intelligence, awareness. And the third was a karma yogi -- a follower on the path of action, service, commitment.

They all had done all that a man can do, all that is humanly possible, but yet they had not experienced God. Now they were getting old, and getting a little bit frustrated too. Time was slipping out of their hands, and the goal was as far away as ever, and coldness was settling. But that day a miracle happened.

Suddenly, it started raining,. They all had to rush into a small temple. The temple was very small; just four pillars and a roof, open from all sides, and the rain was really strong, and the wind was strong, and the wind was bringing rainwater inside the temple. It was getting wet almost over the place. So they all had to stand just in the middle, surrounding the Shivalinga -- it must have been a Shiva temple. And as the water started coming more and more inwards, they had to come closer and closer.

They were coming so close that they were touching coach other. Suddenly, when they touched each other, they felt that they were not three there but four. Surprised, startled... and the fourth, and the presence of the fourth, was so strong that they asked each other, "What are you feeling?" And they all said, "Something strange is present here."

Slowly slowly, the presence became very very clear and radiant. It was such ecstasy to see that presence. They all fell on their knees, and they asked the presence -- because it was SO clear that it was God and nobody else -- they asked, "Why? We have worked our whole life and we

could not even see a glimpse of you, and today what has happened? Why have you suddenly come?"
And God laughed and said, "Because you all are together here. Touching each other, you have become total. And I can only be available to you when you are total. Now, you are not fragments. Up to now you have been fragments: one was working through the heart, another was working through the head, and the third was working through the body. You were fragmentary. And I am not available to the fragments: I,am available only when somebody becomes total. In this moment, your energies met and mingled with each other.
"I have always followed you, but have remained invisible because the I can only see me when it is total. Now you can touch me! Now you can have me! You have been missing me for only one reason: you were adamant, stubborn; you were clinging to one fragment -- and God is a totality."

This is my message to you: A mystical experience is a total experience -- of the body, of the mind, of the soul. ALL IS INVOLVED IN IT. Nothing is outside it. So don't reject anything in your life; let everything be absorbed. That's why I say 'from sex to super consciousness' -- everything has to be absorbed in it, nothing has to be rejected. The person who rejects anything has rejected God himself -- because God IS totality.
Accept all, appreciate all. Rejoice in all! And let your life become a total organic unity. When you are organically one, you will have that orgasmic, oceanic experience called the mystic experience. It is not an experience... you ARE it. The experience is not separate from it.

God is not seen: one becomes God.

Liberation does not happen to you: you become liberation.
Nirvana is not something in your hands: you are Nirvana.
Enlightenment is not something that happens in you: you are it!
Hence, though we call it, 'spiritual experience', it really cannot be called spiritual experience. There are sexual experiences, but no spiritual experiences. There are aesthetic experiences, but no spiritual experiences. There are MANY kinds of experiences, but spiritual, mystical experience is not one of them: it is absolutely a separate reality. It is all alone. It is a category in itself.
The basic thing to remember: in all our experiences, the knower remains separate from the known; in spiritual, mystical experience, the knower and the known dissolve into each other. And that is the beauty of it, and its benediction, and its freedom.

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Chapter #1

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ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A COW. IN ALL THE WORLD THERE WAS NO ANIMAL WHICH SO REGULARLY GAVE SO MUCH MILK OF SUCH HIGH QUALITY.
PEOPLE CAME FROM FAR AND WIDE TO SEE THIS WONDER. THE COW WAS EXTOLLED BY ALL. FATHERS TOLD THEIR CHILDREN OF ITS DEDICATION TO ITS APPOINTED TALKS. MINISTERS OF RELIGION ADJURED THEIR FLOCKS TO EMULATE IT IN THEIR OWN WAY. GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS REFERRED TO IT AS A PARAGON WHICH RIGHT BEHAVIOUR, PLANNING AND THINKING COULD DUPLICATE IN THE HUMAN COMMUNITY. EVERYONE WAS, IN SHORT, ABLE TO BENEFIT FROM THE EXISTENCE OF THIS WONDERFUL ANIMAL.
THERE WAS, HOWEVER, ONE FEATURE WHICH MOST PEOPLE, ABSORBED AS THEY WERE BY THE OBVIOUS ADVANTAGES OF THE COW, FAILED TO OBSERVE. IT HAS A LITTLE HABIT, YOU SEE. AND THIS HABIT WAS THAT AS SOON AS A PAIL HAD BEEN FILLED WITH ITS ADMITTEDLY UNPARALLELED MILK -- IT KICKED IT OVER.

Sufism is not speculation -- it is utterly practical. It is not a philosophy -- it is very down-to-earth. Its roots are in the

earth. It is not abstract, wholly thinking -- it means business. It wants to transform people, not just to stuff their minds with futile, impotent ideas. And all ideas as such are impotent. They pretend much, but when you go deep into them, you will always find them empty of all reality. They promise, but they never deliver the goods. They cheat. Philosophers have been the greatest cheats in the world. They create beautiful mansions in the air. They are artists in creating dreams. And those who become enchanted with those dreams are very unfortunate, because their lives will be wasted. And by the time they become aware that they have been chasing dreams, it will be too late.

And there are a few people who never become aware of it. Their whole lives they remain engrossed in ideas, and they die engrossed in the ideas. They never come face to face with reality. And it is only reality that liberates.

Truth liberates, not ideas. And truth is not an idea: truth is a experience.

Sufism is not an 'I'm' as such. It is a practical methodology It is alchemy. If you understand its ways, it is going to transmute you from lower metal to higher metal. It can take you to another reality. It can open doors to the ultimate. It is not interested in giving you great ideas. Its basic emphasis is how to give you a little more awareness. Even an ounce of awareness is far more valuable than the whole Himalayas of philosophy. An inch of becoming more conscious is far better than traveling thousands of miles in your dreams.

Philosophy is a very articulate dream -- non-pictorial, conceptual, but still it is a dream, a very sophisticated dream. Unsophisticated people dream in pictures;

sophisticated people dream in concepts -- but the quality remains the same.
The dream is that which prevents you from knowing the reality. All dreaming has to stop, has to cease. When your eyes are no more full of dreams, you will be able to see that which is. And that liberates, that uplifts, that transmutes!
A few things about the Sufi approach:
First, that it is more scientific than philosophic -- scientific in the sense that the criterion of truth has to be a practical result. If your religion is true, it will nourish you, it will strengthen you, it will expand you. The truth is not in the proofs -- only you can be the proof.

Vivekananda asked Ramakrishna, "What proofs are there of God's existence?"
And Ramakrishna said, "I am."

A strange answer. Vivekananda had not expected that answer. You also would not have expected it, because when somebody is asking for a proof of God, then there are traditional, philosophical proofs. One expects those proofs. Vivekananda must have been thinking Ramakrishna would say, "Everything needs a creator. The world is, therefore there must be a creator. We may be able to see him or not, but the creator must be there because the world is."
But no, Ramakrishna didn't say anything like that. He was not a philosopher: he was a Sufi. He said, "I am! Look at me. feel me! Go into me! I can take you into that reality that you are calling God. What name you give to it is irrelevant. I have been to those heights -- I can lead the way for you too. Are you ready to come with me?"

Vivekananda was not prepared. He had come to argue. But this is not an argument. This is going to be risky, to follow this madman. One can never be certain where he will lead you.
Vivekananda hesitated. And Ramakrishna said, "Before you ask a question, you should be ready to receive the answer! Are you a coward or something? Why did you ask in the first place?" And Ramakrishna jumped -- he was that kind of madman, like Zusya -- and he touched Vivekananda with his feet on his chest, and Vivekananda fell into a kind of trance.
When after one hour he woke up, he was a transformed man. He bowed down, touched the feet of Ramakrishna, and said, "Excuse me, I am sorry. It was so childish of me to ask such a question. It is not a question -- it is an adventure. And thank you! You have given me a taste of something of which I was not aware at all."

This is the way of the Sufi. He creates a situation. The situation is his lab. In that situation he slowly slowly persuades you, seduces you, really, to go into the beyond. Yes, it is a seduction -- because who will be ready to go into the beyond? The mind wants to cling to the known; the known is familiar. With the known we are skillful, efficient; vie can tackle it. To go into the unknown is certainly risky. And we will be like children. All our expertise will be left behind. All our knowledge will be of no use there. Who wants to go into the unknown? But God is not only unknown but unknowable. God is available only to those who gather courage and go into the unknown.

The Sufi Master helps you to gather courage. The Sufi Master, by THIS example, by his being, by his presence, creates the longing for the impossible. Stirs your heart. Gives a new life release to your breathing. Pulsates you with a new passion for God. But this is not philosophy. He does not solve a question at all. Yes, he helps you to dissolve all questions, but he never solves a question.

So the first thing to be understood is: Sufism is practical, very very down-to-earth. Sufism likes people like Zorba the Greek, because they are the people who can become Zorba the Buddha -- only they are the people who can become. The people who have become very very clever in playing with words, philosophizing, abstraction, rationalizations, explanations, they are not the people to go into that journey. They are cowards. All their philosophization is nothing but an escape from the truth. To escape from the truth they create theories about truth, and then they cling to those theories believing that this is what truth is all about. Hence, there are Hindus and Mohammedans and Christians and Jains, but not Sufis. A Sufi has nothing to do with Hinduism or Mohammedanism, or Christianity. A Sufi can happen anywhere! in any religion, or in no religion. A Sufi is a wanderer, a Sufi is universal. A Sufi belongs to the whole world and the whole world belongs to the Sufi. All is his, and he uses all situations to transcend.

The Sufi agrees perfectly with the Buddha as far as the definition of truth is concerned. Buddha is reported to have said to his disciples: Truth is that which works. A very pragmatic definition of truth. Never surpassed. Even modern science cannot give a better definition of truth than Buddha has given: Truth is that which works. If it doesn't

work, it is not true. The lie is that which doesn't work, it cannot work. It cannot work because it goes against the universal law. Truth works because it is in harmony with the universal law.

Remember it: always go on judging your beliefs, your concepts, your prejudices -- let this be the touchstone. Believe only in that which works. And then it is no more belief: it is trust, because you have seen its work. You know it corresponds with Tao; you know it is in tune with the ultimate law of life, with Dhamma.

This should be the one and only criterion for all those who follow on the path.

Philosophy is abstract, woolly and utterly meaningless. It cry Ares great clouds around you, and gives you a feeling as if you are coming closer to knowing something. But that never happens. One can be surrounded by very colorful clouds -- nothing is going to happen. In fact, philosophy hinders. The more clouds you have around you of thoughts, ideas, ideologies, the less is the possibility of having clarity to see.

Drop all philosophies. Let your eyes be empty, empty of all. Those empty eyes become full of truth.

Philosophy only creates words, generates words and words and words. One word generates another word... it is a kind of unconscious association.

Watch sometimes sitting silently: utter one word, and wait, and you will see it is bringing other words. That's how psychoanalysis works: free association. Lie down on the couch of a psychoanalyst and he says, "Free associate -- let anything come." One word comes, and you are surprised: it is hooked with other words, it brings other words. And then

you are even more surprised: words are not separate, they are chained with each other. There is a certain system . Words exist in bunches. Just one word... and it provokes a series, and it goes on and on and on.
One word creates another. This is what Buddha calls SANTAAN. Just as parents give birth to a child, words give birth to another word, a continuum. It goes on ad infinitum. People are not lost in ignorance: people are lost in the jungles of words. Sufism is very much against being wordy. It happens: if you go to a Sufi Master, you will have to be with him for years. And only when you have been with him for years sitting silently, watching, or doing whatsoever he tells you to do.... No questions are raised, no doubts solved, no discussions allowed, no argumentation appreciated. If the Master says, "Go and fetch up water from the well," you go and fetch up water from the well. You don't ask why. Even sometimes the Master may ask something absurd.
A famous Sufi story:

A seeker came to a Master and he said, "I have been to many Masters and they all have failed me. Nobody was a true Master. I have come with great hope to you. This is my last resort -- be my shelter. And I know you have it! I can see you have it. It is radiating."
The Master said, "Yes, I have it. And I know those people you have been with -- they also have it. The problem is not whether I have it or not: the problem is whether you will be able to take it!"
The disciple said, "I am ready. Whatsoever you say I will do."

The Master said, "Then come on with me, I am going to the well to fetch water. Remember one thing: never ask a question. Questions are not allowed. Watch! but never ask a question."

The disciple said, "This is not difficult." But from the very beginning he started feeling very uneasy -- because the Master was carrying a bucket with no bottom! to the well, to fetch water. But he kept quiet. It was difficult, it was REALLY hard, but he kept quiet. He avoided looking at the bucket... with no bottom? and, you are going to fetch water?

A thousand and one times in those few moments that passed between the house and the well, the idea arose in him to ask, "What are you doing? Have you gone mad?" But the question was not allowed. But how long can you go on this way?

The Master started drawing water from the well. And, of course, the bucket had no bottom so when it would go into the well, it would fill; and when he would start pulling it up, all the water would fall out -- and only the empty bucket cam up. Just think about the disciple... and he is standing there and seeing this whole nonsense. He became suspicious of this man: "Either he is mad or a fool. And what am I getting into with this man? My old Masters were at least better."

But questions were not allowed, so he somehow repressed the temptation. Once it happened, the bucket came up empty, and the second time and the third time -- and the fourth time he forgot all about it and he said, "What are you doing?! This is no way to draw water from a well. Your bucket has no bottom."

And the Master said, "You have broken the rule. You were not supposed to ask anything -- you were only supposed to watch. Get lost! I have nothing to do with you."
The disciple thought, meditated over it the whole night, and felt, "There must have been something mysterious in it -- I missed. I should have waited."
He went back the next day, and asked to be forgiven. The Master said, "I can forgive, but you will not be able. You could not resist a small thing. You could not control yourself for such a small thing. If it was absurd that was my problem, not your problem. How were you concerned with it? It was only a device. If in such a small thing you cannot remain non-argumentative... there are greater things which I am going to reveal to you, it will be impossible for you to remain non-argumentative. And Sufis don't believe in argumentation. I am not interested at all in your questions and answering them. I have it! I can give it to you. But you will have to prepare yourself. And this is your preparation: become non-questioning, remain in a state of no doubt."

Sufis create such situations. These situations help the disciple to mature. Once the maturity is there, the transmission becomes possible. The Master has it, the disciple can also have it -- but there are a few things that have to be dropped.

SO THE FIRST THING ABOUT SUFISM IS: it is all alchemy -- the science of the inner soul. It is an experimentation in consciousness. Only the result decides whether what you were doing was right or wrong. There is no other way of deciding it.

Philosophies go on moving in circles -- they never lead you anywhere. Sufism is tired of philosophies. In fact, ALL great mystics are tired of philosophies. It is because of the mire of the philosophies and the confusion of the philosophies that people are debarred from knowing that which is their birthright. God is not lost through your sins: God is lost through your so-called knowledge.

Sufism is experimentation for a certain experience. It is not a path of belief but of knowing, experiencing. It is existential. Experience of what? Experience of oneself. It is not speculation for speculation's sake. It has a methodology which yields the most sublime experience of all -- call it God, Nirvana, moksha, liberation, or what you will, it is the most sublime experience of them all. It is the greatest experience in life. And without this experience, nobody ever feels any contentment, cannot feel. We are MEANT to attain to this experience. This is our potential: it has to become actual. This is our seed: it has to bloom in all its color and fragrance. And unless the seed has become the tower we will remain uneasy, uncomfortable, hankering for something, not knowing exactly what. Searching, groping....

Man remains groping and searching. And the search ends only with God and never otherwise. What is God? The experience of your own innermost core. God is not there! God is here inside your heart, pulsating, breathing, aware. God is very close by.

Ramana Maharshi says: self-knowledge is an easy thing the easiest thing there is. Because it is so close! It is already there, it has always been there. Just a look, just a turning-in, and you are no more a beggar, and you have attained to

emperor hood, and you are enthroned, and you are crowned, and you are a king. Just a look within.... But this is what Sufis say. Ramana is a Sufi.

I am using the world 'Sufi' in the widest meaning of the word. Buddha is a Sufi, Jesus is a Sufi, Ramana is a Sufi. By 'Sufi', I mean one who is fed up with philosophies and has started searching for the real, who is no more satisfied with synthetic food and who searches for the real nourishment.

Ramana says: Self-knowledge is as easy a thing as any -- the easiest thing there is. But just in contrast to it, listen to this sentence from Immanuel Kant, a great philosopher: Metaphysics is a call to reason to undertake anew the most difficult of all tasks, namely that of self-knowledge. Philosophy makes it difficult, very difficult, almost impossible -- because philosophy moves farther and farther away from it. To know about the self is not to know it, to know about God is not to know God -- how can the 'about' be it? About and about... you go in circles. It becomes impossible.

The more you become clever, cunning, calculating, about the about, the farther and farther you are led astray. It is not a question of knowing about the self: it is simply a question of KNOWING it, being aware; not a question of thinking about it, but of centering in it. witting silently in it, and it is revealed.

Ramana is right, he has to be right -- he knows. Immanuel Kant is not right, he cannot be right -- he never came across it. Although he tried hard, he worked hard -- he had one of the keenest intellects ever. His acumen cannot be doubted.

His logic is perfect. But as far as his insight is concerned, he is blind.
It is like a blind man thinking about light -- it is bound to be impossible. How can a blind man think about light?
Buddha says that it happened:

In a great king's court, the scholars of the court started debating about God. And the king was no ordinary king -- he was REALLY a king, the king of the inner world. His outer kingdom was just accidental; it had happened accidentally to him.
One great king was dying. He had no son. Before his death, he made a will that "Tomorrow morning, whosoever enters into the town, the first man, let him become the king." And this was just a coincidence -- this sannyasin was the first to enter through the gates, so he was made the king. That was accidental. Before that he had already become the king of the inner kingdom.
In his court, they were discussing God. And the king started laughing, and he said, "Listen. Collect all the blind men of the town." And all the blind men were collected, and the king said, "Have you all seen elephants?"
And they said, "Yes."
And then a great argument ensued. One blind man said, "An elephant is like this," another said, "The elephant is like this..." and their statements were very contradictory. Because one blind man had touched only the trunk, and another blind man had touched only the ear, and the third one had touched only the leg, and so on and so forth. Their descriptions were different, as different as they could be.

And the king said to his scholars, the court scholars and pundits, "Listen: these blind people cannot agree on what an elephant is. And they all have seen something of the elephant! What about you? At least they have seen something -- one has touched the leg, another has touched the trunk... and you have not even seen a PART of God and you are arguing. You are more blind than these blind people! And whatsoever you are saying is all nonsense. You can quote scriptures -- that is not going to help. Unless you have seen, nothing is going to help."

Sufis believe in seeing. Seeing is easy: thinking is difficult. If you have ears, you know what music is; but if you don't have any ears, how are you going to think about music? in what way? It is impossible! There is no way to communicate to you what music is. If you have eyes, you know the colors, and the beauty of a rainbow. But if you don't have any eyes, even the greatest of poets cannot give you an inkling of what a rainbow is; it is impossible.

Sufis don't believe in thinking: they believe in seeing.
You must have heard the famous saying: Seeing is believing. That's just what Sufis say. They say: Seeing is believing.
A famous Sufi saying is: He who knows others is learned -- he who knows himself is wise. To be learned is easy; to be wise takes guts, courage. Why? Why in the world does one need to be courageous to know oneself? There are reasons. The first reason is: there is a fear that if you go in, you may not find anybody there... and in a way that fear IS right.

You are not going to find anybody there. That apprehension is right.
If Naresh goes in, he will not find Naresh there. If Astha goes in, she will not find Astha there. If Sudha goes, she will not find Sudha there. If Viyogi goes, Viyogi will not find Viyogi there. Something is to be found there, but that is indefinable, unname-able. And that something is not your possession: that something is as much yours as everybody else's.
You will find something, but that will be the universal center -- you will not find any individual there, you will not find any ego there. Hence the fear. You will disappear: in self-knowledge you are going to disappear utterly. Hence people talk about it, ask about it, read books about it, but never go in. An unconscious fear prevents their path.
And the modern man particularly is even more afraid. Modern man is often driven to despair because he is afraid that the self does not exist at all, or that the self is a *Capekan machine, Skinnerian robot, a Kafkan cockroach, an Ionescoan rhinoceros, or a Sartrean useless passion. All these fears have exploded on the modern mind.
Who knows? When you go in, you may find the Kafkan cockroach. There is a parable of Kafka:

One morning he wakes up and he finds that he is a cockroach Must be dreaming, must have awakened in a dream. And not only that: the cockroach is upside-down -- just legs, and he can see those legs moving in the air, and he cannot put himself right, and he is on his back. And you can think... the misery of the man, the agony, and the

nausea. And he tries hard, but there seems to be no way to get up. A big cockroach, filling the whole bed.

The modern man is even more afraid: Who knows what you are going to stumble upon inside you self? Nightmares, monsters... who knows what is there?Why open Pandora's box? Keep it tightly closed and sit upon it. That's what everybody is doing. And, in a way, the fear IS right -- but only in a way.

In the beginning you will find cockroaches and rhinoceroses and reptiles and all kinds of horrible things you will find -- because THESE are the things that you have been repressing in yourself, these are the things that you have not allowed. Anger you have re-pressed, jealousy you have repressed, possessiveness you have repressed, hatred you have repressed. Violence, murderousness, you have repressed. ALL these things are there! This is the cockroach inside you. Violence has become one leg, and possessiveness has become another leg, and jealousy has become another leg....

When you go in, you will have to face these. Of course, this is not the whole story. If you CAN FACE the cockroach, if you can go deeper and deeper without any fear and watching all that is happening, and remembering that "I am just a watcher, a witness to it all. I cannot be the cockroach because I can see.... " Whatsoever you can see you are not. Make it a key, a constant remembrance: whatsoever you see, you are not. Anger you see? then you are not anger. Hunger you see? then you are not hunger. Sexuality you see? then you are not sexuality. You are the one who witnesses all this. Remember the witness, and slowly

slowly all cockroaches disappear, and all rhinoceroses disappear -- and all that is ugly disappears.
Witnessing is such a phenomenon that it dissolves all that is ugly. Slowly slowly, only the witness is left. But that witness is not going to be you: that witness is God. That witness cannot be confined as I -- it is pure amness.

Just the other day, I had told you that there were two inscriptions engraved on the temple of Apollo at Delphi: "Know Thyself" and "Nothing in Excess." These admonitions were not unrelated. Man was advised to know himself, yet in his knowing he was to avoid extremes. What are the extremes?
Two are the extremes: the hell and the heaven, the ugly cockroaches and the beautiful butterflies. You have to remain a witness to both. You are neither the cockroach nor the butterfly with psychedelic colors -- you are neither. Neither this nor that -- NETI NETI. You are just the watcher, the mirror that reflects the cockroach, that reflects the butterfly.
According to the priests at Delphi, one extreme was the attempt to go beyond his finitude, to act as though he was infinite. That happens. If you go in, either you start feeling that you are something like a creature from hell, or you start feeling that you are an angel, a creature from heaven. But in both the ways you have again created an ego. Avoid the extreme, because the ego can exist only with the extreme. It dies in the middle. The golden mean is the grave of the ego.
The Greeks used to call this extreme HYBRIS. The term to designate this extreme meant an outrage against the nature

of things. Don't start thinking that you are heavenly, that you are a messenger of God, that you are specially sent to the world to deliver the latest dissemination, that you are the son of God, that you are the only messenger, the only true messenger, the only Master, the only Perfect Master... avoid this nonsense. God comes in many many ways, and his messages go on filtering into the world. Not only from Jesus and Buddha and Mohammed -- no. Even when a cuckoo calls, it is his message. And Jesus is not the only begotten son of God -- otherwise everybody else will be an orphan.

Each tree, each animal, each bird is as much a son to God as anybody else. Not that only Mohammed is the prophet -- rivers and mountains, they are all his messengers, his prophets. His message goes on showering from everywhere, from every nook and corner. So don't get into that idea; otherwise, ego has come from the back door, and it will create trouble for you again. You missed self-knowledge.

Greeks have a special word for it -- they call it HYBRIS. The other extreme was the attempt to act as though the individual were not a member of society -- to become a monk, to move into solitude. You are part of the society, you are born in society, you live in society. The social consciousness is like the ocean to you -- you are the fish in this ocean. You cannot live without it! And those who try to live without it almost always become perverted. Yes, once in a while it is good to rest for a few days in a mountain retreat -- just for a rest, but you have to come back to the world. Yes, it is good for a few hours to meditate, but then you have to go back into the world.

Don't become a monk. Don't start thinking of yourself as separate, because self-knowledge cannot be attained in separation. It is attained in union.

And the closest union possible is with other people. How can you commune with trees if you cannot even commune with people? How can you commune with rocks if you cannot even commune with your beloved. It is absurd! The whole idea is absurd. A man is saying, "I am leaving my wife and my children because they are a bondage to me and I am going to the mountains to have a communion with the mountains." He is talking rubbish. To commune with the mountains will not be possible for him -- because the mountains speak a totally different language. They are far behind human consciousness. To relate with them you will have to become a mountain -- only then can you relate.

If you cannot relate with human beings, who are as evolved as you are, who belong to the same language world, who belong to the same level of life, you cannot relate with anybody else anywhere. Don't be fool yourself.

Greeks were very very particular about it, about these two extremes. One who lived outside the society was called a private being. They have a very beautiful word for that -- they used to call him IDIOT. Out of this word has come 'idiot'. IDIOT was the name of such a being -- if you go REALLY outside of the society you will become an idiot. This is my observation.

I have seen many people living for years in the mountains -- they become idiots. They HAVE to become idiots because there is no challenge, no human challenge to provoke them; no human challenge to sharpen their intelligence. They are BOUND to become idiots! Growth is NOT possible there.

They may live in a silence, but the silence is of the mountains -- it is not their achievement. Unless you can live silence in the market-place, it is not your achievement. Come back from the Himalayas and you will be suddenly shocked that you are the same person as you had gone -- maybe you are worse. You will not be able to tolerate the noise, the turmoil of the world. What kind of attainment is this? Rather than becoming more capable, more integrated, you have disintegrated, you have become weaker. You have not gained in strength.

Know thyself, but in your knowing, do not become a hybrid or an idiot! One is getting puffed up in the ego -- that "I am a soul," that "I am infinite," that "I am eternal," that "I am this and that.... " If the I persists, then you are nothing. When the I goes, yes, eternity is there -- but you cannot claim it as yours. Eternity is, God is, immortality is, but nothing that you can possess, nothing that you can keep in your safe-deposit. It has nothing to do with you! It belongs to existence at large. And you also belong to existence. That is the first extreme to be avoided.

And the second extreme: don't become an idiot. Don't start escaping from people, because all growth is there with people, in relating with people, in accepting the challenge and responding to that challenge.

Self-knowledge is a very strange concept, and you have to understand it -- because that is the whole work of a Sufi: how to know oneself. The word itself is a contradiction in terms, because in knowledge at least two things are needed: the knower and the known. And in self-knowledge there are not two things but only one. How to call it self-knowledge? Who is the knower and who is the known? The word has to

be used because we don't have any other better word for it. But it has to be used very very knowingly -- knowing that it doesn't mean exactly what it says.

Self-knowledge is a kind of knowing, but not knowledge. It is a kind of awareness, luminosity, but not knowledge. Knowledge it cannot be, because knowledge requires two. This problem of self-knowledge has been concisely and metaphorically stated by Simone de Beauvoir. She says: "It is easy to say 'I am I'. But who am I? Where to find myself? I would have to be on the other side of every door. But when it is I who knock on the door, the other on the other side becomes silent. To know the self, the self must be on both sides of the same door. But, alas, when the self knocks on the knower side of the door, there is no one on the other side of the door to open the door. And when there is a self on the other side, the known side of the door, to open it, there is no self on the knower side of the door to knock! So what should one do?"

Do you understand? If you are the knower, then who is there to be known? And if you are the known, then who is there to know? This is what Beauvoir means, that you have to be on both sides of the door. For example: if you are knocking at a door, and you are the one, the only one there, if you knock on the door, there is nobody from the inside to answer the knock. If you are inside the door and ready to open it, then there is nobody to knock. And you have to be on both sides -- only then can there be some communication, some knowledge.

This is impossible. How can you be on both sides of the door? This looks like a Zen Koan -- it is. It is the basic

Koan. Out of this Koan, thousands of other khans have been created. So what should one do?
Some say: "Keep on knocking!" That is the way of the will. "Go on knocking".Jesus says: Ask and it shall be given to you. Knock and the door shall be opened unto you. Seek and ye shall find.
This is one answer: Go on knocking... persevere, be patient. Don't feel frustrated if the door is not opening. You go on knocking, you go on knocking, you go on knocking.... One day the door is bound to open. That is one answer.
The other answer is: "Stop knocking and wait!" That is the way of surrender, of the devotee, of the lover, of prayer. The first is the way of the yogi who functions through will-power. The second is the way of the surrendered devotee, who waits, trusts, prays.
But I say to you: Look... there is no door to knock upon and no one to knock on it! And lo! the door is open. It has remained open all along, from the very beginning. And there is no self to be known, and there is no self-knowledge. Knowing, of course, there is, but nothing like self-knowledge.
That's what the great mystic woman, Rabia, said to Hassan:

Hassan used to pray every day before the mosque, just sitting on the street. And he would cry and he would weep, and he would look at the sky and he would say, "God, open the door! I have been waiting long. Is it not enough? Have I to pass through more tests? Have you not tested me enough? Open the door! I am crying, I am weeping, I am shouting -- open the door!"

That was his constant prayer -- every morning, every evening, wherever he was he would go to the mosque and sit in the street and pray.
Rabia was passing one day. She hit hard on the head of Hassan, and said, "What nonsense are you talking about? The door is open! But you are so much engaged in your shouting 'Open the door! Listen to me Lord. Why are you not opening the door?' You are so much occupied with this nonsense, you can't see that the door is open! It has always been open."

I agree with Rabia... all is available. You need not struggle. You need not even surrender! because surrender is the polar opposite of struggle. You have to be just in the middle. You have to be just in a state of non-doing, neither struggling nor surrendering. And suddenly you will be able to see the door is open. You have never gone anywhere else. You have always been in. Where else can you go? Inwardness is your nature. And then all is revealed like lightning. Suddenly darkness disappears and all is light. But there is no self to be found. KNOWING happens but it is not a self-knowledge. Hence the fear. Deep down somewhere in the unconscious, you know it perfectly well that "If I go in, I will not find myself. It is better not to go in, so one can go on believing that 'I am'!"
This I is the only barrier. This I is the only ignorance. This I is the only sin.

Now this small, beautiful story:

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A COW. IN ALL THE WORLD THERE WAS NO ANIMAL WHICH SO REGULARLY GAVE SO MUCH MILK OF SUCH HIGH QUALITY.

THE COW HAS ALWAYS SYMBOLIZED THE SACRED -- the innocent eyes of the cow, the sagely vise of the cow, has always provoked the idea of the sacred. You will be surprised to know, but this is a fact of the inner world. Darwin discovered that man has evolved out of the monkeys. And he is partly true: man's body has come out of monkeys -- but his soul not has come out of monkeys. Man is a synthesis of two different lines. The body has come from the monkeys and the soul has come from the cow. That's why the East has always thought of the cow as the mother. Now, Darwin says the monkey is the father. Both are right.

The soul has evolved on a different line. The cow is the closest as far as the soul of man is concerned, and the monkey is the closest as far as the body is concerned. And man is a synthesis between these two lines. Something of the monkey is in him, and something of the cow too. The cow has always been the symbol of the sacred.

This story says:

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A COW. IN ALL THE WORLD THERE WAS NO ANIMAL WHICH SO REGULARLY GAVE SO MUCH MILK OF SUCH HIGH QUALITY.

And the sacred is our real nourishment. We live not by bread alone. Yes, Jesus is right, man cannot live by bread alone. If man lives by bread alone, he will remain just an animal. He will remain a monkey. Some higher nourishment is needed. It comes from the sacred.
So those who start feeling starved for the higher nourishment, they seek Masters, they seek great music, they seek poetry, a esthetics . They start searching for some higher nourishment, subtle nourishment, which you cannot get in the marketplace, which cannot be sold like a commodity, which you cannot have from a supermarket, which is possible only in a sacred relationship. And that is the relationship between a Master and a disciple: something not of this world.

PEOPLE CAME FROM FAR AND WIDE TO SEE THIS WONDER.

But ordinary people are only curious. Even if they go to a Buddha, they go out of curiosity, as if that is some kind of entertainment. Even if they listen to Jesus, they are in search of some sensation -- that is not their real need.

PEOPLE CAME FROM FAR AND WIDE TO SEE THIS WONDER.

One thing to be remembered: Aristotle says that philosophy begins in wonder -- not so in the East. In the East, nobody has ever said that philosophy begins in wonder. In the East we know philosophy begins in the awareness of suffering, not in wonder. In the anguish of man, not in wonder. In the

angst of man, in the meaninglessness of man's life, and in the awareness of it, philosophy begins.
So Western philosophy has remained a kind of entertainment. Eastern philosophy is not entertainment -- it is work, it is SADHANA. In fact there is no word in any language of the world to translate this Indian word SADHANA because nothing like that has ever existed anywhere else. SADHANA means: philosophy is not just to think but to be. One has to become it. One has to live it! It has to become your blood and bones and your marrow. SADHANA means it is not only a kind of systematic thought but a way of life. It has to become your style of life. You have to prove it through your LIFE: whatsoever you think is right has to be lived -- that is the only proof that you think it is right. If you think that it is right and you live otherwise, you are be fooling others and you are be fooling yourself.
The Eastern approach is that life is anguish, anxiety, angst. And the awareness of it makes one search for means and methods how to go beyond it.

PEOPLE CAME FROM FAR AND WIDE TO SEE THIS WONDER.

And, of course, because they were there only for entertainment, they could not see the whole thing.

THE COW WAS EXTOLLED BY ALL. FATHERS TOLD THEIR CHILDREN OF ITS DEDICATION TO ITS APPOINTED TASK.

People are always searching to impose thoughts on their children. They are always searching for examples, so they can torture their children, and they can say, "Look! Look at this cow, this wonder of the world -- be like this! Produce something!" And by 'production' they mean money, power, prestige; become a president of a country. "Look at this cow! You so have to be a wonderful man in the world. Be somebody so people come to see and applaud you." Parents are always, constantly, telling their children, "Be like this, be like that! Look at somebody else's child how intelligent he is."

A father was saying to his child, "Look at the neighbor's child how intelligent he is! Always comes first in the class. And you are there, failing again and again,."
And the child said, "That is not my fault -- he has got smart parents."

Parents are trying somehow to create ambition in children. Ambition is a fever, it is illness. An ambitious man always remains ill inside. He suffers from a spiritual cancer. His body may be okay, but his soul dies. He sells his soul, for useless things. He collects many useless things, and destroys all that is essential in him. But parents go on doing that. They can't miss a single oppor-tunity. So they must be bringing their children to show them this cow: "Look at this cow! This is how one should be. What production! How much milk! And of what quality!"

MINISTERS OF RELIGION ADJURED THEIR FLOCKS TO EMULATE IT IN THEIR OWN WAY.

And that's what ministers and priests are doing -- teaching people always: "Be like this! Be like that!" Nobody is ever told to be just like himself or herself. This is the calamity. Man has lived under it for thousands of years, and this has to be completely dropped; otherwise, man will never be free and never be healthy and never be holy. This is the greatest curse that has happened to man, that people go on telling you, "Be like a Buddha, be like a Mahavir, be like Mohammed, be like Kabir, be like Rumi!"

Nobody is here to be somebody else -- everybody is here only to be himself. Let it be declared to the world: that everybody is here JUST to be himself. Only then will the world be at ease and in harmony. Otherwise, all become imitators and all become pseudo and hypocrites, and split and schizophrenic. They say one thing and they live another -- they HAVE to, because their natural self cannot be destroyed by these teachings. At the most they can cultivate a facade; a false mask they can wear. They can create a personality, but their innermost being will remain the same. And to do any-thing against it is a crime -- is the greatest crime there is.

My effort here with you is to free you from this curse. You have to be just yourself... then there is great relaxation. Then tensions disappear. And then you can be authentic, sincere! And then you can be just yourself. And then you can respect yourself. And the man who respects himself, respects others. Then you can love yourself, and the man who loves himself can love others.

MINISTERS OF RELIGION ADJURED THEIR FLOCKS TO EMULATE IT IN THEIR OWN WAY. GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS REFERRED TO IT AS A PARAGON WHICH RIGHT BEHAVIOR, PLANNING AND THINKING COULD DUPLICATE IN THE HUMAN COMMUNITY. EVERYONE WAS, IN SHORT, ABLE TO BENEFIT FROM THE EXISTENCE OF THIS WONDERFUL ANIMAL.

They were all exploiting the existence of the poor cow. There are always people around who are ready to exploit everything for their own ends. Sufism is not an idealism; it does not give you any ideal. It helps you to be natural, spontaneous. Sufism is not perfectionist -- it cannot be, because it is not neurotic.

All perfectionism drives people to neurosis. Whenever you see a neurotic, search deep in him and you will find hidden a perfectionist. And wherever you find a perfectionist, be alert. He is on the way to becoming a neurotic.

Sufis are simple people. They rejoice in simple things. They don't have great ideals, they don't have ANY ideals. They don't create a perfect idea that everybody has to be like that -- no. Everybody has to be just like himself. Only by being yourself will you become a prayer to God. Only by being yourself will you be able to offer your joy, your celebration to God. Only by being yourself will you feel grateful. And gratefulness IS prayer.

And all this was going on. Parents were teaching their children and ministers were teaching their flocks, and the government officials were making much fuss about it, and professors and schoolmasters, and everybody must have

been using the oppor-tunity. Nobody misses it. It is a way to condemn others.

Whenever there is a person in bloom... people start condemning everybody! Rather than being joyous seeing the beauty of the flowering, they start condemning everybody, because now you have to be like that -- and nobody can be like that.

There are books like Thomas a Kempis' book IMITATION OF CHRIST -- ugly books. Imitation? And if you imitate Christ, will you be Christ? You will be an imitation. And howsoever perfect the imitation is, it is imitation all the same. And an imitation is an ugly phenomenon.

If you are just an ordinary pebble on the seashore, be that! but don't imitate the Kohinoor, because in the God's eyes there is no difference between a Kohinoor and a pebble on the shore. Both are beautiful. Both have to exist in their own way. Both have to pray in their own way! Both have to bloom in their own way. God loves variety. Just look at the world: how much variety is there! Each individual is so unique -- unrepeatable, irreplaceable. Never before has there been anybody like him. Never again will there be anybody like him. God only creates you once. Don't miss this opportunity, and don't be deceived by these people. These people are just after you to make slaves out of you. And the best strategy to reduce people into slavery is this: tell people to become like a Buddha -- they cannot. They will start feeling guilty. They will feel, "Something is wrong with me." And once a person feels, "Something is wrong with me," he is in the hands of the priest.

And the irony is:

THERE WAS, HOWEVER, ONE FEATURE WHICH MOST PEOPLE, ABSORBED AS THEY WERE BY THE OBVIOUS ADVANTAGES OF THE COW, FAILED TO OBSERVE. IT HAS A LITTLE HABIT, YOU SEE. AND THIS HABIT WAS THAT AS SOON AS A PAIL HAD BEEN FILLED WITH ITS ADMITTEDLY UNPARALLELED MILK -- IT KICKED IT OVER.

THE COW MUST HAVE BEEN A GREAT PHILOSOPHICAL COW. That's what philosophers go on doing. All their teachings, howsoever beautiful, are futile Nothing happens out of them. The milk is there, but it is always kicked over. There is no practical utility in it. It is absolutely useless.
But nobody was observing this small defect. And this is not a small defect! But people who are exploiting the situation will always call it a small defect.
I have heard:

A matchmaker was exulting over the virtues of a particular girl. "She is beautiful, tall, well-built, a good cook, a smart woman, with integrity," he listed.
But the client said, "But you left out one important thing, didn't you?"
"Not possible," said the matchmaker. "What could I have left out?"
"That she limps," said the young man.
"Oh!" came the answer, "But only when she walks!"

Or, another:

A matchmaker told a young man that he had the perfect girl for him. "She is a redhead!" he exclaimed with pride.
"You mean Becky, the tailor's daughter?" cried the young man. "That's her!" beamed the matchmaker.
"You're crazy! She's almost blind!"
"That bothers you? That's a blessing. Half the time she won't be seeing what you are doing."
"But she also stutters!"
"That's also a blessing. A woman who stutters will be afraid to speak, so you'll live a peaceful life."
"But she is deaf!"
"I should have such luck! With a deaf wife you can shout, you can scream as much as you want to."
"But she's twenty years older than I am!"
"Ah," retorted the matchmaker disgustedly. "I bring you a woman with such gifts, and you pick on one little fault!"

People who are out just to exploit a situation will not bother whether anything comes out of it or not. They go ON preaching to you: Become Jesus, become Buddha, become like Kabir.... And down the ages they have been saying this and nobody has been able to do it. Still they go on. It is good business. It is very bad for humanity, but it is good business for them. They want you to go on feeling more and more guilty, condemned, worthless. The more worthless you feel, the more easily you go and become their victims.
And they don't want to change the subject. They want to insist on the same old nonsense again and again. They go on changing the form of it, the language of it, the style of it, but they don't want to change the subject.

Peterson came home at three in the morning and found his wife lying awake in bed.
"Where were you until three o'clock in the morning?" she screamed.
As she spoke, Peterson opened his bedroom closet and found a naked man cringing on the floor.
"Who is this man?" Peterson demanded.
"Don't change the subject!" his wife replied.

Priest don't want to change the subject at all. That's why they are so angry with me -- I am trying to change the subject. I am trying to make things appear exactly as they are. They have exploited humanity too long, and their devices are very cunning.

It was a boiling hot day in July. Mrs. Finkelstein went into a store to buy a fan.
"What kind of fan do you want?" asked Levy, the storekeeper. "We have fans for a nickel, for a quarter, and for a dollar."
"So give me one for a nickel," said Mrs. Finkelstein.
"Okay," said Levy, as he handed her a thin Japanese paper fan.
In ten minutes, Mrs. Finkelstein was back. "Look what trash you sold me!" she shouted. "The fan broke."
"It did?" said Levy. "And how did you use it?"
"How did I use it?" replied Mrs. Finkelstein. "How do you use a fan? I held it in my hand, and I waved it back and forth in front of my face. Did you ever?"

"Oh no!" explained Levy. "With a five-cent fan, you got to hold it still in both hands, like this, and wave your head back and forth in front of it."

The priests are always right. If something is wrong, it is with you. And I want to say to you: Nothing is wrong with man -- everything is wrong with the priests. Nothing at all is wrong with man! Let it be declared and shouted from the house stops: Man Is as he should be! And if anything looks wrong, it is just because of the nonsense taught to people by the priests.
They have been teaching abstract nonsense. People need a real religion that transforms them, that nourishes them, that makes them more aware. They don't want Christianity, Hinduism, Islam. They want an authentic life and ways to live an authentic life -- not according to somebody else but according to their own nature. They need freedom and they need spontaneity.
Drop all kinds of idealism from your mind, and all kinds of perfectionist concepts from your mind. Be natural. Be ordinary... and you will know God. Because in just being ordinary you become the most extraordinary being possible.
The Perfect Master, Vol 2
Chapter #2
Chapter title: There is no Self, no Other
2 July 1978 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:

Question 1
WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A MASTER AND A PSYCHOTHERAPIST?

A MASTER IS NOT: A PSYCHOTHERAPIST IS. The Master is a hollow bamboo, a mere passage, for the divine to descend. He is not on his own. He has nothing to say, he has nothing to do -- but much happens through him. But it is always through him. He is not the doer of it. He is just a watcher. He allows it, he does not hinder it. He cooperates with it, but he is not the originator of it. He is just a vehicle. The psychotherapist IS. He is a doer, knowledgeable. He has all the expertise available. He is not a hollow bamboo. He is not an absence. Hence much cannot happen through him. He can only do a patchwork: here and there a little polishing, a little white-wash, a little adjustment -- that's all. His work is trivial. Man's work is bound to remain trivial. Only God is great. And only that which comes from God is vast.

Man's doing is bound to remain petty, small -- of no significance in fact, or only of momentary importance. But when God descends, something of the eternal reaches into your being.

The psychotherapist knows about the mind and the workings of the mind. But man in his deepest core is not a mind at all. That's the problem. Man's disease, man's illness, is not only that of mind -- it is spiritual, it is metaphysical, it is existential.

The physiologist, the physician, can help you about the body; and the psychologist, the psychotherapist, can help you about the mind -- but these are just your surfaces. You are not your surface: you are your depth. Neither the physician can touch that depth, nor the therapist can touch that depth. That depth can only be touched by a Master -- because he IS that depth.

A Master is a no-mind. And that is the greatest difference that is possible. The psychotherapist knows about the mind, is a very cultivated mind, cultured, educated, efficient. Technologically he knows the know-how.

The Master is a no-mind. He has no know-how. He makes his nothingness available to the disciple, but that nothingness IS a healing force. The psychotherapist TRIES to heal, but never succeeds. The Master never tries to heal, but always succeeds. His love is his therapy. Out of his absence flows his love.

And that love is God's love in fact.

When Jesus says again and again, I and my Father are one, this is exactly what he is saying: Don't think of me as myself. I only represent. I am just a symbol. I am just a door. LOOK through me and you will find the beyond.

The Master lives in a totally different reality. The psychotherapist lives in the same reality where you live. There is no qualitative difference between you and the psychotherapist; between the patient and the doctor there is no qualitative difference. The difference is that of knowledge, that of quantity. He knows more than you know, but he is nOT MORE than you are! He is exactly at the same level. He is worried with the same anxieties. He is troubled by the same nightmares.

Sigmund Freud himself remained obsessed with the fear of death his whole life. How is he going to help? And he is the founder of psychoanalysis. How is he going to help? All his help can only be a pretension. He himself is trembling. He was so afraid of death that even to mention the word 'death' was enough... and he would start perspiring. Just the mention of ghosts was enough... and he would fall in a swoon. And it was not only so with him.

Carl Gustav Jung was exactly the same. He was so afraid of death that he could not see a dead body. He always wanted to go to Egypt to see the ancient mummies. He was very much interested in the occult, and certainly the pyramids of Egypt have great keys of occult knowledge, and those mummies are carrying some great messages to be deciphered and decoded. He had become aware of it. He wanted to go, and many times he tried to go but never could he manage. He would fall ill. Whenever he would arrange to go to Egypt he would fall ill -- just the idea of seeing the dead mummies, three thousand years old, was enough to shake him to the very roots. Slowly slowly, he became aware that whenever he made the arrangement he fell ill -- that illness was psychological.

Once it happened: somehow he dragged himself to the airport; even though he had a fever out of his fear, he went to the airport -- but could not manage to enter into the aeroplane. From the airport he rushed back home. He became so frightened that he dropped the whole idea for ever, and he never went to Egypt to see those mummies. And he was very much interested in them.

Now, how are these people going to help?

A Master knows there is no death -- not only knows through others but through his own experience. He has looked deep into his life, and death has disappeared like a fog -- evaporated. A Master is one who is absolutely free, not only from pathological psychology but is free of psychology itself, is free of mind. He has cut the very root of all pathologies.

With the psychotherapist your relationship is that of a patient and doctor. It is not intimate -- it cannot be. It is professional. With the Master your relationship is that of love; it is not professional. It is intimate. It is the most intimate relationship there is. Yes, not even between lovers does such intimacy exist as exists between a Master and a disciple. It is a marriage. And such a marriage where not only bodies, not only minds, but two beings meet.

The psychotherapist is trying to become the Master in the West. A strange phenomenon is happening: the psychotherapist is trying to become the Master, is trying to become the guru -- and the priest, the guru, is trying to become the psychotherapist! Now priests talk about psychology, and psychologists talk about religion -- because priests are seeing that whatsoever they have been selling up to now cannot be sold any more -- it is out of date. People are no more interested in it. People are no more interested in theology. People are interested in knowing about their mind and its working; people are more interested in having a better mind, more efficient, more calm and quiet and collected.

So the priest is moving, slowly slowly, from theology to psychology. And the psychoanalyst, the psychotherapist, is

becoming aware of the phenomenon that the people's real problems are not psychological but religious.

Carl Gustav Jung is reported to have said: "observing thousands of patients in my life, this has been one of my most important conclusions -- that people who come to me after the age of forty-two, or nearabout, are not really suffering from any psychological problems but are suffering from religious problems."

I perfectly agree with Jung -- that is the time when a person suddenly becomes aware of death. Just as at the age of fourteen a person suddenly becomes aware of sex, and sex becomes important, and sexual fantasies come rushing towards his being from all over the place, and each thing starts taking a sexual color -- the dress, the way he walks, the way he talks, the way he looks -- everything starts taking a sexual tinge, just like that, at the age of forty-two suddenly death is encountered for the first time. Life starts declining. One has to be ready for the second phase of life. And the modern society does not prepare people for the second phase.

For life you have been prepared in the school, college, university -- for almost twenty-five years you have been prepared! You have been taught how to live, but you have not been taught at all how to die. And death is the culmination of life. It is a great art.

Religion is the art of death -- how to die joyously, how to die with hallelujah on your lips, how to die dancingly. How to transform the quality of death into the quality of samadhi. How to transform the experience of death into the experience of communion with the divine.

It is near about the age of forty-two that suddenly religion starts becoming important. And modern man does not accept that, so a thousand and one problems arise. Jung is right: people suffer from something which is not psychological but religious. They need an understanding that can help them to go through death. They need some awareness of the immortality of the soul. They need something that is not part of the body but is part of the beyond, so they can trust it. They need a boat so when they leave the body they can move to the other shore.

The psychologists are becoming aware that people's problems are fundamentally religious, so they are turning to be gurus. And the priests and the gurus, seeing that their old theologies, their old gods, are just out of fashion, nobody is interested in those old gods and old scriptures... people may not say anything out of politeness, but the moment you mention the word 'god' people feel a little embarrassed. They start looking sideways. They want to avoid the subject and the topic completely. They don't want to hear about the angels and heaven and hell. And certainly they are not interested in your so-called great theological problems about how many angels can dance on a single pin-point. These things look stupid now. Man has grown out of all this. These are hangovers.

So a strange phenomenon is happening. But remember, when the priest talks about psychology he looks stupid, because he is just trying from the back door to bring religion in. ale cannot find any other proofs, so now he is calling on psychology. And psychology cannot give ANY proofs Torn religion. So all the proofs that he gathers through psychology are just imaginary, artificial, arbitrary,

somehow managed and manipulated, not valid. He looks stupid.
And so is the case with the psychotherapist who turns to be a guru -- because it is not only through knowledge that you can become a Master: you will have to grow in being. No university can make you ready for it. You will have to go inside yourself; you will have to travel a long way in your inferiority.
So all that the psychologist or the psychotherapist talks about religion remains just bare, mere philosophy. His personality gives no evidence of it.
I hove heard:

"There is nothing wrong with you," said the psychiatrist to his patient. "You are just as sane as I am."
But, doctor," cried the patient, as he brushed wildly at himself, "it's these butterflies -- they're all over me!"
"For heaven's sake, "cried the doctor, "don't brush them off on me!"

Now that man is mad -- there are no butterflies -- but to work with mad people, how, long can you remain sane? It has been the observation of many people that in a madhouse, the maddest person it the doctor. Working with mad people continuously, slowly slowly, rather than changing them, which is very difficult, he becomes changed by them.

In the midst of her psychiatric session. Mrs Blossom suddenly exclaimed, "I think I have taken a fancy to you, doctor! How about a kiss?"

"Absolutely not!" the doctor replied indignantly. "That would be contrary to the ethics of my profession. Now continue as before."
"Well, as I was saying," the patient continued, "I'm always having arguments with my husband about his father, and just yesterday... I'm sorry, but it just occurred to me again. What harm would there be if you gave me just one little kiss?"
"That's absolutely impossible!" the doctor snapped. "In fact, I shouldn't even be lying on this couch with you!"

The psychotherapist is not much different from you, cannot be. He knows a little bit more than you know about the mind. But by knowing more about the mind, nothing is helped. One has to go beyond the mind.
Psychotherapy thinks that there are unhealthy minds AND healthy minds -- but the experience of the Buddhas is totally different. They say: Mind as such is unhealthy. There are no healthy minds. Mind AND unhealthy are synonymous. So you cannot make the mind healthy. Yes, you can make it more adjusted, you can make it normally unhealthy, not abnormally unhealthy. You can bring it to a point where it is just like everybody else. That is normal unhealthy, normal neurosis. But you cannot make mind healthy. It is impossible. Can you make a disease healthy? If the disease is there, you are unhealthy. You cannot say, "Now I have a very healthy disease."
Mind is the disease! The Master is one who has seen it and gone beyond the mind, who lives in the land of no-thought, who lives in that absolute silence. But from that absolute

silence, the impossible becomes possible. Just to be with a Master is to be in a healing presence.
The Master is not a therapist, but his presence is therapy. His presence heals, and heals wounds of so many lives. But his process of healing is not psychological: it is existential. He does not go on tackling each of your diseases separately: he simply cuts the root in one single stroke. He cuts the mind. He does not bother about the branches and the leaves.
The psychotherapist goes on cutting the leaves. You have this fear, afraid the psychotherapist will try years of psychoanalysis and somehow you become adjusted to the fear.

A man continued to piss in his bed in the night. Now he was getting to be thirty-five -- it was already too late. He was married, he had children. Now it was time for the children to piss in the bed -- and he was still doing it.
The wife suggested, "Why don't you go to the psychotherapist?"
So he went. Then the LONG psychotherapy continued... analysis is a long process, and very costly. And after six months a friend asked, "How are things going?"
He said, "Perfect!" He was buoyant, flowing with joy. He said, "Perfect. I have found the greatest psychotherapist there is in the world."
The friend asked, "So he has cured you?"
He said, "No, but I no longer feel guilty about it. He has convinced me that this is perfectly natural, normal -- in fact, he himself does it."

The psychotherapist is in the same boat as you are in. All that he can do is a little bit of patchwork.
The Master KILLS you, destroys you, in your totality -- gives birth to a new man. The Master becomes a mother to you, a womb. To be a disciple is to enter into the womb of the Master. It is a death and a resurrection.

Second question:

Question 2
STANDING SURELY PROUD WITH ME
UNDER THIS SHOWERING SUFI SKY
GRACE STREAMING LIGHT LIMBS
SONGS FLOWING STRONG THROAT
A GREAT FULLNESS FALLS
AND RISES WITH EACH BREATH
AND PEACE FLIES ON BEATING WINGS
TO SETTLE DEEP WITHIN MY SOUL...
OH OSHO,
IS IT PRAYER
THAT'S THERE?

YES, VANDANA, THIS IS PRAYER. Prayer is not a formality. You need not go to a church to pray -- and those who go, they don't understand what prayer is. You need not go to a temple or a mosque or a GURUDWARA -- and those who go, they are only pretending.
Prayer is something of the heart. It can happen anywhere. And wherever it happens, there is the temple. You need not so to the temple to pray, but WHEREVER you pray, you create a temple, an invisible temple. Wherever somebody

bows down in prayer to existence, that place becomes sacred.

To a praying heart, any stone becomes Kaaba, any water becomes Ganges water. To a praying heart, each tree is a Bodhi Tree. The question is not of formality: it is of the feeling of being, uplifted. Yes, exactly that's what prayer is: when you suddenly feel you are being uplifted, when gravitation has no more pull over you, when you know that all the weight has disappeared, that you are weightless; when there is no past hanging around your neck like a rock, and when there is no future distracting you, driving you away from the present -- when THIS moment is all, THIS HERE, THIS MOMENT, is all in all, something opens up in the heart and a fragrance is released. Sometimes in words, sometimes in silence. Sometimes in meaningful words, and sometimes just like a child babbling. Sometimes it may become a song, or a dance. Sometimes you may just be sitting like a Buddha -- utterly quiet, unmoving; a center of a cyclone sometimes.

Prayer has no fixed form. And the moment you give it a fixed form, you destroy it. Prayer is spontaneity. And whenever it comes, it always comes with a new flavor. You cannot predict it. And whenever it comes, it comes from the blue -- you cannot drag it. Yes, you can invite it, but you cannot produce it on order. When it comes, it comes. It comes like a breeze, and suddenly you are full of it. And then it is gone. Its coming is beautiful -- its going, too, is beautiful. When it comes you are bathed, basked. When it goes, it leaves a GREAT silence, the primordial silence, behind it. Just as when a storm goes and all becomes utterly silent.

Its coming is beautiful: its going is beautiful. But never for a single moment think, Vandana, that you can manage it. If you try to manage it, you will miss its spontaneity. You will kill it. Then it will not be the bird on the wing in the sky. Then it will be just the bird in your golden cage -- looks only like the bird. Where is that beauty? Because beauty is intrinsically part of freedom. No beauty can exist without freedom. Wherever freedom is lost, beauty is lost. Slavery is ugly.

Yes, the bird was beautiful on the wing in the sky, whispering with the clouds. There was great benediction. Weighing its wings high up in the sky, just floating in a kind of let-go. And there was great joy. Just to WATCH it was an ecstasy. Now you have caught hold of the bird, and you may have put it in a golden cage studded with diamonds -- but what are diamonds to a bird? What is gold to a bird? Its gold is the open sky, and its diamonds are the free-floating clouds and the sun and the moon and the stars. The bird in the cage looks alive but is no more alive. It is just appearance. So is the prayer. If you manage it, it is a bird in the cage. Never manage prayer. These are great things. Man should be very very respectful about these great things.

And man has not been respectful! That's why there is so much prayer going on in the world -- Hindus praying, Mohammedans praying, Christians praying -- everybody is praying, and WHERE IS PRAYER? If so much prayer were really going on, the world would be a paradise. If so much prayer were coming out of the hearts, there would be duds of prayer gathering all over the earth and showering.

But there seems only to be hatred, violence, war. Prayer is nowhere to be found. Something is wrong.
This prayer is artificial.
Vandana, whatsoever is happening to you, allow it. Never catch hold of it. The mind tries to catch hold of it. That's why I am insisting, so that you remain aware. Whenever something beautiful happens -- mind is a hoarder, mind is very greedy -- whenever something beautiful happens it immediately wants to catch hold of it. It immediately wants to become a master of it, so that it can reproduce it again and again whenever it wants.
But there are things which are beyond you: love, meditation, prayer, beauty, grace, God. These are things beyond you! You can at the most OPEN yourself, INVITE them, and wait. But you cannot drag them in. Dragged, you will have something artificial, plastic. The real will never come to you. These are things you can have only with open hands.
But the mind says, "When it is there, don't lose the moment -- catch hold of it. Keep it in your fist, or put it in your safe-deposit and lock it up."
You cannot Lock flowers in a safe-deposit. Money you can lock because money is dead. Flowers you cannot lock because they are alive. They have to be on the trees, rooted in the earth and rooted in the sun, and rooted in the wind. They exist only in that aliveness all around. Cut from all sources of life they will die and stink.
Yes, this is prayer:

A GRATEFULNESS FALLS
AND RISES WITH EACH BREATH

AND PEACE FLIES ON BEATING WINGS
TO SETTLE DEEP WITHIN MY SOUL...
OH OSHO,
IS IT PRAYER
THAT'S THERE?

Yes. This is prayer. Now be watchful. Let it come and let it go.... Never hinder its process. When it comes, feel thankful. When it doesn't come, wait. Don't complain -- it will come. It will come more and more. If you can wait, with great longing, AND patience, it is bound to come. It always comes.

The third question:

Question 3
OSHO, SAY SOMETHING MORE ABOUT SELF-KNOWLEDGE. THAT'S MY WHOLE INTEREST AND INQUIRY.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE IS A CONTRADICTION IN TERMS. When it really happens, there is no self and there is no knowledge. If the self is there, it can't happen. If knowledge is there, it has not happened. So a few preliminary things to be understood.
First: for self-knowledge to happen, the self has to go. You have to forget all about your ego. You have to be in a state of egolessness.
And the second thing: you have to forget all about knowledge too. If you are continuously hankering to know,

that very hankering will prevent you. God reveals himself only to those who are not hankering for anything, who are not desiring anything -- not even to know God. Mysteries are revealed only to those who simply wait, who make no demand on God. They wait with open eyes, they wait with open heart, but with no demand.

Your demand is basically ego-oriented. Why do you want to know? Because knowledge gives power.Try to understand it. Knowledge IS power. The more you know, the more powerful you become. Ego is always interested in becoming knowledgeable. If you know about nature, you become powerful over nature. If you know about people, you become powerful over people. If you know about your own mind, you become powerful over your own mind. If YOU KNOW about God, you will become powerful over God.

The search for knowledge, deep down, is really the search for power. And how can you be powerful over reality? The very idea is ridiculous. Allow the reality to be powerful over you... relax. And allow the reality to take possession of you, rather than you trying to take possession of reality. To be really in a state of self-knowledge, one has to forget self and forget ALL inquiry into knowledge. Then it happens! and only then it happens.

There have been three efforts in the whole history of human consciousness concerning self-knowledge.

The first effort is of the realist. The realist denies the self; he says there is no self inside, no subject; only the object exists, the thing, the matter, the world. That is his way to avoid the inner journey. The inner journey is dangerous. You will have to lose all! Self-knowledge and all, root and

all -- you will have to lose all. The realist cannot take that risk. He finds an explanation. He says, "There is no soul. There is no self. All that exists in the world is objects." So he becomes concerned with knowing the objects. He forgets the subjectivity and becomes occupied with the objectivity. That's what science has been doing for three hundred years. It is a way of escaping from oneself.

The second way is that of the idealist who says there is no object: the world is MAYA -- illusion. There is nothing to know outside, so just close your eyes and go in. Only the knower is true -- the known is false. The realist says only the known is true and the knower is false; the idealist says only the knower is true and the known is false. And just see the absurdity of it -- because how can there be a knower if there is no known? And how can there be a known if there is no knower?

So the idealist and the realist are only choosing half of the reality. About the other half they are afraid. The realist is afraid to go in, because to go in means to go into emptiness, into utter emptiness. It is to fall in a bottomless pit, in an abyss... unpredictable. Where one will land nobody knows, or whether there is any landing at all.

The realist is afraid of the knower, so he denies it. Out of fear he says it is not: "My whole concern is with the known, the object." And the idealist is afraid of the object, of the world, of the enchantments of the world, of the magic of the world. He is afraid of getting lost into the desires and passions. He is afraid of getting entangled into things -- money, power, prestige. He is SO afraid that he says, "All is dream. The world that is outside is not real. The real world is inside."

But both are being half true. And remember: a half-truth is far worse than a total lie. At least the total lie has one quality about it: it is total -- the quality of totality. And one thing is beautiful about a total lie: it cannot deceive you long -- because it is such a lie, even the stupid person will be able to see sooner or later that it is a lie. But the half-truth is dangerous -- even an intelligent person can get lost into it.

And then there is the third way: the way of the mystic. He accepts both, and rejects both. That is my way. He accepts both because he says, "On one plane both exist -- the knower and the known, the subject and the object, the inner and the outer. But on another plane, both disappear and only one remains -- which is neither the known nor the knower."

The mystic's approach is total. And I would like you to understand the mystic's approach as deeply as possible. On one level both are right. When you are dreaming, the dream IS true, and the dreamer is true. When you are awake in the morning, it is no more true. Now the dreamer is gone, the dreaming is gone -- both have gone. Now you are awake. Now you are existing on a totally different level of consciousness.

The world is true, the ego is true, when man is ignorant, unconscious, unaware. When man becomes aware, when Buddhahood happens, then the world is not there, neither is there any ego -- both have disappeared. "Both have disappeared" does not mean that nothing is left: both have disappeared into each other. Only one is left now, two are not left. The knower and the known have become one.

That oneness is what is really meant by self-knowledge. But the word is not right. No word can be right. About such great experiences which go beyond duality, no word can be right.

Man tries in two ways to overcome the epistemological dichotomy which is inherent in self-knowing. One way is to confine his knowing to objects of the world of the non-self. This way is to escape from self-knowledge. The people who want to escape from self-knowledge condemn it as introverted, unsocial, abnormal, even perverted. They call it a kind of intellectual masturbation, navel gazing: they call these people lotus-eaters, dreamers, poets, mystics, somehow gone astray from reality.

How much of the pursuit of research in the natural sciences is motivated by the effort to keep our attention off ourselves? This question has to be asked.

People become interested in scientific research -- why? Are they really interested in some scientific project? or are they simply trying to avoid going in? The greater possibility is that they are avoiding going in.

Albert Einstein said before he died that if God were going to give him another chance to be born, he would not like to become a scientist again. A friend who was by the side of the bed asked, "Then who would you like to become?t' And he said, "Anybody, but not a scientist. I would like to become a plumber even, but not a scientist."

Why? Albert Einstein was a man of great sensitivity, of great intelligence; a man who could have easily become a Buddha. Had all the potential, and missed -- because he

poured ALL his intelligence into the objective world. He became too much concerned about the stars and time and space, etcetera, and he forgot completely about himself. He became so much engaged with other things and other problems that he forgot completely who he was, or that some time has to be given to oneself too.

One of the socialist leaders of India, Dr. Ram Manohar Lohia, went to see him. He was telling me that when he went to see Albert Einstein he had to wait six hours. The time had been fixed by Albert Einstein himself, and again and again the wife would come and bring tea and other things and would say, "We are sorry but he is taking his bath." So long?

Dr. Lohia asked, "How long is he going to take his bath?"

The wife said, "Nobody knows, because when he sits in his tub he starts thinking of great things. And he forgets completely where he is. And we are not allowed to disturb him, because he may be chasing some subtle train of thought, and if we disturb him it may be a loss to humanity."

Dr. Lohia became more interested. He said, "But what does he go on doing sitting there?"

The wife, said, "Please don't ask... he plays with soap-bubbles. He keeps himself engaged with soap-bubbles, and goes on thinking. All the great problems that he has solved, they have been solved in his tub."

You must have heard of great scientists becoming absent-minded. Those are not just jokes -- there is a truth in it. They lost track of their own being.

It is said of Immanuel Kant: one night he came back home, he knocked on the door, it was getting dark, and the servant looked from the window, from the top floor, and said, "The master is not at home."
It is Emmanuel Kant's house, he is the master, but the servant thought somebody had come to see the master. So he said, "The master is not at home. He has gone for a walk."
And Immanuel Kant said, "Okay, then I will come later on."
And he went! After walking for one hour, then he suddenly realized, "What nonsense has this servant been playing with me? I am the master!"

If you become too much engaged in outer things, there is a possibility your whole consciousness will start moving into extroversion. Nothing points to yourself.

Another night, Immanuel Kant came back home. He used to carry a walking-stick. He went in the room and forgot what is what, so he put the walking-stick on the bed, and he himself stood in the comer. Only in the middle of the night, suddenly he recognized the fact that something was wrong.

This IS possible. One can become really so much obsessed with the objective... one can lose all track of oneself. One can fall in a shadow. Scientists live in that kind of shadow. Philosophers live in that kind of shadow.
Subjectivity is eliminated when objects and objective interests take over. The onto logical imperialism of scientific methodology is a pressing danger. It is one matter

to hold that if something cannot be known by scientific methods, it cannot be KNOWN, but it is quite another matter to hold that if something cannot be known by scientific methods it does not EXIST.

And once you become too much obsessed with the objective, then naturally you become obsessed with the methodology of science too -- then that is the only valid method to know. If something is not available to THAT method, then not only do you say it cannot be known, you start saying, slowly slowly, unconsciously, unawares, that if it cannot be known through scientific method it cannot exist. That's why scientists go. on saying God does not exist. Not that God does not exist -- it is just their methodology. Their methodology is for the object and God is your subjectivity. Their methods are meant to catch hold of that which is separate from you. And God is not separate from you: God is your innermost being, your inferiority. Through scientific methods, love cannot be proved. That does not mean love does not exist. For it, a different methodology is needed, a different approach, a different vision, a different way of seeing.

The scientist avoids the problem of self-knowing by getting more and more interested in the objective world. By getting more and more into things, he goes farther and farther away from himself.

And there is a third effort also to overcome the subject/object dichotomy, and that is the way of the mystic. One way to AVOID this problem of subject and object is that of the scientist: only object exists. The other way to avoid the dichotomy -- because it is insoluble -- is that of the idealist: to say that the world is illusory, it doesn't exist,

it is MAYA, close your eyes. Both are wrong. The third is the method of the mystic: he TRANSCENDS. He does not deny reality to the object, he does not deny the reality to the subject -- he accepts the reality of both. He bridges them. That is the meaning of the famous Upanishadic statement: TAT-TVAM-ASI -- That art thou. This is a bridging. In this bridging, self-knowledge happens. Self disappears, knowledge disappears -- knowing remains. A clarity, a transparency. All is clear. There is nobody to whom it is clear, and there is nothing which is clear -- but ALL IS clear. It is only clarity and clarity....

This is called by the Buddhists: The Lotus-Land of Buddha. All is clear and fragrant, and beautiful, and graceful. Then the splendor opens its doors.

The mystic transcends the problem by attempting a form of knowing in which the knower and the known are merged into one unit. Now nothing is left in the concept of 'knowledge'. Knowledge cannot be divided into direct and indirect. All knowledge is indirect. Knowledge is a salute, not an embrace. It is a representation, a symbolization, a universalization, an analysis. In a sense, knowledge is a form of falsifying; for reality is concrete, particular, specific, unanalyzed. Knowledge is a dry and dead fact -- it is not wet experience. And experience is not knowledge but knowing.

That's why Krishnamurti always uses the word 'experiencing' rather than 'experience'. He is right. He turns the noun into a verb: he calls it experiencing. Remember that always: transform nouns into verbs and you will be Dover to reality. Don't call it knowledge: call it knowing.

Don't call it life: call it living. Don't call it love: call it loving. Don't call it death: call it dying.

If you can understand that the whole life is a verb, not a noun, there will be great understanding following it like a shadow.

There is no self and there is no other.

The great Jewish mystic and philosopher, Martin Buber, says that prayer is the experience of I and thou, a dialogical experience a dialogue. Yes, in the beginning prayer is so, but not in the end. For the beginners, prayer is a dialogue between I and thou. But for those who have arrived, prayer is not a dialogue because there is neither I nor thou -- only one. Dialogue cannot exist. It is not communication: it is communion. It is not even union, but unity.

Self-knowledge is of great importance. Nothing else is of more importance than that. But remember these two pitfalls: one is denying subjectivity and becoming a realist; another is denying reality and becoming an idealist. Avoid these two pitfalls. Walk exactly in the middle.

And then you will be surprised -- the self has disappeared, the knowledge has disappeared. But then descends knowing. Great light descends, and a light that not only transforms you but transforms your whole world.

Buddha is reported to have said: The moment I became enlightened, the whole existence became enlightened for me. This is true. I am a witness to it. Exactly that's hove it happens. When you become enlightened, the WHOLE existence becomes full of light and remains full of light. Even darkness becomes luminous, even death becomes a new way of living.

The fourth question:

Question 4
WHY IS IT SO DIFFICULT TO UNDERSTAND YOU?

I AM SO SIMPLE -- something must be wrong with you. You must be knowledgeable. You must be carrying great prejudices in you. Otherwise, what I am saying are such simple truths; there is no way to make them more simple. But you must be waiting to hear something else -- then problems arise.
I say one thing. You were waiting to hear something else. And there is collision, they collide. And, naturally, if anything collides with you, you cannot accept it. It creates confusion. I am here to clarify things for you, but if you have ideas, a priori ideas, fixed attitudes, prejudices, conditioning, then my simple statements will collide with your deep-rooted beliefs -- and there will be confusion. You want to hear something else... if I say it then it is perfectly okay. You say, "I understand." That's what you mean when you say, "Yes, I understand." It means I am agreeing with you, but I have no obligation to agree with you. How can I agree with you? If I agree with you, how am I going to change you?
All hope is, all promise is, in my disagreeing with you, because that's the only possibility for you to grow beyond yourself.
But it happens. You have a certain idea. I say something: either you hear something which I have not said, or your belief is hurt, wounded, you become restless, and in that

restlessness you cannot hear what is being said. Otherwise I am saying such simple things.

The husband came home drunk again. His wife could not stand it. She screamed at him, "If you don't stop this damnable drinking, I am going to kill myself!"
The hapless husband retorted, "Promises, that's all I get, promises."

It is very difficult to hear what is being said. You hear what you CAN hear.

One parent was listening to her six-year-old at his math lesson: "Three plus one, the sonuvabitch is four," he said. "Three plus two, the sonuvabitch is five. Three plus three, the sonuvabitch is six."
The mother's jaw dropped in astonishment. "Johnny, where in the world did you ever learn to talk like that?" she angrily asked.
"Oh, that's the way they teach us at school," said Johnny.
Unable to believe it, Johnny's mother visited the teacher and demanded an explanation. But the teacher was as horrified as the mother -- she had no idea where Johnny had learnt those words. Then she realized what had happened.
"I get it," she laughed. "We teach the children to say: Three plus one, the SUM OF WHICH is four; three plus two, the SUM OF WHICH is five!"

I may be saying one thing... you may be hearing another. Then it becomes very difficult. I talk from my vision; you

listen from your vision. There is a vast difference. So each word that is said to you is being translated by you, even though I am speaking the same language that you understand -- still it is being translated.

The marriage counselor was advising the bride-to-be. "The first thing I must tell you is that if you want to retain the interest of your husband, you must never completely disrobe in front of him when retiring. Always keep a little mystery about you."
About two months later, the husband said to his bride, "Tell me, Jane, is there any insanity in your family?"
"Of course not!" she responded hotly. "Why do you ask such a question?"
"Well," said he, "I was merely wondering why, during the last two months since we're married, when you go to bed you never take off your hat."

People understand in their own ways. That may be creating trouble for you. You will have to come closer to my vision of things. In fact, what I am saying is very simple. It is not difficult at all.
Secondly, you will have to leave your past behind. Come fresh to me, clean slates, so I can write something that has happened to me. If you come with so many things already written on your slate, I will still write, but it will become very very confusing for you to understand what has been written. Everything else that you are carrying in your head becomes entangled with what I say. It never reaches to you exactly as it is said.

Listen to me, not from the head but from the heart. Listen to me not argumentatively but in a kind of deep intimacy, love, sympathy. Don't be here like a spectator -- become a participant. Fall en rapport with me. That is the only way to understand what is being said to you, because what is being said to you is no ordinary message. It is absolute fire. If you allow, it is going to transform you, it is going to transmute you. If you allow, you will never be the same again. If you allow, this is going to be your rebirth.

And the last question:

Question 5
I FEEL HOMESICK -- WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

HOW AM I TO KNOW? It may mean something really great, metaphysical. Mystics say they feel homesick, but then they mean they are longing for the original source, the ultimate home. They are longing for God. But I don't know about you. You may be simply feeling homesick!
Listen to these stories:

A traveling salesman went into a hashery. He instructed the waitress, "Look, I want two eggs, and I want them fried very hard. I want two pieces of toast burnt to a crisp, and I want a cup of coffee weak, lukewarm, and practically undrinkable."
"What!" exclaimed the waitress. "What kind of an order is that?"
"Never you mind," insisted the salesman, "Just bring me what I asked for."

The waitress went back to the kitchen, told the chef there was a loony guy outside and gave him the order. The chef prepared everything just as it was ordered. The waitress brought the miserable breakfast back to the table, and said coolly, "Anything else, sir?"
"Why, yes," said the salesman. "Please sit down next to me and nag me. I'm homesick."

Or this story:

A battling couple had had the worst spat of their marriage. Enraged and disgusted, the husband grabbed his coat and stormed out of the house. To cool his ire, the sizzling spouse took the subway to Grand Central and visited some of the local bars to try to forget his troubles. Before long he was beginning to feel his oats.
By two a.m., the hapless husband decided that he was soused enough to take anything his wife could mete out. He left a bar and started walking up Eighth Avenue, looking for the subway station.
As he neared Madison Square Garden, he looked up and there in bright neon lights glared the sign: "Big Fight Tonight." He paused, refocused his eyes, and sighed: "Ah, home at last!"

I don't know what you mean by your question. You say: I FEEL HOMESICK -- WHAT DOES IT MEAN? YOU must really know. If it is the homesickness for God, I can show you the way. And every-one remains homesick unless one finds God. We have lost our paradise. We have known how it is to be, what beauty it is to be -- we have lost it. We

had known it in the mother's womb. The memory persists. The memory is not mental: it is in every cell of your body, every fiber of your body. It continuously persists. It goes on haunting you, it goes on giving you a sense that something is missing. Things are as they should not be. It goes on goading you towards something that is possible.
That goal is God -- or call it truth, or Nirvana, or what you like. If you are feeling homesick in this sense, I can help you. If you are feeling homesick in some other sense, go to Deeksha....

The Perfect Master, Vol 2
Chapter #3
Chapter title: Out of Context
3 July 1978 am in Buddha Hall

A CERTAIN SUFI TEACHER WAS EXPLAINING HOW A FALSE SUFI HAD BEEN UNMASKED. "A REAL SUFI SENT ONE OF HIS DISCIPLES TO SERVE HIM. THE DISCIPLE WAITED ON THE IMPOSTER HAND AND FOOT, DAY AND NIGHT. PRESENTLY EVERYONE BEGAN TO SEE HOW THE FRAUD LOVED THESE ATTENTIONS, AND PEOPLE DESERTED HIM UNTIL HE WAS COMPLETELY ALONE."

ONE OF THE LISTENERS TO THIS STORY SAID TO HIMSELF, "WHAT A MARVELLOUS IDEA! I SHALL GO AWAY AND DO JUST THE SAME THING."

HE WENT TO WHERE A BOGUS DIVINE WAS TO BE FOUND, AND PASSIONATELY DESIRED TO BE ENROLLED AS A DISCIPLE. AFTER THREE YEARS, SUCH WAS HIS DEVOTION THAT HUNDREDS OF DEVOTEES HAD COLLECTED. "THIS SAGE MUST INDEED BE A GREAT MAN," THEY SAID TO ONE ANOTHER, "TO INSPIRE SUCH LOYALTY AND SELF-SACRIFICE IN HIS DISCIPLE."

SO THE MAN WENT BACK TO THE SUFI FROM WHOM HE HAD HEARD THE STORY AND EXPLAINED WHAT HAD HAPPENED. "YOUR TALES ARE NOT RELIABLE," HE SAID "BECAUSE WHEN I TRIED TO PUT ONE INTO PRACTICE, THE REVERSE HAPPENED."

"ALAS," SAID THE SUFI, "THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING WRONG WITH YOUR ATTEMPT TO APPLY SUFI METHODS. YOU WERE NOT A SUFI."

SUFISM IS NOT A DOCTRINE BUT A DISCIPLINE, A METHOD OF inner transformation, an alchemical device -- to change the lower into the higher, to change the baser metal into gold. It does not believe in talking about God. Rather, It believes in creating God. It does not believe in great philosophical argumentation -- that is all rubbish. Its whole emphasis is on how to destroy man's mechanicalness, how to de-automatize man, how to release awareness in him.
Self-remembering is its only and its whole philosophy.

If you can understand one word, 'self-remembering', you have understood all that Sufism consists of.
Man lives, but without any remembrance of who he is. Then you can go on doing a thousand and one things, but failure is going to be your fate. You are doomed to fail, because unconsciousness fails. Only consciousness succeeds, because it is only through consciousness that you become part of the divine cosmos. Unconscious, you remain apart. Unconscious, you are confined by your ego, you are like an island. Conscious, the ego melts, you become one with the whole, the harmony of the whole. The part is going to fail. The part cannot succeed. Only the whole succeeds.
That is the meaning of the ancient statement: SATYAM EVAM JAYATE -- it is only truth that wins. Why is it only truth that wins? Because to be true is to be with God; to be true is to be with the ultimate law of existence, is to be in tune with. Tao. And the whole cannot fail.
The individual is bound to fail. And unless you remember, you will remain an individual. The moment you remember, the miracle happens, the paradox happens: in self-remembering, self disappears; only remembering is left. In non-self-remembering, there is no remembering, but the self continues. The self and remembering cannot exist together; their co-existence is not possible.
Sufism can be reduced to a single method: self-remembering. A man who remembers himself functions in a different way. Never imitate anybody, because by imitation you are not going to reach. If by chance you are fortunate and blessed and you come across a Buddha, learn how to remember. Don't imitate him. If you imitate a

Buddha, you will be just a dummy Buddha, a false entity, of no worth. And you will become more and more stupid -- imitators always become stupid.

Intelligence never grows by imitation: intelligence grows by experimentation. Intelligence grows by taking challenges. Intel-ligence grows by accepting questions and endeavoring to find their answers. Imitation means the question has not yet even arisen, and you have accepted the answer. If the question has not arisen then the season is not ripe -- don't sow the seeds, they will die. It will be sheer wastage.

But it happens: if you come across a Buddha, his being, his presence is magnetic -- you would like to be like him. His grace enchants you. You would like to learn his way of life. You will start imitating unconsciously. That too happens unconsciously. He looks so beautiful, he looks so silent and so blessed -- who would not like to imitate him? But if you imitate, you miss, because consciousness cannot be imitated. It has to be created. You have to become the lab. You have to become the experiment. You have to create the fire. You have to create the patience. You have to create many things which are ingredients for the inner chemistry, and then the flame comes one day. Then you are a Buddha in your own right. Not a copy! not a carbon copy.

Your innermost being will be exactly like the Buddha, but your outer personality will be different. A Jesus is a Jesus, a Krishna is a Krishna, a Rumi is a Rumi, a Mansoor is a Mansoor. From the periphery they are AS different as people can be different, but from the innermost core their taste is one, similarly one.

What is that taste? That is the taste of self-remembering.

The body is different. Buddha has a different shape, Mohammed has certainly a different shape; their eyes, their noses, their faces, their hands, are different; their languages are different, their characters are different. Mohammed has a sword in his hand and Buddha will not touch a sword, never. Krishna has a flute -- you cannot visualize Mahavir having a flute. It is impossible. Jesus is on the cross, in that deep agony of humanity, as if all the agony of all the human beings has centered into the being of Jesus. And Krishna is dancing, as if all the ecstasies of all possible human beings are gathered together. But if you look deep, in the agony of Jesus and in the ecstasy of Krishna, the taste is the same. Dancing, Krishna is remembering. Dying, Jesus is remembering. Buddha is sitting silently under his tree, with utter self-remembering, and Meera is dancing, with great abandon, but deepest at the core there is the flame of self-remembering.

Self-remembering is the soul of religion.

But we always see the periphery. If you come to me, you will see my periphery, you will not see my center. That is not available to ordinary eyes. Unless you grow the eyes of a disciple, you will not be able to see it. Unless you grow the inner eye you will only see my circumference. And I am not my circumference: I am my center. The circumference is accidental, but the center is not accidental -- it is essential. The same center can exist in different circumferences. But the ordinary eyes will see only the outer, and will become obsessed with the outer and will start imitating it -- in the hope that "Maybe someday, imitating, and imitating more perfectly, we will arrive at

the center." There is no way from the periphery to the center!

Let this be remembered by you always and always: there is no way from the periphery to the center. There is certainly a way from the center to the periphery. If the inner changes, the outer changes of its own accord -- but not vice versa. Just by changing the outer, you will not be able to change the inner. In fact, by changing the outer you will become a hypocrite. By changing the outer, you will become split, you will become two. Rather than becoming one, you will be divided. And all divisions bring misery.

And this is the greatest division: when somebody's center speaks one language and the circumference another, he starts falling into a kind of schizophrenia. These two poles will become farther and farther apart, and he will not be able to keep himself together. Sooner or later he will fall into fragments. That's what madness is.

Never imitate, otherwise you are on the path of being mad. UNDERSTAND, but never imitate. When a Master speaks, whatsoever he is saying is true in HIS context. Don't take his statements out of his context, otherwise you have missed the meaning.

And I know: even out of context those statements LOOK meaningful, but they are no more meaningful. Meaning is never in the words but always in the context. In that way, all dictionaries are false, because in a dictionary there are only words without context. You read a word 'love'. Now what meaning can the word 'love' have? It can have a thousand and one meanings, and it can have a thousand and one meanings because it has no meaning in itself. It depends on the user and the context.

A man says to a woman, "I love you." And another man says, "I love ice-cream." Is the meaning the same? And Jesus says, "Love is God." When Jesus says, "Love is God," and you say, "I love ice-cream, " is the meaning the same? Then God's taste will be the taste of ice-cream. No, it is not.

The meaning of the word depends on the context. And the context is a huge phenomenon. In the context, the person who has made the statement is deeply involved. If he is a man of presence, his presence is involved. If he is a Buddha or a Christ, if he is a Sufi, then all that he has known and seen is involved in it. Don't take statements of Buddhas ordinarily. Till you have understood the quality of the Buddha, his mindfulness, his awareness, you will go on misunderstanding. And whatsoever you will do out of your misunderstanding will create more misery, complexity, turmoil, in your life. Rather than becoming a blessing, it will become a curse. That's what has happened to humanity at large.

Millions are there who are Christians, and they don't know what Christ-consciousness is, and they go on reading the Bible. And millions are there who are Buddhists, and they don't know what Buddha-consciousness is, and they go on reading the Diamond Sutra. And millions are there who are Hindus, and they don't know what Krishna-consciousness is, and they go on reading the Gita. Hence the confusion in the world. Hence so much stupidity in the world, unintelligence in the world, mediocrity in the world.

People read the Sermon on the Mount, or the Bible, or the Gita, or the Dhammapada, but the meaning? -- the meaning is going to be yours. Meaning cannot be that of Jesus or

Krishna or Mohammed Always remember: when you are reading the Bible, be very conscious, cautious, that it is your meaning that you are reading there. You cannot read what Jesus means. You can read that only when you have attained something of Jesus' self remembering.

THIS IS THE KEY-WORD IN SUFISM: self-remembering. It is not a doctrine; it is a discipline. It is not magic, ritual; it is science, it is REAL psychology. That is the literal meaning of the word 'psychology': the science of the soul. The Western psychology has no right to call itself psychology; it is not the science of the soul. On the contrary, it denies the existence of the soul. It is so absurd to call it psychology. It only studies the behavior -- and not even the behavior of man, but the behavior of rats, to understand the behavior of man. It reduces man to rats. Rats have the keys: it thinks if you can understand the rat and the rat's mind you will be able to understand man and man's mind.

In the East we have thought just the diametrically polar opposite: unless you understand a Buddha, you will not understand man. Just see the difference. Skinner says if we can understand the mind of the rat we will be able to understand the mind of man. Man is nothing but a little more complicated rat. The rat is simple, can be understood more easily. Hence the obsession of the psychologists to study the rat.

The Eastern psychology, which is REALLY psychology, says unless you understand Buddha you will not understand man -- because man is just a seed. How can you understand the seed unless you have seen a tree? fully grown, with

foliage, with flowers, with fruits? Unless the seed has manifested itself totally and has come to be actual, is not only potential, you will not be able to understand it. If you want to understand the seed, go and study the tree. By studying the tree you will know what the seed is and what the seed can be.

In the East we understand Buddha to understand man. In the West you understand rats to understand man. This is humiliating. This is insulting.

Western psychology is not psychology yet. It should drop the name! It is only a study of outer behavior, but not of the inner consciousness. It denies that there is anything inner. Sufism is psychology in the true sense of the word. It depends on the inner. But then one problem arises: when you listen to the statements of the Sufis, be very alert. Don't translate them according to YOUR understanding, otherwise you will miss the import. Rather than bringing the statements of the Sufis to your understanding, you will have to rise in your awareness and go closer to the Sufis. These are the two ways to understand.

For example, you are here with me. One way is: whatsoever I say, you translate it, reduce it, to YOUR understanding. That is one way to understand it. In fact, it is a way of misunderstanding it. The other way is the right way to understand: when you fall in love with something that I say, then try to come closer to my awareness. Then meditate more. Then become more self-aware. Then witnessing has to be grown. Then more energy has to be poured into observation, so that you can rise a little higher from your ordinary plane of understanding. Then you will be able to see the point.

The problem becomes very complicated because Sufis use very simple language. You can understand it. As far as language is concerned there is no problem. But as far as the MESSAGE IS concerned, there is a great problem. The statements of the Sufis are coded messages -- simple on the surface but carrying great treasure in them.

Sufism is not a doctrine, hence it is not intellectual. It is existential. It is total. Intellect is only a tiny part. But somehow this calamity has happened, that the intellect has become dictatorial, that it has usurped all the power that you have, that it has become totalitarian, that it has become the master. Sufis say the intellect is a great servant, a good servant, very useful, but a bad master. It can't be the master. In fact, no PART can be the master. Neither can the heart be the master. Neither the hands nor the feet, nor the kidneys, nor the lungs -- NO PART can be the master. The mastery belongs to the organic unity. Man's being should be a democracy in which every part has its say, and where every part functions at its maximum, is not hindered. end out of the harmony of all the parts arises self-remembering.

So one thing to be reminded of: Zen is anti-intellectual; it is not so with Sufism. Zen is irrational; it is not so with Sufism. Sufism is a very balanced view. It is neither intellectual nor anti intellectual ; it is neither rational nor irrational.

Sufism says: Intellect has its own place; it is a good machine. It has to be used, but only as a machine. The machine has not to become a master. This vision of man functioning as an organic unity is one of the greatest contributions to human consciousness from Sufism. Neither the heart nor the head nor anything else has to become the

boss. There is no need for any boss in your being. All have to function; nobody's functioning has to be hindered.
And out of the harmony of all the parts functioning arises that great grace called self-remembering. It is neither of the mind nor of the soul nor of the body, but of all. It is a trinity. It is total.
Zen is a little bit extremist. It goes from intellect to the diametrically opposite extreme. Sufism is far more balanced, moderate. It remains in the middle. It says there is no need to take any standpoint. Use all that God has given to you, but use it in such a way, in such an artful way, that your life becomes an orchestra. And the melody that will come out of that orchestra is self-remembering. That self-remembering reveals to you all the mysteries there are. Intellect has a part to play; intellect has to serve. Its contribution is significant, for two reasons. One: while you are moving on the path, intellect helps you to avoid the falls. Intellect cannot deliver you the truth -- it is too big, it is beyond intellect. It is the capacity of the total only. But intellect can still do some great work, spade work. It can show you what is false, it can show you what is wrong. It can show you where not to go. It can help you eliminate. And that is great work. When you are standing at a crossroad and there are four roads, three have to be eliminated -- intellect will do that. It cannot absolutely say to you, "This is true. Follow this." It cannot directly guide you, but it can say to you, "This does not seem to be true." Why? Because intellect's whole capacity is that of doubt. Its function is that of doubt. It can doubt! So it can show you what is false. It cannot trust, so it cannot show you

what is right, but in an indirect way, if the false is eliminated you are coming closer to the true.
When ALL that is false is eliminated, and only that which is truth is left, intellect becomes silent. If it is not the master, it becomes silent. If it is the master, it goes on repeating the old gramophone saying, "This is false, this is false...." If it is just a slave, then it goes on saying, "This is false, this is false, this is false," and a moment comes when it faces the truth... it simply remains silent. It cannot say, "This is true." That is not the capacity of the intellect. But when the intellect is silent you can move on to the truth.
To find a real Master you will have to use your intellect. There is nothing else that you can use. And this is the way to use it: don't allow it to be your master. It is a beautiful computer, bio-computer, very delicate, very complex, of immense value. Millions of years have been wasted by nature to create it -- don't just throw it in the dustbin. Use it! Its capacity to doubt, its skepticism, is of immense value.
Descartes started his philosophical inquiries with doubt. He made it a point that "Unless I find something which is indubitable I will not believe in anything." Everything was eliminated: God was eliminated, heaven and hell were eliminated, angels, Devil, all were eliminated... the whole of theology was eliminated. But then he came across one thing: one's own existence -- how can you doubt it? Intellect becomes silent. You cannot doubt your own existence, because even to doubt it, you are needed. If I say I am not, I am falsifying my own statement. If I am not then who is making this statement?
There is a famous Sufi story:

Mulla Nasrudin was sitting in the coffee house, and bragging, as was his habit, about everything. And he suddenly said, "There is nobody more generous than me."
And friends said, "Nasrudin, this is too much! We have never seen any generosity in you. You have not even asked once for us to come to your home even for a cup of tea -- what kind of generosity are you talking about?"
He said, "Come, you all -- the whole coffee house is invited to my house! I am going to give you a feast tonight. Everybody is invited, come all!"
He was so excited that he forgot all about his wife. The closer they came to home, the more his senses came back. He began feeling afraid. The whole day he had not been to the house. "The wife must' be angry!" In fact, he had gone to purchase vegetables in the morning. She must be in a rage by now. And now, not only is he coming without vegetables but with thirty people!
Just in front of the house, he said to his friends, "Wait. You are all married people, you know, you understand. Let me go in first. Let me persuade my wife."
They understood, they waited. Half an hour passed, one hour passed. It was getting late and they were feeling hungry. They said, "What is the matter?" So they knocked on the door.
Mulla said to his wife, "I have been a fool. I don't know what madness took possession of me. I was just talking by the way about my generosity and I got into this stupidity, and I have invited these people. Now there is only one way: when they knock, you just go out and tell them that Mulla is not at home."

But the wife said, "You have come with them and they know."
Mulla said, "That I will take care of. You just go."
So the wife went out. She said, "What are you waiting for? Are you looking for Mulla Nasrudin? He is not at home."
They said, "This is too much. He had come with us! Thirty witnesses -- he has gone in and we have not seen him going out either. He must be in!"
But the wife said, "He is not in. You go home!"
But they started arguing and Mulla was hiding behind, and when the argument became too much and he saw that the wife is being defeated in the argument, he forgot. He came out and he said, "Listen! He may have come with you, but there is a back door too -- he may have gone by the back door. So what is the point of arguing?"

Now, he himself is saying that he may have gone by the back door. You cannot say "I am not" -- you cannot say "I am not at home." That will defeat your whole purpose. To say "I am not," you are needed.
Descartes stumbled upon the fact -- the fact of I-amness is indubitable, it cannot be doubted. He found here intellect be-coming silent. The intellect cannot do anything. Doubt is not possible, because to doubt is to prove.
Intellect has to be used, Sufis say, but as a slave not as a master. Then, when it confronts truth, it falls silent. This is one, and the first, purpose of intellect.
The second purpose is: when you have found the truth, it is through the intellect that there is some possibility to share it with others. When you have found it, it is through the

intellect that you can devise methods, techniques, situations, so that others can also be led into it.
Intellect is not the enemy -- it can be used. Before attainment it can be helpful in rejecting the false; after attainment it can be helpful in indicating the truth, hinting at the truth -- it can become a finger pointing to the moon. So remember, Sufis are not against intellect, not at all. But still, don't forget: intellect has not to be the master of the house. Nobody has to be the master of the house. Your whole unity has to function in harmony. And then when there is nobody master in you, the real Master descends. That is God.
If you have a master of your own, it prevents the real Master from coming in. It may be the intellect, it may be the heart, it may be logic, it may be faith -- anything -- but if you have a master of your own, the true Master will not be able to enter in you. There is no space for the true Master to come in. And the true Master is only one: the true Master is God.

NOW THIS BEAUTIFUL STORY.... Before I go into the story, zone thing more: these are not historical facts, these are parables. Don't start thinking about these stories as if they have happened. Why am I reminding you of it? Because just the other day, Ashoka wrote a letter to me. We were. discussing one story, one of the most beautiful Sufi stories, about the dervish who asked the king to fill his begging bowl "... to prove that you are really a king. If you cannot even fill the begging bowl of a poor beggar, what kind of king are you? and what sovereignty are you talking about?"

Gold coins were poured in, but it was a miraculous begging bowl, a magic begging bowl. All that was poured in disappeared immediately, and the bowl remained as empty as ever. The Sufi showed a great truth.

This begging bowl is the desiring mind of man. You can go on filling it, you can fill it with all the kingdoms of the world, and they will disappear, and the desiring bowl will remain empty. Even Alexanders die empty, Napoleons die empty, Adolf Hitlers die like beggars. Only those who have understood the futility of desiring die like kings. They also live like kings. A Buddha lives like a king.

That was why Jesus was so much misunderstood -- because he declared himself the king, the real king. And he told his disciples, "I have come to bring the kingdom of God onto the earth." The politicians became very much afraid: "Is he a competitor or something?" They thought, "He is gathering an army, sooner or later he will declare himself to be the king." He was talking of a totally different kind of kingdom! He was not talking of the kingdom of this world: he was tasking of the kingdom that comes when desiring disappears.

Yes, there have been kings, a Buddha, a Christ -- but they were not kings in the ordinary sense in which you use the word.

And the Sufi was showing to that sovereign the futility of all that he had, the utter futility of all his possessions. Our possessions are made of the stuff called dream. They disappeared in the bowl.

It was one of the most beautiful parables -- but a parable, remember. It did not happen actually like that. But Ashoka

wrote a letter to me. He is infatuated with magic. Because of that, he had lived for many years with Satya Sai Baba, thinking that there must be truth when a man can produce, out of nowhere, Swiss wrist watches, gold coins, holy ash -- there must be something great. He has come to me, he has become a sannyasin, he is growing every day, but Satya Sai Baba seems to be a chronic disease in him. Somehow it goes on lingering; he cannot miss an opportunity. And he is growing, and he is going beautifully well. I am perfectly happy. But that old mind goes on protecting itself somewhere in the nooks and corners.

The day that whole old mind goes, he will have an experience of satori. I am waiting for that day.

Listening to this parable, he jumped upon it. He said, "You praised this Sufi so much who did this magical thing with his begging bowl -- he helped gold coins disappear. You appreciated this man so much. Why do you condemn Satya Sai Baba? Because he does the opposite: he creates gold coins out of nothing. This Sufi did the opposite: he allowed the gold coins to disappear into nothing. Both are doing the same thing from different corners, from different ends. You appreciated this Sufi so much, and you condemn Satya Sai Baba -- why?"

First, this is a parable. There has never been such a man who has done it. Secondly, to help people see that their gold is nothing but dream stuff, that it disappears into nothingness, is to help them towards spirituality. And to give people illusions that gold can be produced out of nothingness is to force them more and more into the world. This Sufi dervish was helping the king to see the futility of all his possessions. Satyr Sai Baba is simply helping poor

people to have desires for gold, is simply helping people to become more worldly, materialistic. The people who have surrounded Satya Sai Baba are materialists. You cannot find a spiritual person there. Why should a spiritual person go there? For what? A spiritual person is not interested in magic, is not interested in occult powers, is not interested in gold either. A spiritual person is finished with all these things! Hence he is spiritual. His search is for something that is beyond death. His search is for self-remembering. Satyr Sai Baba cannot produce self-remembering out of nothing. Nobody can produce it. Self-remembering has to be created by each individual on his own. It is an arduous journey, a great pilgrimage.

First, the Sufi story is a parable. I am not saying that this is a historical fact. Secondly, Satya Sai Baba's work is very worldly, trivial, profane; it has nothing to do with the sacred, it has nothing sacred in it. The people who become interested are people who are poor and are searching for some means to become rich, or people who are ill and are searching for some means to become healthy, or people who are crippled, paralyzed, blind, this and that.... But the search is not spiritual. The spiritual search is not for the outer eyes but the inner. And the spiritual search is not for the outer health but for the inner wholeness.

In a poor country like India, people like Satya Sai Baba can gather a crowd. People are poor and people are hankering for things -- but you will not find spiritual people there. That is a totally different dimension.

Remember about all these Sufi stories: they are only parables. They indicate something, they symbolize

something. They have a message, but don't take them as facts, not as historical facts.

The parable:

A CERTAIN SUFI TEACHER WAS EXPLAINING HOW A FALSE SUFI HAD BEEN UNMASKED. "A REAL SUFI SENT ONE OF HIS DISCIPLES TO SERVE HIM. THE DISCIPLE WAITED ON THE IMPOSTOR HAND AND FOOT, DAY AND NIGHT. PRESENTLY EVERYONE BEGAN TO SEE HOW THE FRAUD LOVED THESE ATTENTIONS, AND PEOPLE DESERTED HIM UNTIL HE WAS COMPLETELY ALONE."

THE SUFI TEACHER HAS TO EXPOSE THOSE WHO ARE FALSE.

The Master's work consists in that -- that the false has to be exposed. People write to me: "Why do you expose Satya Sai Baba? or Muktananda, or Shivananda? Why?" The false has to be exposed. The more you know about the false, the better you will be equipped to understand the real and the true.

And the mind can understand the false more easily. Once the mind has understood what is false, it becomes more and more easy for you to move into the direction of truth. Otherwise there are a thousand and one false doors, and one can go on knocking on doors and wasting one's time.

A CERTAIN SUFI TEACHER WAS EXPLAINING HOW A FALSE SUFI HAD BEEN UNMASKED.

Who is a false Sufi? One who pretends. One who has no presence yet. One who has not yet overflowing love in his being. One who still hankers for others to love him. One who wants attention. Try to understand this.

Why do you want attention? Because you are empty. If the husband is not giving attention to the wife, she becomes angry. If the husband comes home and the wife is not giving attention to him, he gets into a rage. Why is there so much hankering for attention? Why do you want so much attention for yourself? Because you are empty. Deep down, you are so poor that if nobody is paying attention to you, you start feeling as if you don't exist at all. Your whole existence depends on people's attention.

This is the root cause of politics; this is how a politician is born. Politics is nothing but a strategy to attract attention. The politician is the poorest man in the world, because he needs thousands and thousands of people and their attention, and constantly -- only then can he live. That is his food, his nourishment. He devours people's attentions. Any way, right or wrong, the attention is needed.

And that is the cause of all crime in the world. Politicians and criminals are not very different people. Psychologically the same type. The politician is trying ways which are acceptable to the society, and the criminal, in his desperation, has started trying ways which are not acceptable to the society.

A man in America killed seven persons, for no reason at all. Strangers! Just went on the beach and shot seven people. He had not met them before. He had not even seen their faces. He was asked in the court "Why?"

He said, "I wanted my picture on the first pages of the newspapers. And I am happy! Now I am somebody. Everybody knows about me. I am not dying as a nobody. You can give me any punishment -- death is acceptable -- but I had lived long enough as a nobody. I would have passed and nobody would have paid attention -- now everybody knows that I exist, that I am important."

Go deep into the criminal's mind and you will find this. And this is the mind of the politician too. If the politician succeeds slowly slowly he becomes criminal. The more powerful he becomes, the more criminal he becomes. He is saintly only when he is out of power. His saintliness is only when he is powerless. Once he is powerful he does not care; then he starts doing all those things he has always been against.

But everybody is a politician in that sense. If you hanker for attention, watch -- you have some politics in you. And politics is poison. If you pass through a street and nobody says hello to you, nobody says good morning, nobody looks at you, how do you feel? A nonentity. It hurts. If it hurts it shows only one thing: that you don't have any self-awareness. Otherwise there is no need!

The man of self-awareness can live absolutely alone and utterly happy. He can move in the crowd and he will not think even for a single moment that anybody should pay attention to him. In fact, he would like nobody to pay attention to him, so that he can go on doing his thing without any interference from people.

A real Sufi has such presence that he does not ask for attention. The unreal Sufi can be immediately judged if he asks for attention.

A CERTAIN SUFI TEACHER WAS EXPLAINING HOW A FALSE SUFI HAD BEEN UNMASKED. "A REAL SUFI SENT ONE OF HIS DISCIPLES TO SERVE HIM. THE DISCIPLE WAITED ON THE IMPOSTOR HAND AND FOOT, DAY AND NIGHT. PRESENTLY EVERYONE BEGAN TO SEE HOW THE FRAUD LOVED THESE ATTENTIONS, AND PEOPLE DESERTED HIM UNTIL HE WAS COMPLETELY ALONE."

Seeing this, that he loved attentions being paid to him, people deserted him. The story must concern people of great understand I g It is an ancient parable. People knew in the old days what it is to be really religious.
The really religious is ego less. The really religious is overflowing with love. He is not a beggar for love or attention. The really religious is one who has effaced himself completely, who has become absent. And when a person becomes absent, God becomes present in him. The more you are absent as you, the more God will be present in you.
A simple device: a disciple was sent to the bogus teacher and told to serve him so much so that the bogus teacher became almost dependent. And people just seeing this disappeared. It was a totally different world. People knew what religious consciousness is all about.

ONE OF THE LISTENERS TO THIS STORY SAID TO HIMSELF, "WHAT A MARVELOUS IDEA! I SHALL GO AWAY AND DO JUST THE SAME THING."

NOW THIS MAN is getting interested in exposing somebody. The one side of the illness is that somebody wants atten-tion, importance, superiority, ego-fulfillment. The other side of the story is that others would like to expose him. Why should this man be interested in exposing anybody?

Listening to the story from the Master, he didn't become in-terested in the Master himself, he didn't become interested in the search for a real Sufi. He became interested, on the contrary, in going somewhere and finding a bogus divine and exposing him. What are you going to gain out of it? And who ARE you?

If a real Master decides to expose somebody, that's a totally different matter. It is out of compassion -- out of compassion for the people the fraud is deceiving. And out of compassion for the fraud too -- because when you deceive others, you are being deceived yourself too. When a real Master exposes somebody, it is not out of anger. It is not out of enmity: it is out of compassion.

It is reported:

Mahavir had a disciple, his name was Goshalak. He was an impostor. He learnt things from Mahavir. He was there just to learn a &w things so he could become a Master on his own. Out of compassion, Mahavir continued to teach him -- knowing his mind perfectly well, his devious, cunning mind, he continued to teach him.

Then one day he disappeared and declared himself a Perfect Master. Mahavir laughed. He said, "This is strange,

because he is not yet even an imperfect disciple! What to say of becoming a Perfect Master."
Out of compassion, Mahavir travel led to that town where Goshalak had declared himself. He went to see the man and he said, "Goshalak, what are you doing?"
But see how people are. Goshalak was so cunning, he said, "Who are you? I have never seen you."
He had lived twelve years with Mahavir, and Mahavir says, "You have not seen me? And twelve years you lived with me?"
And Goshalak said, "Look! This man thinks he has attained and he cannot understand a simple phenomenon. Yes, the body is the same, but that soul has left. And now God has descended in me. He is using Goshalak's body as a vehicle to bring real religion into the world."
People can be very cunning. Mahavir could not believe his eyes, that somebody can be so cunning. And this man deceived many people. But how long can you deceive? Finally, at the last moment, his whole life's story became too heavy on him. And in the last moment he declared. "I am false. I am the same man who used to be Mahavir's disciple. I have been deceiving people -- I don't know a thing. Before I die I want it to be known that I was false. Please forgive me, and go to Mahavir. I cannot go now, I am so ill, but I would like to fall at his feet and apologize. It is too late, but I have deceived."

There is a great desire in people to claim. And the inner riches can be claimed more easily, because to disprove it is very difficult.

A real Master exposes the unreal out of compassion -- compassion for the people he is deceiving and compassion for him too, because he is also wasting his life. But this should not be the business of one who has not yet known anything.

ONE OF THE LISTENERS TO THIS STORY SAID TO HIMSELF. "WHAT A MARVELOUS IDEA!"

Just see: what is said and what is heard are totally different things. People go on hearing what they can hear.

All the girls from the office poured into a crowded cafeteria for the coffee break. One of the girls lit a cigarette and blew ring after ring of smoke. An elderly lady sitting next to her was supremely alloyed.
"Miss," she said, "that smoke is a horrible habit. I would rather commit adultery than smoke."
"So would I," answered the girl, "but, you know, there just isn't time during a coffee break."

People hear what they CAN hear.

A man walked into a psychiatrist's office and stuffed tobacco into his right ear.
"Well, it's obvious that you need me," said the doctor.
"I sure do," the man agreed. "Get a match?"

Never for a single moment believe that you hear that which is said to you. It is very rare, just coincidental that

sometimes you hear that which is said to you. Because you have a set mind! and that set mind is there to interpret it.

Roberts became convinced he was a cannibal, and his wife finally persuaded him to visit a psychiatrist.
When Roberts returned home after his first visit, his wife asked,
"So tell me, what is a fancy psychiatrist like?"
"Delicious!" beamed Roberts.

Everybody has a set mind, and you hear from the mind. Unless you learn how to hear, without the mind, how to put the mind aside, you will go on hearing that which has not been said to you.
Now, the Master is saying, "Don't be deceived by frauds." He is not saying, "Go and expose frauds." But this man says, "What a marvelous idea!" He got hooked with the idea. It appealed to him -- just the idea to expose somebody. Just the idea to prove that somebody is a fraud, just the idea to torture somebody, just the idea to make somebody feel inferior can give you great joy -- the joy of torture, violence, sadism.

"I SHALL GO AWAY AND DO JUST THE SAME THING."

And how can he do just the same thing? He is not being sent by a Sufi Master: he is going on his own. He is not a Sufi! He does not understand a thing -- what it is all about, who is a real Master and who is a fraud. Out of context he

has taken something.

He tried, he worked hard:

HE WENT TO WHERE A BOGUS DIVINE WAS TO BE FOUND, AND PASSIONATELY DESIRED TO BE ENROLLED AS A DISCIPLE. AFTER THREE YEARS, SUCH WAS HIS DEVOTION THAT HUNDREDS OF DEVOTEES HAD COLLECTED. "THIS SAGE MUST INDEED BE A GREAT MAN," THEY SAID TO ONE ANOTHER, "TO INSPIRE SUCH LOYALTY AND SELF-SACRIFICE IN HIS DISCIPLE."

Now, just the opposite happened. Life is very delicate. Unless you move in the right context, you may do the SAME thing but the results may be just the opposite. What actually happened?

For three years he served the Master so obediently that he created the impression in people that if a man can create so much obedience in a certain disciple, such sacrifice, then he must be a great Master. He missed the who!e point.

In the story, the true Sufi had sent a disciple to play a role, to act: "Act as if you are paying attention to the Master, the false Master. And let him become dependent, more and more dependent on your attentions. And let people see how much he hankers for attention."

In the second case, just the opposite happened. This man was not aware of what he was doing. He thought he had to serve devotedly. He served! But his service proved to people that this is possible only if there is a real Master,

otherwise how can a man for three years serve so deeply and remain so intimate, so close by? Thousands gathered!

SO THE MAN WENT BACK TO THE SUFI FROM WHOM HE HAD HEARD THE STORY AND EXPLAINED WHAT HAD HAPPENED.

The emphasis is different. In the first, the emphasis was to create a need in the bogus Master; in the second, the emphasis was to serve and be as obedient as possible. The whole thing went topsy turvy . He was angry, of course -- three years wasted. Not only wasted, but he became an instrument in gathering thousands of people to a bogus divine.

SO HE WENT BACK TO THE SUFI FROM WHOM HE HAD HEARD THE STORY AND EXPLAINED WHAT HAD HAPPENED. " YOUR TALES ARE NOT RELIABLE," HE SAID, "BECAUSE WHEN I TRIED TO PUT ONE OF THEM INTO PRACTICE, THE REVERSE HAPPENED."

METHODS DON'T MEAN A THING. Techniques don t mean a thing. All that matters is the inner awareness with which you work on them.
For example: in the East, for centuries, MANTRA has been used as a technique. And now Maharishi Mahesh Yogi has introduced the same technique into the West, with a SLIGHT difference -- but that slight difference is so big that it has destroyed the whole method.

In the East we have used mantra, but the condition is: one should not get LOST into the mantra. You repeat Ram or Krishna or AUM or Allah or any word -- your own name will do -- you repeat AUM, AUM, AUM, but you are not to be lost in the repetition. You have to remain a witness. You have to go on watching this sound AUM, AUM, AUM, and you have to remain there a witness, a watcher on the hills. If you are not there as a witness, then this repetition of AUM and AUM will be just a lullaby. It will give you a good sleep. Nothing is wrong with good sleep, but it will not give you awakening.

It is not accidental that Maharishi Mahesh Yogi's transcendental meditation is known in the West as 'non-medical tranquilizer'. That's exactly what it is. It is GOOD to give you sleep, but it is not good to make you awake. And spirituality is wakefulness, it is not a good sleep.

A good sleep is good in itself. Physiologically good, psychologically good, but it has no spiritual dimension. The spiritual dimension opens when you become wakeful. A real meditator, even while asleep, remains awake. That's what's said by Krishna in the Gita: "When the whole world sleeps, the yogi is still awake." Not that he sits in SIDDHASANA and goes on chanting Rama, Rama, Rama -- he ALSO sleeps, but only his body sleeps, his psychological mechanism sleeps, but his awareness burns bright.

Now the method is of immense value. But with Maharishi Mahesh Yogi's interpretation it has lost all value. It has become just a gimmick, a technique, to help people -- a little relaxation. But it is no longer spiritual. It is not

meditation, it is not transcendental either. Just a SLIGHT difference, and all changes.

"YOUR TALES ARE NOT RELIABLE," SAID THE MAN, "BECAUSE WHEN I TRIED TO PUT ONE INTO PRACTICE, THE REVERSE HAPPENED."

"ALAS," SAID THE SUFI, "THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING WRONG WITH YOUR ATTEMPT TO APPLY SUFI METHODS. YOU WERE NOT A SUFI."

If you really want to understand what Sufism is you will have to become a Sufi. If you want to know what to be a Christian is, you will have to become a Christ -- less than that won't do. And the misery is, as Friedrich Nietzsche says: The first and the last Christian died on the cross. And that has happened to all the great Masters.
People become imitators. When you come in close contact with a Buddha, don't become a Buddhist -- become a Buddha. When you come close to a Sufi Master, don't become a Sufist -- become a Sufi. And the only way to know is to become.
Just the other day somebody asked... the woman who has asked must be a seeker. She has been asking many questions. I have not been answering. I am waiting for the right moment. She is not yet part of my being. Her questions are right, but I don't answer questions: I answer questioners. I have been avoiding.
Just the other day she asked: "Can't I become a follower without becoming a disciple? Can't I become a follower without becoming a sannyasin?" There is no way. Then you

will be just an outsider, a spectator. You have to be colored in my being. You have to come as close as possible. The change of the clothes is not significant -- it is only a gesture. It is a gesture that shows that you are ready, that even if your being has to be dyed into some new color, you are ready. You show the gesture! By changing the name you simply show that "I am ready to become discontinuous from my past," that "I am ready to renounce my past," that "I am ready to take a jump into the future, into the unknown." That "I trust you," that "I am ready to go with you wherever you are going." That "I will not ask any promise, any guarantee." That "I am ready to go on this adventure. This risk appeals to me."

You can be here. You can listen to me without being part of me, but then you will listen in your own way, you will interpret it in your own way. And sometimes it will happen: you may even practice it, but in your own way, and the result will be the reverse. Then don't be angry at me. Don't say that the reverse effect has come, that I was saying something else and something else has happened. It has to happen in the total context.

A few people come to me and they say, "Here we cannot do the dynamic meditation. It looks so crazy." Particularly Indians, if they are on high posts, they feel afraid.

A few days before, a political leader was here, a minister. He said, "Just teach me. I will do it in my home. I cannot do it here, because if people see me dancing, shouting, what will they think? And I have to think of the voters too. And if in the newspapers pictures go... screaming and shouting and jumping, I am gone! I will do it at my home."

I can understand his problem -- but in his home he will do it according to his own way. He will make slight changes in it so that the neighbors cannot hear, so the wife does not get too much disturbed, so the children don't think that daddy has gone mazy. He will change here and there; he will make something out of it -- but then the result will be totally different, sometimes even the reverse. And then he will think that I have given something wrong to him.
This is my field! When you do something here, you are doing it in the right context. It is an energy field. You are not alone: hundreds of other people are doing it. You can ride on the wave. You can reach to heights you will never reach alone. Here I am available; here you can trust that nothing will go wrong. At your home, doing meditation alone, you will become afraid; you can become very much afraid. The fear can take grip of you -- the fear of going mad, berserk, or something.
Here, become a sannyasin, be part of me, drown in me, let me be drowned in you. Be a Sufi if you want to know what Sufism is. There is no other way. The only way to know is to be -- AND in the right context, in the right reference, in the right situation.

I am creating a situation here. This is an Al chemical field. This is not an ordinary ashram. This is a scientific lab. People are being transformed. People are moving into new dimensions, taking quantum leaps, arriving into new spaces. You cannot watch these things from the outside. And don't be a fool: don't watch and don't think that back home you will try to do it. The reverse effect is possible. And then don't throw the responsibility on me. Become part

of me if it appeals to you. A great door is open... enter into it.
The Master said:

"ALAS, THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING WRONG WITH YOUR ATTEMPT TO APPLY SUFI METHODS. YOU WERE NOT A SUFI."

If you want to apply my methods, be a sannyasin, so that I will not have to say some day to you: Alas, there was only one thing wrong with your attempt to apply sannyas methods -- you were not a sannyasin.

The Perfect Master, Vol 2
Chapter #4
Chapter title: How Can You Deceive?
4 July 1978 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:

Question 1
OSHO, WHY DO I FEEL SO CLOSE AND SO DISTANT FROM YOU AT THE SAME TIME?

VIDYA, IT IS SO, YOU ARE CLOSE AND YOU ARE DISTANT, and at the same time. Your being is close, but your dreaming is not close and cannot be close. You ARE close, but your mind -- which is not really you -- cannot be close. The more mind you have, the more distant you are.

Right now you are two: one is your authentic being, your essential being, your unchanging, eternal being. You are close. Not only close but you are one with me, because the eternal being is only one. It is a flight, as Plotinus says, of the alone to the alone. But you are a duality. Your being is hidden behind many layers of becoming. You are like an onion: layers and layers of becoming. You want to be this, you want to be that....

Those layers keep you far away -- not only far away but unbridgeable far away, unapproachably far away. I cannot approach you when you are in a dream. The dream is unapproachable. In your dream, you are absolutely lonely. You cannot invite even your beloved, your friend; in your dream you cannot invite even your Master. Your dream is utterly private. Hence, it is false.

Reality is universal. It is not private. Your dream is idiotic -- that is the actual meaning of the word 'idiot': to live in a private world, which does not correspond with reality, to live in IDIOT. The idiot lives in a private world. The wise man lives in the universal -- that which is.

And you are living in both! Hence, this split. You will feel close to me when you look at your being, and there will be moments of being. Watching a sunset, suddenly you are close to me. Listening to the song of a bird, suddenly all distance has disappeared. Looking at a flower, and there is not even an inch's difference between me and you.

These moments of eternity will be there. But then again you fall in the dream, in the sleep, in your private world -- then you are far away. Don't be puzzled by it. This is so with everybody. Slowly slowly, help those moments when you feel close to me, because THEY are the only real

moments. To gain them is to gain the kingdom of God. To miss them is to miss all.
Come out of your IDIOT! Come out of your idiotic world of dreaming! You cannot become anything else than you already are -- hence the whole effort is idiotic. You can only become that which you already are. Remember it again and again: you can only become that which you already are. And, hence, there is no need to become because you already ARE it. Rejoice in it! Celebrate it! Be it!

The second question:

Question 2
WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN DESIRE AND LONGING?

KRISHNA, DESIRE IS DESIRE FOR SOMETHING that is outside you. Desire is objective. Longing is not objective. Longing is for that which wants to explode in you. It is inner, it is subjective. If a rose wants to become a lotus, it is a desire. But if the rose LONGS to become a rose, it is longing. If the seed wants to sprout and become a tree, it is a longing! It is perfectly in order. It is how it should be. But if a seed wants to become a butterfly, it is a desire.
Desire is absurd: longing is existential. Longing is perfectly beautiful: desire is dangerous. And the distinction is very delicate and one has to be very much alert.
Longing is opening of the inner: desire is accumulation of the outer. Man desires money: man longs for meditation. Man desires power: man longs for purity. Man desires

knowledge: man longs for awareness. Man desires the world: man longs for God.
That which is intrinsic to you is longing. Divert your energies from desire into longing. Desire distracts you from your Tao, from your Dharma, from your nature. Desire takes you astray. It allures you into fantasies which are not possible. It drives you crazy, because it gives you hopes which cannot be fulfilled, which are unfulfillable. Time, energy, life, will be wasted, and in the end only frustration in the hands and in the heart.
Longing is fulfillment.
If you want to become a rich man, you are desiring. But if you want to become a sannyasin, it is a longing. Desiring depends on others: in longing there is no need to depend on anybody else. It is your own flowering. It is already there -- just it needs the right soil and the right time It is waiting for the spring to come....

The third question:

Question 3
IS IT POSSIBLE TO DECEIVE A MASTER?

YES, IF THE MASTER WILLS SO. Sometimes the Master wants to be deceived. If it is for your growth, he is ready to do anything -- even to be deceived. If that is the only way to help your cheating characteristic to surface, he will allow himself to be deceived by you. Otherwise not. How can you deceive a Master? He knows you -- as you your-self don't know yourself. He knows the secret most desire of your heart. It may not be conscious even to you.

He knows the subtle ways of your ego. And you CANNOT deceive. You can try, but from one point or another, from one side or another, they will be revealed. You will say one thing from your mouth: your eyes will say something else. And the Master is not very much concerned with what you say -- he tries to read you through subtle manifestations. He looks in your eyes, he looks at the way you walk, he looks at the way you sit... from the superficial to the deepest. He is not very much concerned about what you say. Your saying is almost meaningless; it is babbling. You don't exactly know what you are saying. And even if you know, you don't mean it. And even if you mean it, the next moment you will change it. It is not worth paying attention to.

That's why psychoanalysis has to go into your dreams. Rather than watching your day it watches your night. Why? Because in the day you are cunning, deceptive. You live through a masquerade, a camouflage. You have many masks. And it is not that you are deceiving others: you are deceived yourself by your masks. You. believe in your masks. You think these are your faces. You have completely forgotten your original face.

Psychoanalysis looks into your dreams, because in your dreams your constant pretending relaxes. You come in your true colors.

The Master goes even deeper than psychoanalysis, because there are people who can deceive even in dreams. One can train oneself to dream certain dreams. And now, after one hundred years of psychoanalysis, this fact has become very very apparent. Patients start dreaming according to the expectation of the analyst. If a patient goes to a Freudian,

he dreams one kind of dream. If he goes to the Jungian, he starts dreaming another kind of dream. Now this is an accepted fact. How does it happen? Even un-consciously he is trying to be clever, cunning.

When you go to a Freudian, he is waiting for some sexual dream. Even if you don't dream it, he will impose an interpretation of sexuality on your dream. Your innocent dreams will be painted in such a way that they will look utterly sexual. For example, if you are flying in your dream, the Freudian will say, "This is nothing but sexuality -- flying is a phallic symbol. You want to go high and high and high; you want to reach a climax of sex. It is pictorial. You want to reach to a peak. It simply represents a peak. ' It may be so, it may not be so, but the analyst has imposed a certain pattern on your dream. Now, slowly slowly, you will start dreaming according to him, because every human being has a deep need to be approved. And when you really dream a Freudian dream, the analyst is so happy that the patient also feels happy that he is doing something really great. Because of this, by and by he will dream more and more sexual dreams, remember more and more sexual dreams. May start editing dreams -- and VERY unconsciously. May drop a few things, may add a few things. Will give it a color -- a Freudian color.

After six months of psychoanalysis with a Freudian, ALL your dreams will be just sexuality and nothing else.

Go to a Jungian and things start changing. Now, flying is no more a sexual symbol -- it is occult. It is the desire of the human soul to reach to the ultimate. It is esoteric. Another interpretation is enforced, and soon you will have visions of Masters talking to you, pure voices descending

upon you, great light, kundalini, lotuses opening within you... and things will start happening. And within six months you will be a perfect Jungian dreamer.

Go to the Adlerian, and the same dream, that you are flying, and the interpretation is different. The Adlerian says, "Flying high is nothing but an effort to become superior -- man suffers from inferiority complexes. To be low is inferior; to fly high, above everybody else, is to be superior." Another interpretation is enforced on you. People start dreaming the way they are expected to dream. So even dreaming is not so innocent as you think. The Master cannot depend on your dreaming either. He simply goes beyond ALL your layers; he looks through all the layers. He looks through all the chaos that you are. You are not in order, you are not a discipline. There are a thousand and one contradictions in you, so no one particular idea can be imposed on you.

The Master's work is not to impose any particular interpretation on you -- he has none. He simply tries to see the whole chaos that you are, the whole contradiction that you are, the crowd, the mob, that you are, the so many small selves in you without any real center, the civil war that goes on within you. He goes on seeing it.

And if he feels that it will be helpful for you, then he can be deceived by you -- but that is willed by him. You cannot deceive him on your own. There is no way. He has eyes! He is no more blind. He looks through and through. And, in fact, to deceive a Master is impossible, but even to deceive a man who has a little observation is difficult. If you just start a little observation, it will be impossible for anybody to deceive you. Just a LITTLE observation!

For example, a woman says to you, "I love you." Watch her eyes -- if she really loves you, you will see her eyes changing, her eyes expanding, the black dot in the eye becoming bigger -- immediately! if she really loves you. She is opening up. And this is not DONE by her: she is opening up in the eyes because she wants to drink more of you.

Just as eyes change: when you go into the sun the eyes become smaller, because too much sun is not needed to go in. When you come back to the home in the darkness, the pupils dilate, they become bigger; more light is needed to come in. When a woman says to a man, "I love you," if she is falsifying, if she is just trying to deceive the man, maybe is interested in his money or in something else, her eyes will not cooperate with her statement. And there is no way to will the cooperation of the eyes. Spon-taneously, if she loves you, pupils dilate, become bigger. She opens up. She wants you to be in.

Just watch people: they say one thing, and their face says another thing. They may be saying one thing with their mouth, and another thing with their hand gesture. Just a little observation and nobody can deceive you.

A Broadway agent returned home and found one of his biggest clients in the arms of his wife. "Stop sounding like a TV melodrama, Harry," the client told him, cutting short a tirade of denunciations. "Let's treat this situation like adults. We both love your wife. All right, then, let's play one game of gin rummy -- and the winner gets her."

The agent thought for a moment, then said, "Okay, but just to make it interesting, let's play for a dime a point on the side."

How long can you deceive? How can you deceive?

Danny was an inveterate bargain hunter. He hadn't a penny to his name, but whenever he saw a bargain he couldn't resist it.
One day a friend of his came to see him. Jim said, "Danny, I've got a terrific bargain for you. A boat-load has arrived for the Barnum and Bailey Circus and they have an overstock. They've got an elephant on board, a baby elephant, that's worth at least $2,000, and I can land it for you for only $300."
Danny looked at Jim as if he were half crazy. "What! An elephant! An elephant in my one-room apartment? You must be out of your mind! In the first place, there's no room for it. And in the second place, how could I feed it? In the third place, what could I do with it? Don't be nuts!"
"But," persisted Jim, "I'm telling you this elephant is worth two thousand bucks and I can get it for you for a mere three hundred, maybe even two hundred and fifty."
Danny was adamant. "Get the hell out of here, will you? You're off your rocker. I don't need an elephant. I don't want an elephant. Leave me alone with elephants."
But Jim knew his friend and he continued hammering away. "Listen, Danny," he said, "the fact is they have an overstock. You know, I think if I put it to them I could get you two elephants for the same two hundred bucks."
"Now you're talk in'," said Danny.

Your reality, your mind, is always there below your skin. It is just skin-deep -- scratch it a little and the truth comes out. You cannot deceive even a man who knows a little observation -- how can you deceive a Master? But if the Master feels it is good for you, it may be helpful for your growth, it may bring something up, it may take you through a breakthrough, then the Master is ready to do anything. Yes, he is ready even to be deceived by you.

The fourth question:

Question 4
OSHO, WHEN I WAS IN KONYA FOR THE DERVISH WHIRLING CEREMONY LAST DECEMBER, I MET A SUFI MASTER -- SULYMAN DEDE. HE ASKED ME TO CARRY HIS GREETINGS TO YOU AND THEN ASKED ME HOW I COULD KNOW THAT YOU WERE A TRUE MASTER. I THOUGHT THERE COULD BE NO SATISFACTORY REPLY. OSHO, WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE SAID?

IN THE FIRST PLACE, RAGA, Dede would not have asked the question of me. He would have immediately recognized. He has already recognized -- that's why he sends the greetings. He is a man of understanding, of great love and compassion.
But he asked you, not because he has any suspicions or doubts about me -- he asked you just to see your response. He asked your not for an answer but for a response -- and you missed. It is true there is no way to reply to it

satisfactorily, but he was not asking for any reply from your side -- he wanted a response.
You could have danced, and he would have understood. You could have hugged him, and he would have understood. A mad laughter would have been THE answer. It is not a question of intellectual curiosity. He is not an intellectual man at all -- he is a real Sufi. He would have understood it. Sufis know how to understand the ways of lovers. You could have just looked into his eyes with great love. He was not asking anything about me: he was asking something about you. These are the ways of the Masters. He apparently asked how you could know a true Master. In fact, he was asking, "Are you a true disciple?" You could have shown your disciple hood. You could have touched his feet. You could have cried in joy -- or anything! Not ready-made, not manipulated by the mind, but spontaneous, on the spur of the moment... and he would have been immensely satisfied with you.

The fifth question:

Next time when you go to him, don't miss. If he asks again, this time DO something. And remember, I am saying DO something. A Sufi Master does not ask for an intellectually satisfying answer: he asks for something existential, an indication.
He was saying to you, "If you have found a true Master, what happened to you? Show me! Give me a hint! Has love arisen in you? Have you become capable of abandoning yourself in a dance? Have you become capable of seeing

the beauty of existence? Has humbleness arisen in you? Have you become prayerful?..."

Question 5
ASSAGIOLI SAYS THAT ALL THE AWARENESS IN THE WORLD WILL NOT HELP UNTIL YOU CHOOSE -- "IT IS THE WILLINGNESS TO CHOOSE THAT PRODUCES CHANGE AND THUS GROWTH." YET YOU TALK OF CHOICELESS AWARENESS.
IS THERE REALLY A CHOICE?

CHARANA, ASSAGIOLI HAS MOVED TO THE OTHER EXTREME in reaction to Sigmund Freud. His vision is not balanced, cannot be. It is a reaction. Reactions are never balanced. And I say to you that he is far higher in his understanding than Sigmund Freud, but still the imbalance remains.
Sigmund Freud's whole process was just to make you aware of your deep-rooted problems. If you become aware of your deep-rooted problems, they dissolve -- that is Freudian analysis. Nothing else is needed. One has to take a conscious note of one's unconscious problems. The moment consciousness penetrates the unconscious, a little light arises in the darkness of your being, problems start changing.
Freud was on the right track, but got stuck in the world of dreams. Never went deeper than that. Let me remind you: wakefulness is the first state, dreaming the second state, sleep the third state, and TURIYA -- samadhi -- the fourth state. Sigmund Freud created a revolution just by changing the emphasis from the first state to the second. The whole

psychoanalytical revolution consists in that. Up to that point, the Western man particularly had lived with the idea that wakefulness is all. The dreams were never taken into account. The credit goes to Sigmund Freud that he expanded human consciousness. He brought dreams in. He moved into the darkness of the inner world. ONE step, but that one step is pregnant, very pregnant, very potential. But got stuck there.

It takes years of psychoanalysis to make you a little alert. That little alertness helps, but the process is too long. In the East, we have methods which can make you immensely alert within a VERY short period. Vipassana can do within months what psychoanalysis will do in years. And Vipassana works on the third, goes deeper than psychoanalysis. And when you work deeper, the problems that were very important before simply fade away. If dreaming becomes a conscious process, it will change your waking awareness. If in sleep you become conscious, it will change your dreaming awareness.

And there are ways to take the quantum leap from the third to the fourth. That is what is called satori, the quantum leap, when you become aware of the fourth. When you are simply aware, neither of waking nor of dreaming, nor of sleep -- but just aware. There is no content to your awareness. This fourth state, TURIYA, is the highest point of consciousness. One who has achieved that, all his problems simply disappear. They need not be changed. There is nothing left to change. No other remedy is needed. Freud is on the right track, but got hooked and became too much involved in the dreaming world. And if you become too much involved in the dreaming world, the main goal is

forgotten. You start moving sideways. And then there is no end to it. You can go ON analyzing and analyzing dreams for years and for lives... it will help, but the transformation is not going to be total ever. You can solve one thing here, another thing will arrive. You change something on one point, another point goes wrong. But the total situation remains the same.

Assagioli became aware of it and started thinking that just by being aware transformation is not going to happen -- you have to will. He reacted to Sigmund Freud. He reacted on two points: one is analysis -- he created a new philosophy he called 'psychosynthesis' -- and on another point: just observation is not going to help, because he had seen that Freudian work takes you nowhere.... You change one thing, and another thing goes wrong, but the total remains the same. So he brought will into it, that one has to will. This is moving to the other extreme, because with the will ego enters in.

Will is nothing but an expression of the ego. And through will all kinds of repression... you will start repressing. What IS will? You choose this against that -- what are you going to do with that which you are against? You will repress it. The pendulum moved back. Where it was before Freud, it went back again to the same situation.

Assagioli's insight is beautiful, that analysis is not enough -- because analysis only dissects. And by dissecting, you destroy. And by dissecting, you can know only dead things, because in dissection they become dead. If you dissect a flower, how are you going to know the beauty of it? -- it will disappear. If you dissect a child, it is dead. ALL dissection is post mortem. So whatsoever you come to

through dissection will never give you any clue to life and life's mysteries. It may help you to understand matter, dead matter, but all that is alive disappears. For that, a more synthetic vision is needed.

Assagioli is right -- about THIS point he is right. But about will he is absolutely wrong. If you will, of course you can change. That's what humanity has been doing in pre-Freudian days, for centuries. You have anger -- will compassion, and repress anger. Then anger becomes repressed and compassion becomes cultivated. You have a beautiful personality, but not a beautiful soul. A polished personality, but deep inside is just hell-fire. You look very heavenly on the surface, but in your depth all that you have repressed goes on boiling within. It WILL explode. And it will go on poisoning your life in millions of ways.

Will is not the way. About that, Freud is far more right than Assagioli. The problem with Freud is he never went deeper than the dreaming. But I can understand: he was the pioneer in the West; pioneers cannot go very far. They only break the ice, they only begin. Much has to be done.

But the East has done the whole work. You will be surprised to know: one of the most perceptive Indians of this century, Ananda Coomaraswamy, claims that for one psychological term in English there are four psychological terms in Greek. And for one psychological term in Greek there are forty psychological terms in Sanskrit. For one English term you can find hundreds of psychological terms in Sanskrit, with subtle nuances and differences.

Five thousand years of work.... You may be aware that Eskimos have twelve words for ice -- naturally, they live there. They have many many understandings about ice that

nobody else has. No other language has twelve words for ice.

Psychology in the East has been the ancient most science. In fact, the only science the East has worked hard for. Our experience down the ages has been this: that awareness is the only remedy. But it has to become more and more total. When awareness is total, it transforms. NO other act is needed. Just to SEE a thing totally is to be free of it. To understand is to be transformed. If after understanding a thing something needs to be done, that will be only an indication that you have not understood it yet.

For example: if you really understand that anger is poison, not because I say, not because Buddha says, but you understand by your own observation, meditation, that anger is poison, that it poisons your being, then will you ask, "Now what to do to drop anger?" If you ask the question "What to do to drop anger?" that will simply show you have not yet understood. If you have really understood and seen that anger is poison, it is dropped. In that VERY understanding, it is dropped.

Awareness is transformation. No other discipline is needed.

Assagioli falls back again. In one point, he brings something beautiful: synthesis. But on another point, on another account, he falls back: he goes to the old repressive mind -- will means repression.

I don't teach you will. It is because of will that you have become so miserable. It is because of will that you feel guilty. It is because of will that you go on carrying scorpions, snakes and crocodiles and all kinds of things inside you. You have lost all beauty and grace.

What is will? Will means struggle against the whole. The real man of understanding is absolute will-lessness. That's why Jesus says: THY KINGDOM COME, THY WILL BE DONE. How is Assagioli going to explain it? -- THY WILL BE DONE.... Not mine! Because whatsoever is MY will is going to be against God's will. I have to efface my will completely. I have not to be. When I am in an absolute will-lessness, then God's will starts functioning.

And about synthesis too -- Assagioli's idea of synthesis is more philosophical than existential. There are two possible kinds of synthesis. One: put together. Mahatma Gandhi did it in India. He tried to put Islam and Hinduism together. He tried to create a kind of synthesis. The motivation was political, so that Hindus and Mohammedans wouldn't fight. The motivation was not religious: it was political -- so that India would remain undivided. It didn't work, because political motives can never work. They are dishonest, fundamentally insincere.

And how did he try to make the synthesis between Hinduism and Mohammedanism? Just a superficial synthesis: choose a few theories from the Bhagavad Gita and a few theories from the Koran, and try to show that they mean the same. It is very easy! But to contradict it, there are a thousand things in the Koran and a thousand things in the Gita which are against each other. Don't talk about them. Don't bring them in. Just bring those points which correspond.

This is a superficial synthesis.

There is another kind of synthesis -- Ramakrishna did it. He practiced all religions, almost all that were available to him. For six months he became a Mohammedan. Just see the

difference. What did Gandhi do? -- he just looked into the Koran, looked into the Gita, tried to find some intellectual synthesis, and created a kind of synthetic philosophy. But it is not existential, it is in-tellectual. And the motivation is political.

What did Ramakrishna do? He achieved the ultimate samadhi through Hinduism. No man before him has ever done such a thing. And then he said, "Now I would like to follow the path of Islam."

His disciples were bewildered. They said, "For what? You have attained!"

He said, "Now I want to see whether I can attain from that path too or not. I have come to the peak of the mountain by one path. I will go down into the valley again, and I will start trekking on another path. I would like to see whether I can reach to the same peak."

It was one of the greatest endeavors in human history. Ramakrishna stands very alone in his effort, solitary. He became a Mohammedan. And when he became a Mohammedan, he stopped going into Hindu temples -- he was no more a Hindu! He started wearing Mohammedan clothes, started eating Mohammedan food. He had a Mohammedan cook to make food for him. Practiced Sufism for six months. Then the mosque was his place. After six months he reached the peak. He declared to his disciples, "This path, too, leads to the same place. Now I will follow other paths.... "

He became a Buddhist , he became a Christian... and the strangest thing that he did, the most strange of all these paths was this. In Bengal there is a sect, Krishnaites, who believe in Krishna. And one of their fundamental beliefs is

that Krishna is the only male in existence, and everybody else is just a girlfriend to Krishna -- all ARE GOPIS. All! Even men. There is only one man, the center, and all are the girlfriends dancing around him. So the follower of that path has to believe that he is a woman. He may be a man or a woman -- that doesn't matter. This is one of the fundamentals.

Ramakrishna followed that path for one year... he lived like a woman, in women's dotes. And the miracle was this, that within a few weeks he started walking like a woman -- which is very difficult. It is really difficult, because it needs a totally different anatomy. It is not a question of just belief. The woman walks in a certain way because of the womb. The man cannot walk that way. Because of the womb inside the woman her physiology moves in a different way. But he started walking like a woman. People were puzzled.

Not only that: his voice changed -- he started talking like a woman. Not only that: his breasts started growing. His disciples were very much worried. And not only that: the most miraculous thing that happened was that after six months he started menstruating. Regular period! It was unbelievable. Doctors came and could not believe it was happening -- regularly, every month.

He became a woman! And he attained through that path too.

This is existential synthesis. This is REAL synthesis. The Gandhian synthesis is hocus-pocus. Utterly meaningless. This is real synthesis.

Assagioli has done something which is just intellectual.

What WE are doing here is real synthesis. And not only of all religions, but of all psychologies, all yogas, too. We are trying to move existentially into all the possibilities that any human being has ever moved. We can create here the greatest synthesis that has ever been created anywhere else. But this synthesis is not intellectual: it is existential. We are living it. When I talk about Sufis, I am a Sufi. And when you listen to me about Sufis, those who really listen to me become Sufis. Then all else disappears. When we move in the world of Zen, we are PART of it! We are not alien and outsiders. When I am speaking on Zen Masters, I am not speaking from the outside. I am not a scholar, and you are not here like students. These are not discourses, these are communions. When I talk about Zen Masters, I am one! And those who love me, and those who are intimate with me, those who are sannyasins, they become one with that approach. And in that oneness, understanding arises.
And we are moving through ALL kinds of climates, all kinds of paths. Slowly slowly, we will have on the earth not one Ramakrishna but thousands...

The sixth question:

Question 6
WHY CAN'T I SEE ANY MEANING IN LIFE?

LIFE IN ITSELF HAS NO MEANING. Life is an opportunity to create meaning. Meaning has not to be discovered: it has to be created. You will find meaning only if you create it. It is not lying there somewhere behind the bushes, so you can go and you search a little bit and find it.

It is not there like a rock that you will find. It is a poetry to be composed, it is a song to be sung, it is a dance to be danced.

Meaning is a dance, not a rock. Meaning is music. You will find I only if you create it. Remember it.

Millions of people are living meaningless lives because of this utterly stupid idea that meaning has to be discovered. As if it is already there. All that you need is to just pull the curtain, and behold! meaning is here. It is not like that.

So remember: Buddha finds the meaning because he creates it. I found it because I created it. God is not a thing but a creation. And only those who create find. And it is good that meaning is not lying there somewhere, otherwise one person would have discovered it -- then what would be the need for everybody else to discover it?

Can't you see the difference between religious meaning and scientific meaning? Albert Einstein discovered the theory of relativity; now, do you have to discover it again and again? You will be foolish if you discover it again and again. What is the point? One man has done it; he has given you the map. It may have taken years for him, but for you to understand it will take hours. You can go to the university and learn.

Buddha also discovered something, Zarathustra also discovered something, but it is not like Albert Einstein's discovery. It is not there that you have just to follow Zarathustra and his map and you will find it. You will never find it. You will have to become a Zarathustra. See the difference!

To understand the theory of relativity, you need not become an Albert Einstein, no. You have to be just of average

intelligence, that's all. If you are not too much retarded, you will understand it.
But to understand the meaning of Zarathustra, you will have to become a Zarathustra -- less than that won't do. You will have to create it again. And each individual has to give birth to God, to meaning, to truth; each man has to become pregnant with it and pass through the pains of birth. Each one has to carry it in one's womb, feed it by one's own blood, and only then does one discover.

Now, you ask me: WHY CAN'T I SEE ANY MEANING IN LIFE?

You must be waiting passively for the meaning to come... it will never come. This has been the idea of the past religions, that the meaning is ALREADY there. It is not! Freedom is there to create it, energy is there to create it. The field is there to sow the seeds and reap the crop. ALL IS THERE -- but the meaning has to be created. That's why to create it is such a joy, such an adventure, such an ecstasy.
So the first thing: religion has to be creative. Up to now, religion has remained very passive, almost impotent. You don't expect a religious person to be creative. You just expect him to fast, sit in a cave, get up early in the morning, chant mantras... and this kind of stupid thing. And you are perfectly satisfied! What is he doing? And you praise him because he goes on long fasts. Maybe he is a masochist; maybe he enjoys torturing himself. He sits there when it is icy cold, naked, and you appreciate him. But what is the POINT, what is the value in it? All the animals of the world

are naked in the icy cold -- they are not saints. Or when it is hot, he sits in the hot sun, and you appreciate him. You say, "Look! here is a great ascetic." But what is he doing? What is his contribution to the world? What beauty has he added to the world? Has he changed the world a little bit? Has he made it a little more sweet, more fragrant? No, you don't ask that.

Now, I tell you, this has to be asked: Praise a man because he has created a song. Praise a man because he has created a beautiful sculpture. Praise a man because he plays such a beautiful flute. Let these be religious qualities from now onwards. Praise a man because he is such a lover -- love is religion. Praise a man: because of him the world is becoming more graceful.

Forget all these stupid things! -- fasting and just sitting in a cave, torturing oneself or Lying down on a bed of nails. Praise a man because he has cultivated beautiful roses. The world is more colorful because of him. And then you will find meaning.

Meaning comes out of creativity. Religion has to become more poetic, more aesthetic.

And second thing: sometimes it happens that you search for the meaning because you have already concluded. Out of a conclusion you search for it. You have already decided what meaning should be there, or has to be there... and then you don't find it.

The inquiry has to be pure. What do I mean when I say the inquiry has to be pure? It should be without any conclusion. It should not have any A PRIORI in it.

You ask: WHY CAN'T I FIND MEANING IN LIFE?

What meaning are you looking for? You must be looking for a certain meaning. You will not find it -- because from the very beginning your inquiry is polluted, your inquiry is impure. You have already decided.

For example, if a man comes into my garden and thinks if he can find a diamond there then this garden is beautiful, and he cannot find the diamond, so he says there is no meaning in the garden.... And there are so many beautiful flowers, and so many birds singing, and so many colors, and the wind blowing through the pines, and the moss on the rocks. But he cannot see any meaning because he has a certain idea: he has to find the diamond, a Kohinoor -- only then will there be meaning.

He is missing meaning because of his idea. Let your inquiry be pure. Don't move with any fixed idea. Go naked and nude. Go open and empty. And you will find not only one meaning -- you will find a thousand and one meanings. Then each thing will become meaningful. Just a colored stone shining in the rays of the sun... or a dewdrop creating a small rainbow around itself... or just a small flower dancing in the wind.... What meaning are you searching for?

Don't start with a conclusion, otherwise you have started wrongly from the very beginning. Go without a conclusion! That's what I mean when I say again and again: Go without knowledge if you want to find truth. The knowledgeable person never finds it. His knowledge is a barrier.

Goldstein had never been to a show in the legitimate theater. For his birthday, his children decided to give him a present of a ticket for the Jewish theater.
The night after the show, they came to visit him and asked him eagerly what he thought of the show.
"Ash," he answered, "it was simply nonsense. When she was willing, he wasn't willing. And when he was willing, she wasn't willing. And when they both were willing, down came the curtain!"

Now, if you have a fixed idea, then you are only looking for it, only looking for it.... And because of this narrowness of the mind, all that is available is missed.
Meaning has to be created. And meaning has to be searched for without any conclusions. If you can drop your knowledge, life will suddenly take on color, it will become psychedelic. But you are continuously carrying the load of your scriptures, books, theories, doctrines, philosophies... you are lost in all that. And everything has become mixed, hotchpotch. And you cannot even remember what is what. Your mind is a mess. Clean it! Make it a blank. The empty mind is the best mind. And those who have been telling you that the empty mind is the Devil's workshop are the Devil's agents. The empty mind is closer to God than anything. The empty mind is not the Devil's workshop. The Devil cannot do without thoughts.
With emptiness the Devil cannot do anything at all. He has no way Into emptiness.
So many thoughts in the mind, mixed up; nothing seems to be clear; you have heard so many things from so many sources -- your mind is a monster. And you are trying to

remember, and you have been told to remember: Don't forget! And, naturally, the burden is so much that you cannot remember. Many things you have forgotten. Many things you have imagined and added on your own.

An Englishman visiting America attended a banquet and heard the Master of Ceremonies give the following toast:
"Here's to the happiest moment of my life,
Spent in the arms of another man's wife -- my mother."
"By Jove, that's ripping," the Englishman thought to himself. "I must remember to use it back home."
Some weeks later when he returned to England, he attended a church luncheon and was asked to give a toast. In thunderous tones he addressed the crowded room:
"Here's to the happiest moment of my life,
Spent in the arms of another man's wife..."
After a long pause the crowd began to grow restless, glaring at the speaker indignantly. The speaker's friend sitting next to him whispered, "You had better explain yourself quickly."
"By Jove," the speaker blurted out, "you will have to excuse me. I forgot the name of the bloomin' woman."

That is happening. You remember this -- Plato has said this. And you remember that -- Lao Tzu has said that. And you remember what Jesus has said, and what Mohammed has said... and you remember many things. And they have all got mixed up. And you have not said a single thing on your own. Unless you say something on your own, you will miss the meaning.

Drop the knowledge and become more creative. Remember, knowledge is gathered -- you need not be creative about it; you have only to be receptive. And that's what man has become: man is reduced to being a spectator. He reads the newspapers, he reads the Bible and the Koran and the Gita; he goes to the movie, sits there and sees the movie; he goes to the football match, or sits before his TV, listens to the radio... and so on and so forth. Twenty-four hours a day he is just in a kind of inactivity, a spectator. Others are doing things, and he is simply watching. You will not find meaning by watching.

You can see a thousand and one lovers making love and you will not know what love is -- you will not know that orgasmic abandonment by watching. You will have to become a participant. Meaning comes through participation. Participate in life! Participate as deeply, as totally, as possible. Risk all for participation. If you want to know what dance is, don't go and see a dancer -- learn dancing, be a dancer. If you want to know anything, participate! That is the true and the right way, the authentic way, to know a thing. And there will be great meaning in your life. And not only one-dimensional -- multi-dimensional meanings. You will be showered by meanings. And life has to be multi-dimensional, then only is there meaning. Never make life one-dimensional. That too is a problem.

Somebody becomes an engineer, and then he thinks all is finished. He becomes identified with being an engineer. Then his whole life he is just an engineer. And there were millions of things available. But he moves only on one track, becomes bored. Is fed up. Is tired, wearied. Goes on

dragging. Waits only for death. What meaning can there be?
Have more interests in life. Don't be always a businessman. Sometimes play too. Don't be just a doctor or an engineer, or a headmaster, or a professor -- be as many things as possible! Play cards, play the violin, sing a song, be an amateur photographer, a poet.... Find as many things as possible in life, and then you will have richness. And meaning is a by-product of richness.
I have heard a very meaningful story about Socrates:

Socrates, while awaiting death in prison, was haunted by a dream that kept urging him, "Socrates, make music!" The old man felt he had always served art with his philosophizing. But now, spurred on by that mysterious voice, he turned fables into verse, indited a hymn to Apollo, and played the flute.
In the face of death, philosophy and music briefly went hand in hand, and Socrates was as blissful as never before.

He had never played on the flute. Something inside him persisted, "Socrates, make music!" Just in the face of death! It looked so ridiculous. And he had never played, he had never made music. A part of his being had remained suffocated. Yes, even a man like Socrates, had remained one-dimensional. The denied part insisted, "Enough of logic -- a little music will be good, will bring balance. Enough of argumentation -- play on the flute." And the voice was SO persistent that he had to yield to it.
His disciples must have been puzzled: "Has he gone mad? Socrates playing on the flute?" But to me it is very

significant. The music could not have been very great, because he had never played. Absolutely amateurish, childish it must have been -- but still something was satisfied, something was bridged. He was no more one-sided. For the first time in his life, maybe, he was spontaneous. For the first time he had done something for which he could not supply any reason. Otherwise, he was a rational man.
Just the other night I was reading a story about the great Hassidic mystic, Baal Shem:

It was a holiday, and the Hassidim had gathered to pray and to have a communion -- sat sang -- with the Master.
A man had come with his retarded child. He was a little worried about the child, the boy. He may do something, so he was keeping an eye on the boy. When the prayers were said, the boy asked his father, "I have got a whistle -- can I play on it?"
The father said, "Absolutely no -- where is your whistle," because he was afraid. He may not even listen to his 'no'. He showed the whistle and the father kept his hand on his pocket, the boy's pocket. Then there was dancing, and the father forgot and he also started dancing. And Hassids are dancers, joyous people -- the cream of Judaism, the very essence of Judaism is with them, with those mad people. When everybody was praying to God and dancing, suddenly the boy could not resist any more. He took out his whistle and blew on it. Everybody was shocked! But Baal Shem came, hugged the boy, and said, "Our prayers are heard. Without this whistle, all was futile -- because THIS was the only spontaneous thing here. All else was ritual."

Don't allow your life to become just a dead ritual. Let there be moments, unexplainable. Let there be a few things which are mysterious, for which you cannot supply any reason. Let there be a few doings for which people will think you are a little crazy. A man who is a hundred percent sane is dead. A little bit of craziness by the side is always a great joy. Go on doing a few crazy things too. And then meaning will be possible.

The last question:

Question 7
I CANNOT SURRENDER TO GOD, AND IT IS NOT MY EGO BUT SELF-RESPECT. AM I WRONG?

THERE IS NO SELF. Self is another name for the ego. And what do you mean by 'self-respect'? There is a quality of consciousness -- it can be called 'reverence' -- but it is always unaddressed. It is not for the self, not for the other. It is simply reverence for life.
When it is addressed it is just a rationalization. And man is clever at finding beautiful words for ugly things. We can always hide our wounds and put flowers on them. And that's what you are doing -- and you are also aware of it. That's why you ask: AM I WRONG? You know you ARE wrong.
And I am not saying don't respect life -- be full of respect for ALL life. Your life is included in it! You are not excluded from it. But it has to be reverence for all life. When it is only for the self, then what is it for the other?

And what exactly is this self?Just another name for the ego -- ego is not anything else. The idea of I... and the idea is false, because whenever you go in it is never found there. Nobody has ever found any self. Just go and see... you will not find it.

Bodhidharma was asked by Emperor Wu, "I am very much disturbed by my ego, by this self. And I have tried everything, but I cannot get rid of it. Help me!"
Bodhidharma said, "Come early in the mowing tomorrow, three o'clock in the morning. And come alone, and don't forget to bring your self with you -- and I will finish it forever."
The emperor was afraid. This man looked mad. "How can anybody finish the self? And what does he mean when he says, 'Don't forget to bring it'?"
The whole night he could not sleep, tossed and turned. Many times he decided not to go, and he had said, "Come alone" -- and he was a very dangerous looking man. In China he was known as the Barbarian Buddha. He had very dangerous eyes. If he looked into your eyes, then for months you would not be able to sleep. And he looked murderous -- and he WAS a murderer. He murdered many disciples. Many people became enlightened through him. And he was really a hard taskmaster.
Three o'clock, in the dark, alone, to be with this man... and one never knows -- he was unpredictable. When he had entered China, he had come with one shoe on one foot, the other shoe on his head. The emperor was puzzled and he said, "What are you doing?"

He said, "I am trying to show you -- this is the way I am. Just to give you a taste of what type of man I am, so you know from the very beginning with whom you are dealing."

Now, to go to this man in his mountain cave in the dark.... M any times he decided not to go, but the attraction was also great -- because this man was no ordinary man. Yes, on the surface he looked very hard, but deep down there was the kindest heart possible. He was all compassion. Even if he was hard, it was because of his compassion. Finally, he had to go. And the moment he reached in front of Bodhidharma... he was sitting there with his staff, and he said, "You have come?.Where is your ego? Where is your self? Have you brought it with you? I am going to finish it forever."

The emperor said, "What are you talking about? Is the self a thing that I can bring with me?"

Bodhidharma said, "Then what is it?"

The emperor said, "Of course, it is something inside."

Bodhidharma said, "Okay, inside or outside, it makes no difference. My staff can reach anywhere! You just sit in front of me, close your eyes, and try to find it. And the moment you have found it, just tell me that 'I have found,' and I will kill it."

Shaking and trembling, the emperor sat before Bodhidharma. Hours passed. The sun started rising. He looked and looked... he had to look! because this man was sitting there with his staff. He could hit hard. And by the morning when the sun was rising, he was totally a different man. Bodhidharma said, "Now you can open your eyes. Where is it? For three hours you have been looking."

We touched Bodhidharma's feet and said, "I cannot find it. I looked hard -- I have never looked so hard. Your presence made me look HARD. I SEARCHED with all my energy possible. I was not holding anything back, but I did not find it."
And Bodhidharma laughed and he said, "So you see? I have finished it forever."

It is not! When you don't look it is. When you look, it is not. Go in... and you will not find any ego, any self, anything. What you will find is eternal, infinite life, and then there is really respect for it. But it has nothing to do with you or me -- it is reverence for life.
Albert Schweitzer used to use this term, 'reverence for life'. It is synonymous with religion. But, please, don't get into rationalizations.

Harry Robinson had just entered the parlour of a familiar bagnio when, to his utter shock, he spotted his own father coming down the stairs. Harry reeled back in surprise. "Dad!" he cried out. "What in God's name are you doing in a place like this?"
Cold Robinson was equally stunned, but quickly recovered. "Now son," he said, nonchalantly brushing off his suit, "for twenty lousy bucks, would you want me to bother your dear, hard-working mother?"

People can always find rationalizations for ANYTHING and everything.

A Jewish mental patient was causing quite a stir in the institution because he wouldn't eat the food. "I'm kosher!" shouted Moskowitz. "I won't eat this food. I want kosher meals!" So the staff hired a Jewish woman from the community to cook special kosher meals for Moskowitz. Everybody was envious, for Moskowitz's meals were much better than theirs.
Friday night rolled around, and Moskowitz pushed back his chair after a delicious chicken dinner, and lit up a big cigar. This was too much for the director, who called Moskowitz into his office.
"Now, see here, Moskowitz. You're getting away with murder. You get the best meals because you claim you only eat kosher food. And now, on Friday night, on your Sabbath, you flout your religion and smoke a cigar!"
Moskowitz merely shrugged his shoulders. "Why are you arguing with me?" he said. "I'm crazy, ain't I?"

Remember, the mind is very cunning. It can always find rationalizations. It can call ego 'self', 'soul'. It can call egoistic attitudes self-respect, and hide itself behind those words.
You have to be hard. You have to expose your mind to the very roots. only then is there a possibility of your being exploding in bloom. The mind has to be dropped, and it is dropped only when it is exposed. It is a cheat, it is a fraud.

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Chapter #5
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A SCHOLAR SAID TO A SUFI, "YOU SUFIS OFTEN SAY THAT OUR LOGICAL QUESTIONS ARE INCOMPREHENSIBLE TO YOU. CAN YOU GIVE ME AN EXAMPLE OF WHAT THEY SEEM LIKE TO YOU?"

THE SUFI SAID, "HERE IS SUCH AN EXAMPLE. I WAS ONCE TRAVELLING BY TRAIN AND WE WENT THROUGH SEVEN TUNNELS. OPPOSITE ME WAS SITTING A PEASANT WHO OBVIOUSLY HAD NEVER BEEN IN A TRAIN BEFORE.

"AFTER THE SEVENTH TUNNEL, THE PEASANT TAPPED ME ON THE KNEE AND SAID, 'THIS TRAIN IS TOO COMPLICATED. ON MY DONKEY I CAN GET TO MY VILLAGE IN ONLY ONE DAY. BUT BY TRAIN, WHICH SEEMS TO BE TRAVELLING FASTER THAN A DONKEY, WE HAVE NOT YET ARRIVED AT MY HOME, THOUGH THE SUN HAS RISEN AND SET SEVEN WHOLE TIMES.'"

TRUTH CAN BE APPROACHED IN TWO WAYS: ONE IS LOGIC, ANOTHER IS LOVE. And both are diametrically opposite to each other They speak different languages. They are untranslatable Logic cannot make itself comprehensible to love, and vice versa
Love looks illogical to logic, irrational, a little bit mad. Logic looks irrelevant to love, because it goes round and

round but never penetrates the reality. Love thinks about logic as a futile exercise, a gymnastics of the mind, a game -- but to no purpose because it leads nowhere. It is non-conclusive. It is just chasing your own tail. You can go on chasing for ever and ever, you can become very much obsessed by it, but ultimately your hands remain empty. You have not arrived.

Love and logic have to be understood. If you don't understand them rightly, their methods, their approaches, their visions, you will remain confused.

Logic is very convincing -- and there is the danger of it. It is convincing and yet non-conclusive. It gives an appearance, it pretends. It is knowledge, information, but never wisdom. And only wisdom liberates.

Love cannot convince you. It is unconvincing, because it is vague, it is cloudy, it is a mystery. It is not a syllogism. It cannot appeal to your mind -- but it can satisfy your being. It can quench your thirst. It can give you all that you need. It can nourish. This is the problem.

The nourishing love is illogical, and the pseudo food of logic is very convincing. And these are the two things which make philosophy and religion separate. It is here that philosophy and religion part ways.

You will be surprised to know that the word 'Sufism' comes from the same root as 'philosophy'. Both come from the same root, from SUF, Sufism, SOPHIA, philosophy. But the meaning is not only different but diametrically opposite. Sufism is not a philosophy, and philosophy has nothing of the beauty of Sufism in it. What happened? We have to understand man's inner structure.

Mind is divided into two hemispheres. One hemisphere thinks, is logical. The other hemisphere loves, intuits, is not logical. One hemisphere proceeds methodologically. The other hemisphere jumps... without any methodology. It takes quantum leaps. One hemisphere is always a continuous track. The other is a discontinuity.

Your left-side brain is logical -- prose, male, aggressive, violent, ambitious. Your right-side brain is feminine -- non-ambitious, poetic, aesthetic. Your right hand is connected with the left hemisphere, and your left hand is collected with the right hemisphere. That's why the right hand has become so important.

The right hand has become so important because we have made logic the king. The left hand is neglected, ignored, is thought to be lower, in the East is thought to be almost untouchable. Why? The question is not of the hands -- deep down the question is about the division of your brain.

The right hand seems to be right, and the left hand seems to be wrong. This is an ugly state of affairs. The left hand has much to contribute. And without its contribution life becomes a drag, a drudgery, because without poetry there can be no joy, and without intuitiveness there can be no celebration. And without the sensitivity for beauty, life becomes meaningless. Maybe it can become a successful business, but it remains deep down existentially a failure. And unless you succeed existentially, you have failed, utterly failed. And it is very unfortunate that very few succeed existentially. Those who succeed, they are the Sufis, they are the Buddhas.

To succeed existentially means to live moment-to-moment in utter joy. Logic cannot allow you. Joy itself appears to

logic as illogical. Misery seems to be more logical. All the logicians are agreed upon the fact that life is a misery. It is a pain in the neck, it is anguish, it is despair. All the logicians are agreed upon it that the only fundamental question to be faced by man is suicide.

Those who can dance and sing and celebrate and jubilate look mad. Jesus looks mad! Rumi looks mad. Me era looks mad. These are the Sufis, these are the lovers. They have a totally different vision of life.

Just as the human mind is divided into two, love and logic, exactly the same way the whole earth has become divided into two: the East and the West. The West has chosen the path of logic and the East has chosen the path of love.

The earliest reference of a Western philosopher to Indian philosophy is that of Megasthenes, the Ambassador of Seleucus Nicator at the court of Chandragupta, who reported in the third century B.C. that he had visited 'gymnosophists' in India -- the naked wise men of India. He calls them 'gymnosophists' -- he is talking about the Jains. They are not sophists at all.

A sophist is exactly against the Sufi. A sophist is one who exults in argumentation, who loves to argue, whose whole life is devoted to reasoning. His whole life is dedicated to only one thing: how to conquer the opponent. By right means or wrong means is irrelevant -- the question is: how to defeat the opponent.

The sophist has no trust in truth. The sophist is not a seeker of truth. The sophist is one who goes on trying to prove himself right. The sophist does not believe that there is anything like truth. His definition of truth is 'that which can

be logically proved' -- then it is true. If it cannot be logically proved, then it is untrue.

Megasthenes is basically the Western mind. He must have seen Jains. And it was very close; Mahavir had died only three hundred years before -- Jainism was still alive. Buddha had lived only a few years before -- still there was some fragrance of Buddha and Mahavir in the country. Still people were full of the joy that Mahavir and Buddha had exploded in the world. The light had not disappeared completely. But Megasthenes missed.

The Western mind thinks in logic, in terms of logic. He calls them 'gymnosophists'. They are not sophists at all -- they are Sufis.

A Sufi is one who is not trying to prove his opinion to be true, who is always ready to surrender his opinion for truth. From whatever source the truth comes he is ready to surrender. The sophist is one who, even if he sees that the other is holding a true opinion, will go on fighting, will try to prove that he is right.

The sophist tries to prove that "I am right." And the Sufi tries to discover WHAT IS RIGHT. Their orientation is different. But I can understand Megasthenes, why he calls Jains sophists. The Western mind has always looked at things from the very beginning.... The earth has become divided just like the brain is divided.

Clement of Alexandria, a Christian Gnostic of the second century, suggests in his writings that the Greek philosophy was an importation from India. There is every possibility that what Clement of Alexandria says IS right, but the nature of philosophy changed. When it moved from the East to the West, the color, the meaning, the texture, the

taste -- everything changed. It is almost impossible now to think that the Greek philosophy was originally a branch of Indian philosophy. The change has become so big -- they seem unbridgeable.
Clement seems to be right, that it was imported from India. There are historical proofs. Clement himself says that Pythagoras, one of the greatest mystics of Greece, visited India, studied under Brahmin sages -- not only that -- was also initiated into Buddhist mysteries as a disciple. There are enough proofs in Pythagoras' teachings that something of the Buddha is present in him.
But the moment things go from the East to the West, they change their color. The context changes. The whole noe-sphere is different. When love has to be understood logically, something goes wrong. The spirit is lost -- only a corpse remains in your hands.

Because of this difference between Sufism and sophistry you will also note that in the East personalities have never been important. Indian philosophy is not tied to personalities. Little is known about the lives of the philosophers. The philosopher in the East has been a discoverer, not a formulator, of truth. Truth is as ancient as existence itself. Nobody can claim that one has discovered it. It has been discovered many times -- the most one can say is that "I have rediscovered it." And one of the conditions to rediscover is that you should disappear. There should not be the claimer, the I.
The West has its Platonism, Hegelianism, Kantism. In India there is no parallel. You cannot come across anything like 'Patanjalism', 'Shankaraism' -- no, not at all. The

Philosophy is not rooted in the ego of the individual. The individual disappears. Truth comes, floods one's being.... But the logical mind cannot take that much of a risk. It always remains in control. It possesses the truth.
And truth by its very nature cannot be possessed. So whatsoever the logical mind possesses is not truth but an OPINION about truth. It is not the real thing. It is just a carbon copy of it, a reflection.
In small things the differences have become great. For example: the Western concept of zero, the mathematical zero, has reached the West from India. Zero is an Indian discovery. But the meaning has changed. In the Western mind the zero means nought. In Buddhism zero -- SHUNYA -- does not mean simply a mathematical nought: it means the existential state of no-self. It means selflessness. It means empty of oneself.
And in Hinduism the zero -- BINDU -- is a solid dot symbolizing a fertile seed. It is the productive point of potentiality, the matrix of the negative and the positive. Once, Ramana Maharshi, when asked to sign an autograph book, made only a dot in the center of the page with the remark, "In the BINDu all is contained. I too am included in it -- so there is no need to sign separately."
Now the same concept, zero, in the West becomes just a mathematical, logical concept. In Buddhism it is existential selflessness. In Hinduism -- the SAME concept -- it is a solid matrix of all that is possible.
Remember it, that how you look at things makes much difference. Whether you look with full loving eyes....
It is said about a great Hassidic mystic, the Baal Shem, that ordinarily he would not use specs, but whenever he talked

to a philosopher, a logician, he would immediately put his specs on his eyes. It was strange; people were watching it. A disciple one day asked, "What is the matter? Ordinarily you never put specs on. We disciples go on discussing with you a thousand and one things, but whenever a logician comes, you always put specs on your eyes."

And he laughed. And what he said is very significant. He said, "To you I need not look as separate. To you I can remain in my state; I need not descend from there. My eyes have lost all distinctions. You and the tree and the rock are all one. When I am talking to a disciple, there is no need to make any distinction. I am talking to the disciple and to the tree and to the rock, and to the stars and to the sky... all is one. Because I talk from the standpoint of love. I flood you with my love, and I become flooded with your love. But when a logician comes, I have to descend. I have to put specs on my eyes so I become blind, so I lose that enormous vision. My eyes become narrowed, because the logician insists on distinctions; things should be debarked and defined. Love knows no definition, no demarcation."

Bawl Shem is right. This is my experience too. Talking to a sannyasin, being with a sannyasin, is a totally different phenomenon. But talking to somebody who has come with great knowledge in his mind, who is ready to fight, to argue, who is hankering for some opportunity and excuse to collide, is a totally different experience. It is ugly. There is no communion. There is no meeting of the hearts.

Love opens a different door to reality. Logic also opens a door. The door of logic becomes science; the door of love becomes religion. That's why Western philosophy is disappearing. The reason why Western philosophy slowly

slowly is reduced to science? -- because science has taken over. Western philosophy has no purpose left. At the most it can remain in the shadow of science as a servant. It is no more the master. And nobody else is responsible -- it itself is responsible for it. That was its insistence: logic, fact.... Now science is more logical and more factual, so philosophy seems only a kind of primitive science, a rudimentary science. And, of course, when more sophisticated science has come, what is the point of philosophy?

So, in the West, philosophers are at a loss: now what to do? Their whole job is gone. Departments of the great Western universities are becoming more and more empty; students no longer turn up. There is nothing there! And philosophers, at the most, have become just logical analysts; linguistic analysis has become their whole work. Now they don't ask whether God exists or not -- their question is: What do you mean when you use the word 'God'? Their question is about the word 'God', not about God himself -- what do you mean when you use the word 'God'? The meaning of the word.... Not much philosophy is left. It is disappearing, it is a dying subject. Science has taken over.

Philosophy, if it enters from the door of logic, is bound to disappear sooner or later into science, because what philosophy does, science can do better. Philosophy can live only if it enters through the door of love. Then nobody can take its temple. Then it is real SOPHIA -- real wisdom.

A FEW THINGS BEFORE WE ENTER INTO THIS SMALL PARABLE. If you look through love, it is not that

the reality changes -- reality is the same. Whether you look from logic or from love, the reality remains the same -- but you are different. And when you are different, of course, you see different things. When somebody looks with the vision of a poet at the full moon, it is a totally different experience -- uplifting, elevating, ecstatic. When somebody looks at the moon with the eyes of an astronomer, there is no uplifting, there is no prayer felt. The heart doesn't beat faster. You don't feel any ecstasy. You don't become warmed up. You don't feel connected. It is the SAME moon! but you are blind, closed....

I had a professor when I was a student at university. He was a world-famous chemist, and his idea was this: that chemistry is the only real science. And one day will come when all other sciences will disappear, because chemistry can explain EVERYTHING. It can explain life, it can explain love, it can explain poetry -- because reduced to facts, all is chemical. Existence is chemical.
One day I was following him -- he was unaware -- he had gone for a walk. It was a full-moon night. He was holding his wife's hand, and I followed him. I didn't allow him to know that I was there. It was a full-moon night, and he forgot that he is a chemistry professor and a great chemist, and he kissed the wife... and I said "Stop!" He was shocked. And when he saw me he said, "What do you mean by 'stop'? It is my wife."
"That is not the point," I said. "But what are you doing? -- this is just chemistry. And a man of your understanding kissing a woman? Just a small chemical transfer from here to there? Just a few germs from her lips to your lips, from

your lips to her lips? What are you doing? Are you affected by the moon? Have you become a lunatic or something? And why are you holding her hand? How can you explain it chemically?"

But there are people who are trying to explain things chemically, physically, electrically. They only destroy life's mystery.

I told the professor, "Whenever you kiss your wife, remember me, and remember your philosophy."
After three, four weeks, I saw him again and I said, "How are things going?"
And he said, "You have disturbed me VERY much -- because it really happens. When I kiss my wife, I remember you.... "

Life is not reducible to chemistry, is not reducible to logical syllogism. Life is far bigger. Its mystery is infinite. Only love CAN understand it. Only love has that infinity to cope with it. Everything else is very finite. Only love can dare to move into the indefinable, to move into the subtle.
Love changes your vision so radically that many things disappear. One: in deep love, time disappears. And time is one of the barriers to knowing reality. When time disappears, things are transparent.
Have you not observed it: when you are miserable, time seems to be going very slow? When you are happy, time moves faster. When you are REALLY in ecstasy -- samadhi -- time disappears. In that timelessness you are present to reality, face to face. Only in that timelessness

does the real encounter with reality happen. For the first time you see eye to eye.
Time depends upon the state of development of the individual. The more advanced a person is in his total human development, the less is his awareness of time. The perfected person has no consciousness of time. Time simply means that you are not in the present. Time means past and future. When time disappears, YOU ARE here now. And only then the contact with reality....
Logic functions in time: love functions in timelessness. Logic needs time: love needs no time. And only love can reveal to you the nature of eternity.

IN ECSTASY, ALL THAT IS PAST AND THAT IS FUTURE DRAWS NEAR TO THE PRESENT. TIME SHRINKS, THE LINE BETWEEN THE ETERNITIES DISAPPEARS, ONLY THE MOMENT LIVES, and the moment is eternity. IN ITS UNDIVIDED LIGHT APPEARS ALL THAT WAS AND ALL THAT WILL BE, SIMPLE AND COMPOSED. IT IS THERE AS A HEARTBEAT IS THERE, AND BECOMES PERCEPTIBLE LIKE IT.

Yes, exactly like that: IT IS THERE AS A HEARTBEAT IS THERE, AND BECOMES PERCEPTIBLE LIKE IT. God is a heartbeat -- the heartbeat of the whole. God cannot be known through reasoning: God can only be felt through the heart, because God is a heartbeat of the whole.
You will have to find a synchronicity with the heartbeat of God. You will have to fall in rhythm. You will have to attain to a kind of harmony. Hence, Sufis are so mad about

music, singing, chanting, dancing. Not reasoning, but dancing -- because only in dance do you start falling with the heartbeat of the whole. Only in dance does the moment of grace arrive when you are not and God is. Only in dance does the separation between the mind and the body disappear -- and you are one whole, one piece, all together, no more fragmentary.

If you can dance deeply, so deeply that the dancer disappears in the dance, this is prayer. And once you have known what prayer is, then ALL is prayer. Then teaching, talking, listening, eating, sleeping... all are one. Then all is prayer. All action is one, and the infinite life enclosed in every action. This is what Hassids call AVODA -- service through ecstasy. In all the deeds of the awakened one -- speaking and looking and listening and going and remaining standing and Lying down -- the boundless is clothed.

But the first experience comes either through singing or dancing or meditating. In short, the first experience always comes when time disappears.

Logic cannot allow time to disappear. It is a very illogical experience to let time go and to be without time. When you are without time, you are with God. Naturally, when time disappears, mind disappears. They are two aspects of the same coin.

Samadhi is the burning of all knowledge, of all mind. Not only of the knowledge but of the knower too. All disappears into the fire of samadhi... the knowledge, the known, the knower. It is an Armour of ecstasy. And only in this fire, that which is is known.

Repetition, the power which weakens and discolors so much in human life, is powerless before ecstasy, which catches fire again and again from precisely the most regular, most uniform events and yet always remains new, utterly new, radically new. Ecstasy overcame a mystic in reciting the scriptures each time that he reached the words: And God spoke....
It used to happen to Ramakrishna also. Just the mention of the name of God -- Rama, Krishna, Allah -- and he would fall into samadhi. He would disappear from the world of time into the world of timelessness.
Small things start having immense significance.
But all depends on a great change within you -- you have to move from logic to love, from the head to the heart, from philosophy to SOPHIA.

This small story:

A SCHOLAR SAID TO A SUFI, "YOU SUFIS OFTEN SAY THAT OUR LOGICAL QUESTIONS ARE INCOMPREHENSIBLE TO YOU. CAN YOU GIVE ME AN EXAMPLE OF WHAT THEY SEEM LIKE TO YOU?"

FIRST, WHO IS A SCHOLAR? The scholar is one who has become interested in the non-essential. The scholar is one who has lost track of the essential and has become distracted in the details of the non-essential. He works hard, he devotes his whole life, but to rubbish. If you look at his work, you will appreciate his sincerity. But if you look at the outcome, you will laugh at his stupidity.

People go ON working, year in, year out, their whole lives, for things which don't matter at all.

Once a great scholar came to me. His whole life he had devoted to a single purpose: whether Krishna is really a historical person or not. Now, how does it matter? Even if it is proved, to his heart's content, that he is historical, then what? That's exactly what I asked him.

I asked him, "You are nearing sixty. You have worked your whole life, almost thirty-five years you have been working -- even if it is proved that Krishna is a historical person, what are you going to do?"

He was at a loss how to answer. He said, "I have never thought about it. In fact, nobody has asked me this question. Everybody has been appreciating me, my work."

He had looked into scriptures, into old inscriptions on stones, rocks, archaeology... and thousands and thousands of ways to prove it. Still he had not been able to prove it absolutely. But he said, "Nobody asked me. Everybody has been appreciating my work."

I told him, "Whether it is proved that Krishna existed historically OR that he never existed, it is not going to change your life in any way, so what is the point. Why are you wasting your life? If you feel that what Krishna has said is significant, live it. If you think it is insignificant, then even if he was historically there, it is useless to waste your time."

The East has never been scholarly. The West has brought that disease to the East also. Now thousands of people in the universities go on working in research... they go on and on writing things. And a man may work for years on Kabir and he has never meditated according to Kabir. Look at the

absurdity of it! And he is trying to understand Kabir. How can you understand Kabir unless you experience his ways of being?

A scholar is a man of great intelligence but gone astray. He has put his intelligence to a use which is useless. By the same effort, by the same endeavor, he himself could have become transformed. By the same effort, he himself may become a Kabir or a Krishna. And he was just working on whether Krishna was historical or not.

I told the old man, "The only way to prove whether he was historical is to create Krishna-consciousness in yourself. If you can create Krishna-consciousness in yourself, then it is proved that this is possible. If it is possible for you, why is it not possible for somebody else? If I can become a Buddha, that's the only way to prove that Buddha existed. To prove that Buddha existed, one has to exist as a Buddha -- there is no other way." But then that is the way of the Sufi, not the way of the scholar.

A SCHOLAR SAID TO A SUFI...

The Sufi thinks only of the essential. He discards all that is non-essential. He looks only for the diamonds; he does not collect rubbish, he is not interested in junk.

THE SCHOLAR ASKED THE SUFI, "YOU SUFIS OFTEN SAY THAT OUR LOGICAL QUESTIONS ARE INCOMPREHENSIBLE TO YOU."

Logical questions ARE incomprehensible to the Sufi -- because they are stupid questions! The logical person asks:

Prove what prayer is. It is incomprehensible. It cannot be proved. He should ask: Teach how to pray. Then it is not a logical question, it is existential.
You cannot ask: Prove what love is. You can only ask: Help me so that I can love.
The logical question is incomprehensible to the Sufi, to the knower. One who knows looks at logical questions as childish curiosities. His vision is totally different.

I have heard, it is told, that the great mystic, Baal Shem, once remained standing on the threshold of a house of prayer and did not want to enter. He spoke in aversion: "I cannot enter there. The house is full to the brim of teaching and prayer." And when his companions were astonished -- because it appeared to them that there could be no greater praise than this -- he explained to them: "During the day the people speak words here without true devotion, without love and compassion, words that have no wings. Because the words are spoken without devotion and because they have no wings, they remain between the walls, they squat on the floor, they grow layer by layer like decaying leaves, until the decay has packed the house to overflowing and there is no longer room for me in there.
"The house is too full of teaching, and too full of prayer. People go on praying, and their hearts are not in those prayers. Those prayers are dead; they cannot fly; they have no wings -- they cannot reach to God. So though it is a house of prayer, a temple, I cannot enter in it -- it is too full of prayer and words. There is no space in it."

The scholar is like that -- too full of words, decaying, layer upon layer. The scholar stinks of dead words. He has spoken great words, but with no love, with no devotion. Hence those words have no wings; they are like stones hanging around his neck. He is being drowned by his words, by his philosophies, by his doctrines, by his dogmas. And the scholar may even be a man of prayer, he may go to pray, but his prayer is also false. It is a ritual. It has no spontaneity.

I love one story by Tolstoy. I have told it many times, but I love it so much...

Once in Russia it became very well known: Three mystics appeared, and they were miraculous people. They lived beyond a lake in the mountains. Thousands of pilgrims started moving towards them, and whosoever came from there was touched, moved, came radiant, came vibrant, brought something of the invisible with him.
The whole country was aflame with the desire to go and see the mystics. Naturally, the arch priest became very much disturbed: "Who are these mystics?" And in Christianity, before a person can be called a saint, he has to be certified by the church. Now, this seems to be the most absurd thing in the whole world: a saint needs to be certified by the church. The English word 'saint' really comes from 'sanction', because it has been sanctioned that he is a saint. "Without any sanction from the church, how have these people become saints?" The arch priest was angry -- and jealous too.

He went to see those mystics. He had to go in a boat. When he reached there, he saw three simple people sitting under a tree -- very simple villagers. They touched his feet; all the three saints touched his feet. He was very happy. And he said, "So you are the people! You have declared that you are saints?"

They said, "No, how can we declare? We don't know anything about sainthood. We are poor people, illiterate. People are creating rum ours about us -- we don't know. We don't know a thing! We are very blessed that you came. Bless us!"

He said, "What prayer do you do? What scriptures do you read?"

They said, "We are absolutely illiterate. We cannot read. And nobody has ever taught us any prayer. You teach us."

"But you must be praying," the priest asked.

They looked at each other, felt ashamed. One said to the other, "You tell him," and the other said to the third, "You tell him."

And the priest said, "But why are you looking so ashamed and guilty? What is your prayer? Tell me!"

And they had to tell, and they said, "We have made a prayer of our own. We are stupid people, forgive us. Don't be angry. We don't know any prayer, so we have constructed one. Our prayer is simple. We pray.... " In Christianity, God is a Trinity -- God the Father and the Holy Ghost and the Son -- so they said, "We say to God: You are three, we are three -- have mercy on us. This is our prayer. But please don't be angry with us. We are really ignorant people."

Even the priest laughed. He said, "Never heard such a prayer. You fools! You drop it, you stop it! and I will tell you the authorized prayer."
It is a long prayer... the ancient Russian Orthodox Church has a very long prayer. He repeated the whole prayer. They listened, but they said, "This is too long. We cannot remember it -- you will have to tell it again."
And thrice they said, "Please, once more, otherwise we will forget."
So thrice he repeated; very happy he felt, and he went back into the boat. Just in the middle of the lake, he was very much puzzled -- the boatman was very much puzzled -- those three villagers were coming running on the water. And they said, "Wait! We have forgotten the prayer.... Please, once more."
Now the priest had to fall at their feet, and he said, "Excuse me, your prayer is right -- it has been heard! I have prayed so long, but I cannot walk on water. Your prayer is perfectly right, you continue: You are three, we are three -- have mercy on us. And whatsoever you want to do, you DO, because your prayer has reached!"

Prayers have wings when they are of the heart. Words have wings when they are spontaneous, when they come from your natural being.
Scholars are poor people -- stuffed with knowledge, but all knowledge is dead. A Sufi is one whose words have winos, whose prayers have been heard, because his prayers have arisen out of his heart. They are not logical constructions; they have nothing to do with the logical mind. They are feminine.

A SCHOLAR SAID TO A SUFI, "YOU SUFIS OFTEN SAY THAT OUR LOGICAL QUESTIONS ARE INCOMPREHENSIBLE TO YOU. CAN YOU GIVE ME AN EXAMPLE OF WHAT THEY SEEM LIKE TO YOU?"

THEY ARE INCOMPREHENSIBLE TO THE SUFIS, because logic is not their world, logic is not their game. It is a game! It has its rules. Let me tell you a few stories.

A rabbi, a priest, and a minister were playing poker. Suddenly, the police burst into the room.
"Sorry, gents, but gambling's illegal," said one of the officers, and he hustled the religious trio down to court.
"I'm sorry about this," said the judge, "but now that you're here there's only one thing to do. Since you're all men of the cloth, I think I can trust your word. So I'll ask you if you were gambling, and whatever you answer, I'll believe you. We'll start with you, Father."
"Your Honour, surely it is important to be certain that we define what we mean by gambling. In a narrow but entirely valid sense, what we describe as gambling is only truly so if there is a desire to win money, rather than merely to enjoy the suspense of the fall of cards. In addition, we might confine gambling to situations where the loss of money would be harmful, as..."
"Okay, Father," the judge interrupted. "I see that in the manner in which you define the word you were not gambling. Now how about you, Reverend?"

The minister said, "I entirely agree with my learned colleague."
"Fine," said the judge. "And now you, Rabbi. Were you gambling?"
The rabbi looked at his two friends, and then back at the judge, and asked, "With whom, Your Honour?"

Logic has its ways. It is a beautiful game. You can enjoy it. But those who are interested in reality are not interested in such games.

A poor tailor was beside himself. His wife was sick and perhaps dying. He called on the only doctor nearby.
"Please, save my wife, doctor! I'll pay anything!"
"But what if I can't cure her" asked the doctor.
"I'll pay whether you cure her or kill her, if only you'll come right away!"
So the doctor promptly visited the woman, but within a week, she died. Soon a bill arrived charging the tailor a tremendous fee. The tailor couldn't hope to pay, so he asked the doctor to appear with him before the local rabbi to arbitrate the case.
"He agreed to pay me for treating his wife," stated the physician, "whether I cured her or killed her."
The rabbi was thoughtful. "Well, did you cure her?"
"No," admitted the doctor.
"And did you kill her?"
"I certainly did not!" expostulated the physician.
"In that case," the rabbi said with finality, "you have no grounds on which to base a fee."

One can enjoy logic. One can enjoy logic-chopping too. But never be befooled -- it cannot lead you to truth. You have to surrender ALL logicalness. That's why it is very incomprehensible to the Sufis. They have dropped all logicalness. They are mad people, drunk with the divine. So whenever somebody asks a logical question, they condemn it.

THE SUFI SAID, "HERE IS SUCH AN EXAMPLE. I WAS ONCE TRAVELING BY TRAIN AND WE WENT THROUGH SEVEN TUNNELS. OPPOSITE ME WAS SITTING A PEASANT WHO OBVIOUSLY HAD NEVER BEEN IN A TRAIN BEFORE.

"AFTER THE SEVENTH TUNNEL, THE PEASANT TAPPED ME ON THE KNEE AND SAID, 'THIS TRAIN IS TOO COMPLICATED. ON MY DONKEY I CAN GET TO MY VILLAGE IN ONLY ONE DAY. BUT BY TRAIN, WHICH SEEMS TO BE TRAVELLING FASTER THAN A DONKEY, WE HAVE NOT YET ARRIVED AT MY HOME, THOUGH THE SUN HAS RISEN AND SET SEVEN WHOLE TIMES.'"

THE SUFI IS SAYING: according to the peasant, his statement is logical. According to HIS experience it is logical. But to those who know that we have passed through seven tunnels it will be absurd.
The Sufi is saying: When a scholar talks logically, according to HIS experience, according to his learning, scholarship, it looks very logical. But to the man of understanding, who has passed through all the tunnels of

the mind, and has come into the openness of the being, it looks absurd -- just like this story.

It is incomprehensible to the Sufi, because his experience is of a totally DIFFERENT kind of reality. And he is right! because he knows the world of the scholar. He knows both worlds. He has also lived in the world of the mind, in the world of time, in the world of thought and logic. He knows all about it perfectly. And then he moved beyond it. He is a witness to both; whatsoever he says has to be far more important than the assertions of the scholars.

Remember it. A man who has only slept and has never known what awakening is, to him dreams are true. Because in sleep everybody thinks dreams are true. But the man who has known both the dream and the awakening, to him dreams are untrue. Listen to the one who has known both. That has been the Eastern experience. We don't pay any attention to what the scholar says, because what he says is the experience of us all. It is nothing new! Maybe he is more articulate, maybe he is more clever, maybe he can bring more footnotes to his statements, he can quote scriptures -- but what he says is qualitatively the same. Quantitatively he may be better, but there is no difference between him and other people.

But when a Buddha arises, a Sufi is born, a Christ-consciousness walks on the earth, it is qualitatively different.

And one thing to be remembered again and again: Buddha has lived in your world too; he has also dreamt like you. He has also been be fooled by the dreams like you. Now he has become awakened. He knows both. Hence, whatsoever he

says is far more true than the statements of those who have known only one kind of world.

Beware of being dragged into scholarship. Beware of your own logicalness. Beware of reason. It is reason that has made your life dry. It is reason that has destroyed all the juice of your being. It is reason that has become your suicide. Beware of it! Go beyond it... because only beyond it is the world of truth. Only beyond it is the kingdom of God. And unless you have known the kingdom of God, don't be contented -- remain discontented.

This divine discontent makes one a disciple. And this divine discontent, sooner or later, becomes such a fire that it burns one's ego utterly. And when you are no more, the Sufi is born.

Scholarship is an addition to you. You remain the same. You become more and more informed. To be a Sufi, you have to pass through a death experience. It is not an addition to you: it is a new birth. It is a rebirth.

Jesus says: Unless you are born again you will not enter into the kingdom of my God. And do you know to whom these words were said? They were said to a great scholar, Nicodemus. He was a famous professor of those days; he was far more knowledgeable than Jesus himself. Jesus was illiterate, a poor man's son, a carpenter's son. Nicodemus was rich, famous, a well-known scholar, respected. Why does Jesus say to him: Unless you are born again...? The scholar has to die, only then is the Sufi born. And to be a Sufi is to live in the kingdom of God.

Be discontented with all that you know. There is a knowing which is not knowledge. There is a wisdom which is not scholarship. But to attain to it you will have to empty

yourself completely of all that you think is knowledge. Say goodbye to the scholar, say goodbye to the mind, and let the no-mind enter in you.
That no-mind is the door to the kingdom of God.

The Perfect Master, Vol 2
Chapter #6
Chapter title: Be Rejoiced in Me
6 July 1978 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:

Question 1
WHAT IS IT TO BE MASTER OF ONE'S SEXUAL ENERGY?

VEERESHWAR, TO THINK IN TERMS OF DUALITY IS ALWAYS DANGEROUS. To divide yourself in two is to move towards a split. You are one! How can there be a master and a slave? The very idea is poison. And it has poisoned humanity down the ages. Never divide yourself, otherwise you will be in a conflict, a civil war -- fighting with yourself. And that is utter stupidity.
To fight with oneself is to dissipate energy unnecessarily. It IS a wastage. The same energy can become a jubilation.
I don't teach you how to become master of your sexual energy. What I teach you is: how to remain one, how not to divide yourself. Never divide yourself into the body, the mind, the soul the matter, the lower, the higher, the sacred, the profane, this worldly, other-worldly. Never divide!

These are just different names... the disease is the same. Division is the disease.
And once you divide, you are in conflict, friction. Then joy disappears. Then life becomes an agony, a misery. And there is no victory possible. How can you be victorious over yourself? It is impossible. That's why your monks, your mahatmas, SADHUS, look so sad. Their life is a life of futility. And what is the fundamental? Where have they missed? They divided themselves.
I teach you undivided existence. Remain undivided! Never think yourself separate from your sexual energy, or anything for that matter. You ARE it! You are your sexual energy. You are your love energy. You are your consciousness. You are your body. You have many aspects! Your diamond has many aspects to it. And all those aspects together make you precious.
But this idea has persisted down the ages -- and particularly about sexual energy. Why? Because sex has the greatest appeal. Hence the egoist always finds it attractive to fight with. If one can win over one's sex, then one is a winner. Sex seems to be the greatest challenge to the egoist. Remember, it is not a challenge to the spiritualist. For the spiritualist there is no challenge. For him, life is a let-go, a relaxation, I a total acceptance. But for the egoist, life is always a challenge. Either the challenge has to come from the outside, or it has to come from the inside. Either he has to climb Everest, because Everest is there like a challenge... it hurts. No purpose is being served by reaching Everest. Only one purpose: that man has conquered it.
Or the egoist turns inwards. There are egoists whose journey is outward and egoists whose journey is inward.

For the inward egoist, the ego finds the greatest challenge in the sexual energy -- because the attraction is great, immense, unconquerable -- fight with it! But fighting with it, you will be simply destroying yourself and all the beauty of the sexual energy too is lost.

The sexual energy has not to be conquered: the sexual energy has to be used in creative ways. There is no fight, but it is a great treasure. And much IS possible through it -- in fact, all is possible through it. On different levels it is the same energy that becomes love, that becomes prayer.

A man who is born without any sexual energy will not be able to love, will not be able to feel compassion either, will not be able to pray -- because prayer is the highest form of sexual energy. If you fight with sex, you will never be able to transform it into prayer. Fight never transforms anything. Transformation needs friendship -- befriend it! It is your energy, it is you.

Don't think in terms of master and slave. Use it as your potential. Raw energy it is. It can be refined. It can be sublimated. It can reach to higher peaks that you have not even dreamt of. It can become, finally, your experience of samadhi. But never start with enmity -- befriend, persuade, observe. Try to understand it, what it is -- its attraction, its joy, its exhilaration. The small momentary ecstasies that become possible through it.

What exactly happens when you make love? For a moment, time disappears... and that moment, that timeless moment, gives you immense joy. That's a glimpse into samadhi. Sex is not your enemy: it is the window to God. Of course, it opens and closes. All that you see is lost, but that is no reason to be angry with it. It is through it that you became

aware that something beyond the mundane IS there. Even if it was a momentary glimpse when you were lost, completely lost... the ego was no more functioning. You were expanded. Those moments of sexual orgasm are first glimpses -- crude, primitive, rudimentary -- of God.

So, Veereshwar, I cannot tell you how to master it. There is no way to master it. In mastering it, you can destroy it, and in destroying it you will be destroying yourself and nobody else. Once your sexual energy is destroyed, you will become juice less, your life will be dry, your life will be a desert. Then no more roses, no more lotuses... then you are no more an oasis. You will live a kind of death. You will carry your grave around yourself.

Go into it. Listen to its message. Be very silent. Sex is sacred! When you enter into it, you are entering the greatest temple there is. You are on holy ground -- put ALL your mind and worries away. Go dancing, with joy, with prayer, with gratitude, and you will come out of it renewed, rejuvenated, reoriented, with fresh visions, insights, intuitions.

The second question:

Question 2

THIS MORNING WHEN YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT MISSING THE MASTER, I FELT A STUBBORN DETERMINATION NOT TO MISS YOU. I'M GOING TO SIT HERE TILL I GET ENLIGHTENED -- IF IT TAKES FOREVER!

ANAND MADAN, THEN YOU WILL MISS ABSOLUTELY. Enlightenment is not something that you can get by your stubbornness. That is the barrier! It comes when you are vulnerable. It comes when you are not even aware of it. It comes when you are not even desiring it. It takes you always unawares. It comes so silently that you cannot hear the sound of its footsteps.

And it NEVER comes when you are looking directly for it. It comes indirectly. You are singing a song, and you are lost in the song... and it is there. You were not thinking of it! You were absorbed in the song. Or you were dancing, and you had abandoned yourself in the dance... and it is there. Or you were painting, or working in the field, or just sitting silently doing nothing... and it is there.

It always comes when you are not directly looking at it. It comes indirectly. It is a very subtle and delicate phenomenon. The more stubbornly you look for it, the more it is certain that you will miss it.

Be here with me! just be here with me -- with NO idea of enlightenment. It is GOING to happen. But it is not going to happen according to you. You cannot manipulate it. You cannot be in control of it. It happens when it happens. It comes out of the blue. It is not caused by you. If it is caused by you, and your efforts, and your will, then it will be smaller than you. It is bigger than you.

When it comes, it is not like the feeling when a dewdrop falls into the ocean. No. On the contrary, it is the feeling as if the ocean has fallen into the dewdrop. The whole sky falls into you.

If you are stubbornly waiting for it, you are too hard. There Is no space in you. You are too tense. The very desire for it

is enough of a barrier. One has to forget all about it. One has to forget SO deeply that the very word becomes irrelevant, and one day one is surprised -- it HAS come. The guest has come, uninvited.

You say, Madan: THIS MORNING WHEN YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT MISSING THE MASTER, I FELT A STUBBORN DETERMINATION NOT TO MISS YOU.

This stubborn determination comes from your will, from your ego. And these are the barriers! Who is preventing your enlightenment? Nobody except yourself. Otherwise, you are a Buddha from the very beginning. How have you missed what has always been yours? How do you go on missing it? By your search you go on missing it.
But it happens: when I am saying, "Don't miss a Master," a stubborn desire can arise in you that "I am not going to miss. I will put all my effort and all my energy into not missing" -- and you have missed. My words have to be understood, not in the dictionary sense -- you have to be very sympathetic with me.
When I am saying something, don't cling to its apparent mean-ing. Go into its existential sense. When I am saying don't miss a Master, I am saying relax with a Master, be with a Master. Forget yourself IN the Master. Let the Master surround you. Let him become your atmosphere, your climate. Live in him, think of him. Be in constant remembrance of him. And forget all about yourself!
This concern for enlightenment is an ego concern. You are still self-centered. To be with a Master means to forget yourself. Ordinarily, we are Belt:centered. Whatsoever we

do we are doing for ourselves. To be with a Master means you start forgetting the old language of self-centeredness. You start doing things for the Master -- because he says so. Sometimes even absurd things!

Ajit has asked a question because people ask him, "Why do you wear orange?" And he says, "I try to explain to them, but I know deep down that they are not convinced."

There is no way to convince anybody, and there is no need either. The problem is not with orange: the problem simply is that you cannot say, " Now I am a disciple, and I don't know. I have left everything to my Master. If he says, 'Wear orange,' I will wear orange. If he says, 'Walk naked in the streets,' I will walk naked. I don't know any reasons any more. You go and ask the Master. I have dropped my self-centered style of life."

That is the meaning of sannyas. That's what initiation is all about: you drop your self-centered style of life. You have always lived according to yourself. The day you become joined with a Master, you start living according to him. And he is not obliged to explain everything -- because there are many things which cannot be explained. And there are many things which can be explained only when explanation will not be of any use -- when you have experienced something, they can be explained. But then there is no point.

And there are a few things a Master goes on asking his disciples to do which are PATENTLY absurd. That is their very reason, that they are patently absurd. They help the disciple to move away from his self-centering. He simply becomes an obedience, he becomes a yes-sayer. In that yes-saying, the Master is not missed.

It is not a question of stubbornness, because stubbornness will only emphasize your self-centeredness. It will become even more concentrated. It is a question of LOSING it. You have lived according to yourself long; you have seen what it means to live according to yourself. To become a disciple means now you are fed up with it. You want to relax. You want to simply follow somebody. In trust, in love, in intimacy, you want to become a shadow. And the paradox is: the moment you forget your self-centering, your real center arises. The moment you become just a shadow to the Master, for the first time you become an individual. This is the paradox. The moment you have forgotten yourself completely, you are enlightened.
So, please, don't become stubbornly determined -- that is becoming harder than before. And the hardening of your psychology will make it more difficult.

You say: I AM GOING TO SIT HERE TILL I GET ENLIGHTENED.

You can sit here for ages and you will not become enlightened that way. And enlightenment is possible in a single moment! if you are not there. Sit here in such a way that you are not there. That is the true way of sitting here. Nobody sitting inside, with no stubborn desire, no idea of achievement, no goal-orientation. Just a pure sitting! just enjoying this moment. This moment being with me... these birds, these trees, these people. For NO other motive! Just for its own sake. And then THIS moment is benediction. Then this moment is enlightenment.

This silence... when you are not there, nobody sitting there, but just a pure sitting, no effort on your part, an effortless waiting... no desire on your part, all desiring has disappeared... JUST BEING HERE... and this is what is needed.
And it is not that you become enlightened: suddenly you recognize you have always been enlightened. You just never allowed a moment for it to surface. You were so desirous, you were so ambitious, you were in such a turmoil. You never allowed this still small voice to arise in you. It has always been arising, but the tumult of your desires is great -- you have become a market-place. Your mind is constantly chattering. It can chatter about money, it can chatter about meditation. It can chatter about politics, it can chatter about religion. It can chatter on anything. It can start thinking about enlightenment, what it is, how to attain it... and you are missing all the time!
Please, don't be a fanatic about it. Relax.

The director of a modeling agency was interviewing a young woman for a job. After the usual questions, he ogled her and asked, "Are you a virgin?"
"Yes," she replied coyly, "but I'm not a fanatic about it!"

Just please don't be a fanatic about it. Enlightenment is a very very easy simple phenomenon, the MOST ordinary experience. It has nothing to do with extraordinary experiences.
Let me remind you again and again: it is the MOST ordinary experience -- because it is your nature. When you attain it, you cannot brag about it. When you attain it, it is

not a great thing that you have done. The really great thing is how you go on managing NOT to attain it -- this is a miracle!

The third question:

Question 3
OSHO, WHY ARE YOUR WORDS SO PUZZLING?

I AM SAYING SO MANY THINGS. I have to say them because I am talking to so many people. And I am talking to ALL kinds of people. Mahavir was talking to only one type -- his words are not puzzling. Buddha was talking to only one kind of people -- his words are not puzzling. I am talking to ALL kinds of people.
I have not chosen a particular type to work with. My work is universal; it is not sectarian. It is easy to talk to a particular type. Then you can remain consistent. But when you are dealing with so many types, you have to look to different needs, you have to answer different needs. You have to respond to different minds.
So if you read me, my words can be puzzling. One day I say one thing, another day I say another thing. To one person one thing, to another, immediately afterwards, I may say just the opposite. The reason is: my concern is not about any answers -- I have NO answers in particular. I don't believe in ready-made answers. I look into the person and I respond to him. My answer is according to his need. And tomorrow he may come, and he may ask the same question, and my answer may be different -- because tomorrow his need may be different. Maybe the words are

the same, but tomorrow I will reflect his tomorrow; today I reflect his today. I am just a mirror!

If you look into me, you will find your face reflected in it. I don't have a fixed idea to give to you. I am not teaching a philosophy here. Rather, I am teaching you a state of no-mind. I am not interested in creating a certain face for you. My whole effort here is to destroy ALL your faces so your original face surfaces, so you come to know exactly how God made you.

Much has to be withdrawn from you. I am not giving you knowledge: I am taking your knowledge away.

And then, when I say something to you, I say one thing -- you may understand another.Words cannot be very exact. And the higher you move into the world of consciousness, the less exact they become. At the lowest, they are very exact. In mathematics they are very exact. Two plus two is four. Mathematics is an exact science. Metaphysics is not -- it cannot be. The higher you go, the vaguer the words become. At the highest peak of understanding, words are almost meaningless. But still they have to be used, because you cannot understand anything else.

Soon I hope the day will come when you will be able to understand my silence. It is happening, slowly slowly. I am watching it happening. When I feel that now silence can become a communication -- you can just be with me in silence, AND YOU will get something, and you will be thrilled, and the ecstasy will arise in you, and you will be overwhelmed -- then any day I can stop using words.

But words are dangerous tools. I may mean one thing, you may understand another.

A man was reading the menu in a restaurant and asked the waitress, "What kind of soup do you have today?"
"Oh," she answered, "we have turtle soup and pea soup."
"I'll have turtle soup," he answered.
The waitress yelled into the kitchen, "One turtle soup."
But the diner said, "Just a minute. I changed my mind. Do you mind changing the order? Can you give me pea soup instead?"
"Of course," she said. And she yelled to the cook, "Hold the turtle and make it pea."

Now it will depend on you what meaning you give to it. Words can mean many things, and in different contexts the meaning can be very puzzling. Each word is spoken in a certain context. The context is hidden; you only hear the word. Without the context, the word has no meaning. What I am saying to you today will not have the same context again, because this morning is never going to be repeated. These people who have gathered to listen to me will not be exactly the same again gathered here. The birds that are singing around will not be in the same place again. This morning is unrepeatable. rut my words will remain -- they will lose all context; they will become independent of context. And then you will have to find meaning, give meaning to them .
They can be puzzling....
I have heard:

Two partners in the garment industry were having business problems; it looked as if they might have to declare bankruptcy. But at the brink, a particular line of dresses

seemed to lure a buyer. A West Coast outlet wanted to buy the whole line, at a price which would put the partners well into the black. The partners were overjoyed.
"The only thing is," warned the buyer, "I have to have the deal approved by the home office. I'm sure they'll agree, but I do have to check with them. I'm going back tomorrow. If you don't hear from me by Friday closing time, you can be sure everything's okay."
The week went by slowly, and Friday crawled. The two men sat without moving at their desks, unable to concentrate on any kind of work. Without this deal, they would definitely go under. They sweated the hours out, minute by minute.
Two o'clock went by, three o'clock, then four o'clock, and now they were close to pay dirt. Four-thirty came, and they were holding their breath. Suddenly, a messenger burst into the office. "Telegram!" he said. The men froze in terror. Finally, one of the partners stood up. Slowly he opened the telegram, and read it quickly. Then came a shriek of joy. "Harry! Good news! Your brother died!"

The meaning is always in a context. Out of the context, there is no meaning. But words go on living.
Krishna said something to Arjuna -- in a particular context. Now Hindus go on repeating it. Buddha said something to his disciples in a particular context -- Buddhists go on repeating it. The man of understanding will not become so obsessed with words. Words are not so meaningful as you think.
And you should not give very solid meanings to words. A solid word is a dead word. The word has to remain fluid. It

has to change according to circumstances. It is a flow. But people use words like frozen things. And I can understand their difficulty, because the ordinary life will become impossible if words are not frozen. It will become impossible to deal with it. But as far as the higher world, the higher flights into the timeless, into the spaceless, are concerned, words are just very arbitrary.
So, please, don't get puzzled by my words. Find me in my words! Forget the words. Find me and forget the words. Use the words as approaches towards me; don't be hooked by them. Then they will not puzzle you and they will not confuse you.

The fourth question:

Question 4
OSHO, I TURN AT EVERY SOUND TO SEE IF HE IS THERE. THERE IS A GREAT WAITING FULL OF JOY INSIDE ME. OSHO, WHERE IS THE BELOVED ONE?

PARMITA, HE IS EVERYWHERE! HE IS ALWAYS. He is here in me, in you, in all the people who have gathered here. But you must be looking for some God which is not of this world. You must be looking for some God -- Christian, Hindu, Mohammedan. But you are not really looking for the beloved.
The beloved is ALWAYS here. He is the breath in your heart, he is the beat in your heart. He is the green in the trees, and he is the red in the flowers. He is in the waves of the ocean. And he is in the stars in the night. And he is the silence of the darkness. And he is the joy of light.

But you must have some idea of God. You can go on looking for that idea and you will never find it -- you will wait in vain. Drop the idea! and the beloved is here. Your idea is hindering the path.
The beloved is not a person: the beloved is life itself. Don't think of God as a person sitting somewhere on a golden throne. Think of God in the butterfly and in the creeper. Think of God in the river and in the mountains. Think of God in ALL this manifestation! Think of God as the world. God HAS become the world! Your scriptures say God created the world. I say unto you: God has become the world. Now there is no God anywhere else. The singer is in the song now, anal the painter is in the painting. But you are looking for the painter somewhere else, and he has dissolved himself into the painting....
Have you heard one very famous Chinese Zen story?

A great king was in great love with the beauty of the Himalayas. He called all the great painters of his kingdom, and told them to make paintings of the Himalayas, and whoever's painting was the best would have half of the kingdom and would have the king's daughter in marriage. Thousands of painters worked, day in, day out, year in, year out. Three years' time was given. Many paintings were made; they were beautiful paintings. The king was at a loss: "How to choose which one is the best?"
Finally, the oldest painter came with his paintings; those paintings were hung on the wall and the king went to see them. Immediately, intuitively, he knew, "These are the best." He had seen beautiful paintings, but nothing compared to these. They were so alive! And the king

watched, and he asked the painter, "I see one small footpath going behind the mountains -- where does it go?"
And the painter said, "Let me see...!"
And he went into the painting, and on the footpath behind the mountain... and disappeared, and never came back.

It is said in China that a painting, if it is true, has to be like that: the painter can go into it and disappear. Only then is it true! This story is just a parable. But God has created the world Ann has disappeared into it. It is exactly true about God.

Parmita, don't WAIT for the beloved.... But thousands of people have been waiting for thousands of years, with great longing and passion. Their waiting has helped -- not that they came to know God, but their waiting helped them to become more alert.

Judaism, particularly, has used waiting as a methodology for awareness. It is Judaism's parallel to vipassana. But remember, the waiting is not for God -- there is no God to come -- the waiting is just a device. When you are waiting, you become, of course, more alert.
Have you ever waited for a friend? In the mowing he is to come, and you cannot even sleep during the whole night. You toss and turn, and you look again at the clock. Maybe night is over and it is already mowing and you have to go and pick up the friend from the station...?
Have you waited for your beloved? Then any movement on the street and you rush out. It may be just the wind knocking on the door, and your heart beats faster; and you

open the door: maybe she has come or he has come? Or a postman walks by and you rush and look out of the window....
Whenever you wait, you become aware. If waiting can become absolute, total, it will create a great flame of awareness.

It is said of the great mystic, Zusya, that he awaited the arrival of the Messiah and redemption with such fervor, passion and eagerness that when he heard a tumult in the street he was at once moved to ask what it was and whether the messenger had not come. And each time he went to sleep, he commanded his disci-ples to awaken him at the very moment when the messenger came.
One day he said, "If the Messiah should come today and say to me, 'Zusya, you are better than others,' then I would say to him, 'Sir, then you are not the true Messiah.'"
His whole life he waited, and with such eagerness that even in the night he was afraid, "I may be asleep and he may come." One disciple had to wait continuously by his side, so if the messenger came, Zusya could be awakened immediately -- because he would not like to miss a single moment.

See the passion, the longing, the love.
But the question is: Did the Messiah come? That is not the point. The point is that Zusya became more and more alert, more and more aware. He became so alert and aware that it is said that one day he said, "If the Messiah should come to me today and say to me, 'Zusya, you are better than others,' then I would say to him, 'Sir, then you are not the true

Messiah -- because now I myself that there is no better, no worse, there is no higher, no lower. That all is one. That there is nobody to be redeemed and nobody as the redeemer.'"
Waiting, waiting, waiting, becoming aware and aware, one day the heart opened, and he knew God is everywhere. There is no need for any Messiah to come. God has already come! God's presence is already there.
So, Parmita, don't ask: Where is the beloved? Ask: WHERE IS HE NOT? Jesus says to his disciples: Break a stone and you will find me there. Remove a rock and you will find me there. Where is he not?

You say: I TURN AT EVERY SOUND TO SEE IF HE IS THERE.

Yes, he is there! Even when the wind knocks on your door he has knocked. And when the dog starts barking in the neighborhood , HE is barking. And when a friend comes to see you, he has come to see you. Because there is nobody else except him...

The fifth question:

Question 5
I TRY TO FOLLOW RELIGION IN MY OWN WAY, BUT NOTHING SEEMS TO HAPPEN. WHAT SHOULD I DO?

HOW CAN YOU FOLLOW RELIGION IN YOUR OWN WAY? You have to drop yourself. Then whatsoever

happens is religion. It is not a question of deciding. You cannot decide. How can you decide what is right, what is wrong? Drop yourself. Let life take possession of you. Let life decide. Give your hand to God, or to life, or to existence... and follow it in trust.
You must be a very clever and calculating man. You are even trying to follow religion in your own way. And whatsoever you are doing, you have been doing, is nothing but your mind game. How can you reach anywhere?
It is simple!

You say: NOTHING SEEMS TO HAPPEN.

Now change your approach towards religion. Religion is not a thing to be decided by you: religion is a state of let-go.
Man's mind is so cunning -- it can always find rationalizations for whatsoever it wants to do. If it doesn't want to do, it can find anti-reasons; if it wants to do, it can find ALL that supports it.
Just watch your mind. Your mind decides first this has to be done, and then it gathers arguments for it.

A former secretary turned hooker bumped into an old school chum.
"How can you go into such a profession?" asked her friend.
"Don't be silly," answered the call girl. "We provide a vital service. We're a wife to those who have none, and a refuge to those who do."

Even if you are doing something absolutely wrong you can find good reasons for it.

A bearded old Jew entered a delicatessen and pointed to a slab of ham behind the glass counter.
"A quarter pound of the corned beef, if you please."
The counter man noticed the beard and thought it his duty to inform the old man. "I'm sorry, sir," he said quietly, "but that's ham!"
"And who asked you?" retorted the Jew.

Mind is very clever, very cunning. It can go on doing whatsoever IT wants to do. And it can always find arguments for it.
So when you say: I TRY TO FOLLOW RELIGION IN MY OWN WAY, what is your own way? Truth cannot be according to you. You will have to be according to truth. Truth has no obligation to fit and adjust with you. You will have to fit and adjust with truth.
And if you try your own way, nothing is ever going to happen to you. And finally you will repent.
Now, try a totally different approach. Be in a let-go. Let God decide. Put your mind aside. Become a little more intuitive rather than being intellectual;Don't be so rational. Religion is available only to those who can go deeper than reason. To go deeper than reason is to go beyond reason. And religion is available only beyond. What you call religion ordinarily is nothing but mind fabrications. Nothing has happened, nothing is going to happen... remember.

And you ask: WHAT SHOULD I DO?

Drop this I. If you can find a Master, become a disciple. You have been a disciple to yourself too long now. Find a man whom you can trust. Find a man whose presence soothes you, calms you, cools you. Find a man whose presence revives hope in you, resurrects you. Find a man whose presence becomes an inspiration to you and again life-seems to have meaning. Then surrender. Be a disciple. You have been trying both things together yourself, on your own. You are the Master and you are the disciple. You will become more and more confused. This is not the way to reach.

And I am not saying people cannot reach without Masters -- once in a while it happens, a person reaches without a Master. But for that even more courage is needed. Because to trust a man is not SO difficult, it is human. To trust existence is very difficult. It needs a greater heart-and greater guts. To leave oneself into the hands of existence... just as Jesus said in the last moment: Thy will be done. If you can do that, there is no need to have a Master. But if you cannot even surrender to a Master, it will be impossible to surrender to existence itself.

A Master is a device where you learn how to surrender, where you learn the joys of surrender, where you learn the beauties of surrender. And then more courage gathers necessarily. And one day you can take the quantum leap and you can start trusting existence. Then one becomes like a dry leaf in the wind. If the wind blows north, the leaf goes north. If the wind goes south, the leaf goes south. If the wind stops, the leaf waits and rests on the ground. The leaf

has no idea of any destiny, no direction, no goal, nowhere to go.
That is the ultimate surrender.
Lao Tzu became enlightened watching a dry leaf falling from a tree. He was sitting under the tree. The leaf was ripe, a breeze came, and the leaf dropped. It fluttered, came slowly slowly like a feather, rested on the ground... then a stronger wind came and it was taken up... it moved with the wind with no resistance. And the truth happened: Lao Tzu became enlightened. From that moment, he became a dry leaf in the wind.
Yes, without a Master also it is possible -- but to trust a LEAF will take real guts.

The sixth question:

Question 6
OSHO, IN ME I FEEL THE NEED FOR A MASTER AND I FEEL THAT THE THINGS THAT YOU LET YOUR DISCIPLES DO ARE ALSO GOOD FOR ME. WHAT MAKES YOU SO SPECIAL THAT I SHOULD TAKE YOU AS A MASTER, THAT I SHOULD SURRENDER TO YOU?

RUINEMANS, FIRST THING: THIS IS YOUR PROBLEM, that you need a Master. I don't need a disciple. I already have enough. I am not interested. So I am not persuading you to become a disciple. In fact, I make ALL sorts of arrangements to dissuade people so that they can escape.

It is not easy to come close to me. I have made all kinds of barriers between you and me. I am not interested in disciples -- unless somebody's need is really intense. I am here, not for the crowd and the mob, but only for the chosen few.

You say: IN ME I FEEL THE NEED FOR A MASTER AND I FEEL THAT THE THINGS THAT YOU LET YOUR DISCIPLES DO ARE ALSO GOOD FOR ME.

If you feel the need for a Master, search for a Master. Hopefully some day you may find one.

You ask: WHAT MAKES YOU SO SPECIAL THAT I SHOULD TAKE YOU AS A MASTER?

I am not special at all. You forget about me. I am a very ordinary person. If you are interested in special Masters, you will have to search somewhere else. The very idea of being special is an egoistic idea. And, yes, I know: disciples like to become attached to very special people. That is a vicarious way of fulfilling their own ego, that "I am a disciple of a very special Master."
So let me make it clear from the very beginning: I am a very ordinary man. You need not be interested in me at all. I am not special. You will have to search somewhere else. The very idea of finding a special Master is an egoistic idea. Why special? What is special in life? Either all is special or nothing is special.
I can agree with both statements: either all is special or nothing is special. But I cannot agree with the statement

that somebody is special and others are not special. God exists everywhere, in everybody. And God is our nature.
I am an ordinary man. So if you want to have a special Master, you are in wrong company here; you will have to find somewhere else. You will have to look for some magician. You are not really interested in disciple hood. Your interest is in a kind of ego trip.

You ask: WHAT MAKES YOU SO SPECIAL THAT I SHOULD TAKE YOU AS A MASTER, THAT I SHOULD SURRENDER TO YOU?

I am not interested in your surrender at all. And when a disciple surrenders to the Master, he does not surrender to the Master -- the Master is just an excuse. The disciple only surrenders. Because he cannot surrender without a Master, hence the Master is an excuse.
The Master does not take your surrender! It is one-way traffic. When you surrender to me, you surrender -- that's all. I don't take your surrender; I don't go on gathering your surrenders. I am just an excuse, just to help you get rid of a foolish ego, an illusory ego.
How can the surrender be of any significance to the Master? because the ego is false, so is the surrender. If ego itself is false, what value can your surrender have?
Just think of a man who believes that he is Napoleon. And he is not! And he thinks that he has a great kingdom. And then a Master persuades him to surrender his kingdom -- and he surrenders! And he says, "Okay, I surrender my kingdom and from now onwards I will not be Napoleon."
Do you think the Master is getting something?

In the first place the man had nothing but just an idea. The Master is not getting anything; of course, the man is losing much: his kingdom, his being a Napoleon, etcetera.

You say: WHAT MAKES YOU SO SPECIAL THAT I SHOULD TAKE YOU AS A MASTER?

I am not special, so you need not worry about me. I am very ordinary. And if you can surrender to somebody who is absolutely ordinary, your surrender will have some meaning. To surrender to somebody special is not surrender. Again you are enjoying that you have become identified with a great Master. You are also somehow great -- the reflected glory of the Master.

I am a nobody! If you join hands with me, you will become a nobody -- that's all I can promise to you. I am a nothingness -- if you join hands with me you will become a nothingness. I have disappeared. If you come close to me, beware... you will have to disappear. To be intimate with me is to be intimate with your ultimate death.

That's what real surrender is: dying as an ego. But when you die as an ego, you are born as divine. So the crucifixion of the ego is the resurrection of the soul.

And I am not interested in your surrender because I don't see that you have anything. You don't have anything -- you have only fallacies, illusions, dreams. But you are asking, Ruinemans, as if you are going to surrender something great, so you have to make everything sure: "Whether this man is somebody special so that I should surrender my kingdom. Who is this man? Why should I surrender to him?"

Surrender is not to anybody in particular -- surrender is simply surrender! It only means that "I am tired, wearied, burdened with my ego. I have lived with it and it has tortured me enough. Enough is enough! I want to get rid of it, but how to get rid of it? Where to put it?"
One has lived with it so long that it is very difficult to separate oneself from it. The Master becomes a help. He says, "Okay, give it to me. If you cannot put it anywhere, give it to me and I will take care of it, I will preserve it." Feeling trust, love, you can give your ego to the Master. But what are you giving? There is nothing in fact.

Two madmen were talking to each other. One man had his fist closed and asked the other, "Can you tell me what I have in my fist?"
The other brooded, meditated, and said, "A white elephant."
The first looked into his fist and said, "Then you must have looked -- while I was closing my fist you must have looked. Otherwise, how did you come to know?"

In your fists there is nothing, no white elephant -- just empty ideas, empty identities about who you are. A Master is nothing but a situation. So if you really feel you need, then search.
And these discourses must be of great help to you, because this is the series about the Perfect Master. You will need a Perfect Master -- and I am not a Perfect Master. I am a very very imperfect Master. You need something so special that you will not find it.

That's why people believe in dead Masters, because with the dead Masters they can create as much speciality as they want. I cannot walk on water, that is true. Jesus can walk -- and I know perfectly well he never walked: he knew the right rocks! But you can believe he is special, he walks on water.
People believe in dead Masters because with dead Masters they are free to have all kinds of imagination.
I am a very ordinary man, as ordinary as you are. But I am celebrating myself. I celebrate myself, I sing myself. And I can remind you that you can also celebrate yourself, and you can also sing yourself. And if an ordinary man like me can celebrate, that should give you a great joy -- because you can also celebrate -- you need not be special. You can ALSO be enlightened without walking on water.
If you understand, you will be rejoiced in me -- because a man just like you has become a celebration. It is a great promise: you can also become one. Nothing special is needed. All that is needed is already with you. You just have to be reminded.
A True Master is nothing but a reminding.

The last question:

Question 7
OSHO, FOUR YEARS AGO WHERE I WAS LIVING THERE WAS IN THE OUTHOUSE A POSTER. ON IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE OF THE OCEAN AND THESE WORDS WHICH HAVE REMAINED WITH ME: 'I AM MOVING AND NOT MOVING AT ALL. I

AM LIKE THE MOON BENEATH THE WAVES THAT EVER GO ROLLING.'
DURING DISCOURSE YESTERDAY,FOR THE FIRST TIME, I SAW WHERE THAT UNMOVING PLACE IS IN ME. WILL YOU SPEAK ABOUT IT MORE?

YOGA DIVYA, IT IS NOT SOMETHING TO BE SPOKEN ABOUT. And don't think about it -- just feel it. If you start thinking about it you will lose track again. It is a feeling space within you; it has nothing to do with thought. Thought will be a disturbance. Feel it! Sit silently, feel it, rejoice in it, laugh with it, cry and weep with it, but don't think about it.
The moment you think about it you have gone farthest from it, the farthest possible. Because thinking always takes you away from things.
A rose flower is there and you start thinking about it... then miles and miles of distance between you and the rose flower. Thinking is a kind of distance. Thinking creates distance. If you really want to be with the rose flower, forget thinking. Be with the rose flower! Cry with it, sing with it, dance with it, BE with it -- and you will know. This knowing has nothing to do with thought.
I cannot say anything more about it. You have found a beautiful spot within you. Avoid thinking! Be closer and closer to that spot. Yes, there is a space where I AM MOVING AND NOT MOVING AT ALL. I AM LIKE THE MOON BENEATH THE WAVES THAT EVER GO ROLLING. Yes, there is that kind of eternity in you. Time moves only on the surface. There is some place in you

which is beginning less, endless. There is some place in you where changes have never occurred.
Since I have come to know this space within me, not a single thing has happened -- no crisis, no accident, no incident, nothing at all. Since I became established in this space, all has been just the same -- although on the surface thousands of things have changed. The wheel goes on moving, but at the very core nothing moves.
This is what is known as the center of the cyclone...

The Perfect Master, Vol 2
Chapter #7
Chapter title: The Lion's Roar
7 July 1978 am in Buddha Hall

AT THE TIME OF KING MAHMUD, THE CONQUEROR OF GHAZNA, THERE LIVED A YOUNG MAN BY THE NAME OF HAIDAR ALI JAN. HIS FATHER, ISKANDAR KHAN, DECIDED TO OBTAIN FOR HIM THE PATRONAGE OF THE EMPEROR, AND HE SENT HIM TO STUDY SPIRITUAL MATTERS UNDER THE GREATEST SAGES OF THE TIME.

HAIDAR ALI, WHEN HE HAD MASTERED THE REPETITIONS AND THE EXERCISES, WHEN HE KNEW THE RECITALS AND THE BODILY POSTURES OF THE SUFI SCHOOLS, WAS TAKEN BY

HIS FATHER INTO THE PRESENCE OF THE EMPEROR.

"MIGHTY MAHMUD," SAID ISKANDAR, "I HAVE HAD THIS YOUTH, MY ELDEST AND MOST INTELLIGENT SON, SPECIALLY TRAINED IN THE WAYS OF THE SUFIS, SO THAT HE MIGHT OBTAIN A WORTHY POSITION AT YOUR MAJESTY'S COURT, KNOWING THAT YOU ARE THE PATRON OF LEARNING OF OUR EPOCH."

MAHMUD DID NOT LOOK UP, BUT HE MERELY SAID, "BRING HIM BACK IN A YEAR."

SLIGHTLY DISAPPOINTED, BUT NURSING HIGH HOPES, ISKANDAR SENT ALI TO STUDY THE WORKS OF THE GREAT SUFIS OF THE PAST, AND TO VISIT THE SHRINES OF THE ANCIENT MASTERS IN BAGHDAD, SO THAT THE INTERVENING TIME WOULD NOT BE WASTED.

WHEN HE BROUGHT THE YOUTH BACK TO THE COURT, HE SAID, "PEACOCK OF THE AGE! MY SON HAS CARRIED OUT LONG AND DIFFICULT JOURNEYS, AND AT THE SAME TIME TO HIS KNOWLEDGE OF EXERCISES HE HAS ADDED A COMPLETE FAMILIARITY WITH THE CLASSICS OF THE PEOPLE OF THE PATH. PRAY HAVE HIM EXAMINED, SO THAT IT MAY BE SHOWN THAT HE COULD BE AN ADORNMENT OF YOUR MAJESTY'S COURT."

"LET HIM," SAID MAHMUD IMMEDIATELY, "RETURN AFTER ANOTHER YEAR."

DURING THE NEXT TWELVE MONTHS, HAIDAR ALI CROSSED THE OXUS AND VISITED BOKHARA AND SAMARKAND, QASR-I-ARIFIN AND TASHQAND, DUSHAMBE AND THE TURBATS OF THE SUFI SAINTS OF TURKESTAN.

WHEN HE RETURNED TO THE COURT, MAHMUD OF GHAZNA TOOK ONE LOOK AT HIM AND SAID, "HE MAY CARE TO COME BACK AFTER A FURTHER YEAR."

HAIDAR ALI MADE THE PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA IN THAT YEAR.

HE TRAVELLED TO INDIA; AND IN PERSIA HE CONSULTED RARE BOOKS AND NEVER MISSED AN OPPORTUNITY OF SEEKING OUT AND PAYING HIS RESPECTS TO THY TREAT DERVISHES OF THE TIME.

WHEN HE RETURNED TO GHAZNA, MAHMUD SAID TO HIM, "NOW SELECT A TEACHER, IF HE WILL HAVE YOU, AND COME BACK IN A YEAR."

WHEN THAT YEAR WAS OVER AND ISKANDAR KHAN PREPARED TO TAKE HIS SON TO THE COURT, HAIDAR ALI SHOWED NO INTEREST AT

ALL IN GOING THERE. HE SIMPLY SAT AT THE FEET OF HIS TEACHER IN HERAT, AND NOTHING THAT HIS FATHER COULD SAY WOULD MOVE HIM.

"I HAVE WASTED MY TIME, AND MY MONEY, AND THIS YOUNG MAN HAS FAILED THE TESTS IMPOSED BY MAHMUD THE KING," HE LAMENTED, AND HE ABANDONED THE WHOLE AFFAIR.

MEANWHILE, THE DAY WHEN THE YOUTH WAS DUE TO PRESENT HIMSELF CAME AND WENT, AND THEN MAHMUD SAID TO HIS COURTIERS, "PREPARE YOURSELVES FOR A VISIT TO HERAT; THERE IS SOMEONE THERE WHOM I HAVE TO SEE."

AS THE EMPEROR'S CAVALCADE WAS ENTERING HERAT TO THE FLOURISH OF TRUMPETS, HAIDAR ALI'S TEACHER TOOK HIM BY THE HAND, LED HIM TO THE GATE OF THE TEKKIA, AND THERE THEY WAITED.

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, MAHMUD AND HIS FOUR TIER AYAZ, TAKING OFF THEIR SHOES, PRESENTED THEMSELVES AT THE SANCTUARY.

"HERE, MAHMUD," SAID THE SUFI SHEIK, "IS THE MAN WHO WAS NOTHING WHILE HE WAS A VISITOR OF KINGS, BUT WHO IS NOW ONE WHO IS

VISITED BY KINGS. TAKE HIM AS YOUR SUFI COUNSELLOR FOR HE IS READY."

THIS IS THE STORY OF THE STUDIES OF HIRAVI, HAIDAR ALI JAN, THE SAGE OF HERAT.

RELIGION IS A RISK, A REBELLION, AND A REBIRTH, RELIGION is not a consolation, it is not conformity, it is not convention. Religion is not part of the world -- it is something of the beyond.

Religion cannot be learnt: it can only be imbibed. There is no study which is going to help you to become religious. All studies lead astray.

Religion is not a kind of learning. On the contrary, it is unlearning. Not that you have to know more, but that you have to come to a point where all knowing disappears, and you become innocent, and you are a child again. And again the wonder is fresh and the mystery of life is revealed to you.

The knower lives in his mind. And the mind goes on pretending that is knows. And because the mind pretends that it knows, it demystifies existence. Knowledge is the most irreligious phenomenon there is in the world -- because without the experience of the mysterious there is no possibility of being in contact with God. The mystery is the door.

Knowledge has to be dropped so that you can open your eyes again like a child -- fresh, young, full of wonder, knowing nothing, or, only knowing that you know nothing.

These few things have to be understood before we can enter into this beautiful story.

Why do I call religion a risk? and not only a risk but the greatest? Why? Because you have to lose yourself. There are other risks in life, but they are small risks. You have to lose your money, or you have to lose your prestige, or you have to lose your wife... or this or that. But in religion, nothing less than your totality is required -- you have to lose yourself. Naturally, one shrinks back one is frightened. It is a jump out of the ego and into the ego less abyss. It is a discontinuity with the past, with all that you have thought you are. It is a breakthrough.

You lose your identity -- it is a great crisis in identity. You have known yourself as this or that -- a name, a form, a society, a nation -- religion requires that you lose all your identity. A religious person is neither an Indian nor a Chinese, neither a Hindu nor a Mohammedan. A religious person is neither black nor white. All these things are stupidities.

Then WHO IS a religious person? He is not a person at all, but only a presence. He drops his personality. He cannot say who he is. He cannot define himself. But in that indefinable state of consciousness, he knows who he is. This is a paradox: those who know who they are don't know; and those who are ready to risk their whole identity and come to a point where they don't know who they are, only they are the people who become capable of knowing. It is a gamble.... Very few people have that much courage. Religion is not for the cowards. For the cowards is politics. Religion is not for the inferior. For the inferior is politics. The WHOLE political world depends on the inferiority complex. When a man feels himself to be nothing, nobody, he starts projecting himself in the world of ambition --

politically he wants to become somebody, a president, a prime minister. Or, money wise he becomes a millionaire, famous. Or he wants to become a Nobel Laureate, or something....

These are the ways of ambition. And why does ambition arise in the first place at all? It arises out of the inferiority complex. You feel inferior within yourself, you feel nobody. It hurts. It is like an open wound. You want to hide it. You become occupied in ambition. You rush away from yourself as far as you can. You want to forget yourself! You want to get occupied in the world of money, power, prestige.

Religion is for those who are ready to go into this nothingness of their being, who DON'T think that they have to be somebody. ALL that they want is to know who they are. They don't want to be somebody. They don't project. They simply want to enter into the innermost shrine of their being and to see what is there. If it is nothingness, then it is nothingness. Then nothingness is beautiful. Then THIS is our nature. Then there is no problem, it is not a wound. One need not search for any medicine for it; it needs no healing.

The ambitious person runs out, afraid to encounter nothingness. The religious person rushes in to know "What is this nothingness that I am?"

Risk is there. Death is there. But out of this death is resurrection, is rebirth. But if you go to the temples and the churches and the mosques, you will find a totally different kind of person praying there -- he is cowardly. His God is out of fear. He is as ambitious as anybody else. He is seeking support of the God so that he can succeed in his

ambition. He is not interested in God himself. He wants to exploit God too, in some way or other. He has a motivation. He is cowardly, and out of his cowardliness he has created a great religion, ritual -- the priest, the church.
Religion is in the hands of irreligious people. A Mahavir, a Buddha, a Mohammed, a Mansoor, a Rumi, a Kabir, a Nanak -- -these are not people who are afraid. These are NOT people who are praying out of fear! They are praying out of love, not out of fear. They are praying out of sheer joy. They are praying out of thankfulness. They are not asking for anything from God -- because God has already given all that is needed.
The real religious person needs to be immensely courageous to enter into his nothingness . and inside there is a GREAT nothingness... as vast as the sky, as infinite as the sky.
There is an outer sky and there is an inner sky. The worldly person moves out, the religious person moves in. To move out is very easy, because millions are moving there. You can become part of the crowd; you need not have any individual courage of your own. You can simply ride on the mob psychology. All the people are doing something -- you can become part of it. Man is an imitator. If anything proves that man comes from the monkeys it is his tremendous capacity to imitate.
But to go in, you are alone. Absolutely alone. Nobody can be there with you, not even a friend. Great courage is needed for this internal journey -- the courage to be alone. But only those who are ready to be alone will be able to know what God is -- because God is found in your

innermost aloneness. God is the innermost center of your aloneness.

God is not found as an object: God is found not as the sought but as the seeker. God is NEVER found there: God is always found HERE. Never then: always now. God is not a goal, distant from you: God is your very consciousness, your very being, your very existence.

But for that, this courage is needed -- courage to be alone, courage to drop the attachment to the crowd, courage to drop ambitions, projections, courage to be a non-entity.

That's why the other day I said: I am a very ordinary person, extraordinarily ordinary. And I would like you also to become extraordinarily ordinary -- because in that VERY ordinariness, God is found. To try to be somebody, to try to be special, is the way of ambition and the way of the ego. And the ego never meets God.

That's why the other day I told you that I am not perfect -- or, I am perfectly imperfect. And that's what I would like you to be too. Imperfect -- perfectly imperfect. Then you can relax. Then there is no way to go anywhere, and no need. Then there is no ideal to be fulfilled. Then you are not constantly trying to improve upon yourself -- you simply relax. You are in a let-go. And when you are in a let-go, a prayer arises from the very ground of your being -- which is not DONE by you. It arises as fragrance arises out of flowers, as light falls from the stars. It naturally arises! And when prayer is natural, it has tremendous beauty, tremendous power. It liberates.

Be courageous. And let me repeat: the greatest courage is to be non-ambitious.

Religion is not a formality; it is not a kind of behavior; it is not a certain etiquette. You can learn the behavior of the religious people. You can go through the whole act of being religious. You can bow down in the temple, you can pray, you can even manage tears to flow down your cheeks. And deep down you know you are not in it. It is just a put-on act. Maybe you have become very skillful in it. You have done it so long that it looks almost natural, but it is not. Your heart is not in it.

You can say to your wife during the day a hundred times, "I love you." But if your heart is not in it, you know that these words are dead, that these words have no wings. And you know that moment also when you really love, and you say, "I love you." And the difference! And the difference is immense. The words are the same; there is no way to detect any difference in the words. No phonetic analysis, no analysis of the sound, is going to find any difference. But you know: when you love, those words are no more ordinary -- they are radiant, they have a luminosity, they are aflame. Your heart beats in them, they are alive.

And when you are just repeating it because it has to be repeated -- because there are books in the world like Dale Carnegie's books and Napoleon Hill's books, which go on saying that even if you don't love, go on repeating -- it helps. It lubricates relationship. Maybe they are right, it lubricates, but it is not the true thing. You may live a smooth life, but just to live a smooth life is worthless. One has to live a life of passion and prayer and love -- not just a smooth life. One has to live a life of adventure, of exploration. NOT just a smooth life! One has to live totally. One's life torch has to burn from both ends -- even though

it is only for one single moment, but then that single moment is eternity. When you live at the optimum, then you know what life is. And then you know the celebration of it and the benediction of it.

Religion is not a formality. Avoid formalities. If you really want to be religious some day, avoid formalities. The greatest danger with formality is that if you become accustomed to formality you will never become aware that you are missing the real thing. The man who carries false coins and thinks they are real coins will not search for the real. That is going to be his misfortune.

Never be formal about religion. Never be a Christian or a Hindu or a Mohammedan -- these are all formalities. Be prayerful, but not in a formal way. Let prayer arise. Wait for it. Long for it! Search for it!

Imitation is borrowed. Formality is borrowed. OTHERS teach you what to do. And religion requires a mature person, not just a person who is like a parrot.

It is not a formality because it is not part of culture, civilization, society. In fact, religion is basically asocial -- not anti-social but asocial. It takes you beyond society. You are caught up by the society, you are conditioned by the society. The society is your prison It does not allow you to move out of its boundaries. It gives you enough rope so that you can have a certain feeling of freedom, but you are not free. No society allows freedom. No society exists for freedom. The name of freedom is being ex-ploited, but no society is free.

To have a free society will mean to have no society at all -- then there will be pure individuals. And all that we know as society will be just a formal arrangement: like the post

office and the railway department -- a formal arrangement. No imposition of any inner structure. No imposition of any obedience, but a help, a nourishing help, so that everybody can become himself. Not that he has to conform to a certain mould.

No society yet exists which is religious, not even the Indian society. Indians like the idea very much, and their so-called gums go on roaming around the world and declaring to the world that India IS religious -- it is all nonsense. Formally they are right, but religion has nothing to do with formality. Religion is rebellion; it is the spirit of rebellion. Rebellion of the individual. Rebellion of the soul. Search for freedom, and ultimate freedom. Great courage is, of course, needed. Guts are needed. That's why so many people think they are religious, but very few are. Only once in a while do you find a religious person.

AND REMEMBER THAT RELIGION IS NOT SCHOLARSHIP. You to can learn the Vedas and the Bible and the Koran, and you can become REALLY efficient, yet you will not be religious. The same work can be done by a computer in a far better way. Only one thing the computer cannot do, and that is: it cannot feel. The computer can think. Now we have machines which can think, but no machine can feel.

Religion has something to do with the feeling part of your being, not with the thinking part of your being. You can study, you can become very knowledgeable, you can be burdened with great knowledge, but all this burdening slowly slowly will dry the juices of your heart. This knowledge will be like rocks, and your heart will flow no

more. Your heart will be too much surrounded by rocks. It needs a little freedom to flow. It is a small stream of love. Arid only that small stream of love knows how to go to God. No rock can go to the ocean -- only that small stream of love knows how to reach the ocean. And it needs no maps, no guidebooks. It simply knows. The knowing is intuitive.

Every man simply knows how to love -- there is no need to teach him. What is needed then? All that is needed is a loving atmosphere where the spirit can be imbibed. That's what happens when you go to a Master, when you enter a Sufi TEKKIA -- a Sufi school, or a Buddhafield, or when you enter into the energy world of a Master: you are going into a magnetic field where love is flowing, where many hearts are dancing, where minds have been put aside, where feeling has become supreme. Just all that you need is a climate.

The Master is a climate, an atmosphere, in which you suddenly become aware of your own potential. Not that the Master gives you something -- there is no need! All that is needed has always been given to you by God. But in the presence of the Master, some chord in your heart starts responding, as if somebody is playing music and the very hearing of it and a dance arises in you. Your whole body wants to dance. You are in the grip of the music; it has touched and moved your heart. You are connected, bridged.

A Master is a musician. He sings a song. He lives a song. He vibrates, pulsates a certain melody. And those who are intimate with him, those who allow themselves to be close to him, those who can be in a kind of let-go with him, those who relax with him... this is what sat sang is: relaxing with

a Master, dropping your tensions. There is a pool of energy; if you drop your tensions, suddenly you will become aware of your own pool too.
A very famous ancient story:

It happened, a small group of sheep was passing through a valley. A lioness jumped from one side to the other side, from one hillock to another hillock. And just while she was jumping, she gave birth to a child. The child fell into that small group of sheep.
The child was brought up by the sheep. Naturally, the child knew from the very beginning that he was a sheep. He never became aware of his being a lion -- although he was a lion! Just by forgetting, your nature does not change. He became very big, but the growth came so slowly, so slowly, that the sheep also accepted him -- he was a freak child, it appeared. Something strange, eccentric, a little bit off the track, outlandish, but in every other way he was a sheep. Absolutely vegetarian he was, and walked like sheep, and lived with sheep, and talked like sheep.
One day this miracle was seen by another lion. An old lion passing by looked at this miracle -- he could not believe his eyes. It was impossible! The young lion was walking with the sheep and the sheep were not afraid. They were going so together in such great friendship -- he could not believe his eyes! He had never heard of such a thing.
He rushed to catch hold of the lion. "What has gone... has he gone mad or something?" And the sheep escaped, and the sheep lion also escaped, naturally -- so much afraid, trembling. But the old lion became very curious, and somehow he got hold of him, took him to the river. And he

was NOT willing to go. He was shrinking back and holding back, and he was saying, "Just leave me, please. Leave me alone! Let me go with my people."

I know this story, because this is what I go on doing to you every day, and you say, "Leave me alone. Let me be a Hindu or a Mohammedan or a Christian -- let me go to my people! Where are you taking me? I am just a sheep, and I am perfectly happy. Don't disturb me!"

But the old lion persisted He forced the young lion to the river, and there they both looked into the river, the silent river, no ripples. It was like a mirror. And the old lion said, "Look, you are not a sheep. Look in the river!"
Just the look... and do you know what happened? A great lion's roar, suddenly! This is what Zen people call 'sudden enlightenment'. It was not a gradual process. Not that he said, "Okay, I will think about it." Not that "First I will have to go to school and study how to be a lion." Not that "Sir, I am very grateful to you -- let me become your disciple. And, slowly slowly, one day, in this life or in some other life, I will attain to this enlightenment. I am grateful that you have showed me the path."
Nothing of this sort.
Just SEEING his face and seeing the old lion's face similar, a roar exploded. In a single moment! In fact, in no time, with no interval of time. Timelessly. Instantly. Immediately... the sheep disappeared and there was a young lion.

This is the meaning of being with a Master.

You are not what you think you are. You have been taught you are this and that. You are not these small identities, these small egos. You are vast. You are infinite. You are eternal. TAT-TVAM-ASI: Thou ART That! Not less than that. You are gods and goddesses. But you have fallen into many traps.

SO IT IS NOT a question of studying. Religion has to be imbibed from someone who has arrived. It is from a Master to a disciple. It is not from the book to the student. It is from the ALIVE Master to the alive disciple. It is a transmission of insight.

The Master is not a person but only a climate, a music, a silence. If you love, you also become silent -- because whatsoever you love, you become like that. Remember it! Be very cautious in loving something, because whatsoever you love, you will become that.

The man who loves money, becomes money. He thinks only in terms of money and nothing else. The man who loves things, possessions, himself becomes a possession and nothing else, becomes a thing. Love something great! If you love a flower, it is better than loving money. If you love the moon, it is better than loving a house. If you love a woman, a man, a child, it is better than loving power and prestige.

But if you can find a Master and fall in his love, then that is the door to the divine -- because on this earth, nothing is closer to God than a Master. And the difference between you and the Master is not of quality: the difference is only of remembrance.

Remember again the old lion and the young lion. What is the difference? There is no existential difference, no

difference at all fundamentally. But there IS a difference, a small difference, but that makes all the difference. The young lion has forgotten who he is. His heart has forgotten the language of a lion. He knows no more how to roar, how to shake the mountains with his roar. In the presence of the old lion, he imbibed, he recognized. Looking in the eyes of a Master, you will recognize who you are. Walking with the Master, you will recognize who you are. Just think of sitting with a Buddha... how long can you go on thinking that you are a sheep? Sooner or later the lion's roar....

This story has many beautiful points to be understood:

AT THE TIME OF KING MAHMUD, THE CONQUEROR OF GHAZNA, THERE LIVED A YOUNG MAN BY THE NAME OF HAIDAR ALI JAN. HIS FATHER, ISKANDAR KHAN, DECIDED TO OBTAIN FOR HIM THE PATRONAGE OF THE EMPEROR, AND HE SENT HIM TO STUDY SPIRITUAL MATTERS UNDER THE GREATEST SAGES OF THE TIME.

YOU WILL HAVE TO GO SLOWLY INTO THE STORY, because these stories are not just stories to be read and forgotten. They are reminders. They are devices. They are keys. They have many meanings. And you will have to be very very patient and sympathetic with each single word.

THE FATHER, ISKANDAR KHAN, DECIDED TO OBTAIN FOR HIS SON, HAIDAR ALI, THE PATRONAGE OF THE EMPEROR...

That's what fathers have always been doing. Their own ambitions they go on projecting through their children. Maybe he wanted to become somebody important in the King's court and he could not. Now he is poisoning his son. Now he is trying to make his son carry the load that he has been carrying his whole life. Now he is getting old, frustrated, knows that he has failed.

Nobody's ambitions are ever fulfilled. The ambitious person always fails, has to fail. If the ambitious can succeed, then there will be no need of Buddhas. Then Buddhas will be irrelevant.

Ambition fails. You have heard the proverb: Nothing succeeds like success. I say unto you: Nothing fails like success. When you have succeeded, then you know that you have failed. All the money that you wanted is there, and you are as poor as ever -- in fact, more so. All the power that you always wanted is there, but deep inside you you are the same beggar -- immature, ugly, unenlightened. You have become famous, the whole word knows you, who you are, but you yourself don't know who you are -- so what is the point?!

Jesus says: You can have the whole world as your possession, but if you have lost your soul, then what is the point of it all? The kingdom is there, but the king is dead. And that's what happens in success: you go on selling the king for the kingdom. Finally, the kingdom is there but the

king is no more. That's what I call the ultimate failure of success.
And every parent fails in some way or other -- unless he becomes a Buddha. But then it is totally different. I would like to tell you the story...

When Buddha became enlightened, the first thing he did was to come back to his family -- so that they could see what had happened to him. It was natural, human, to remember his wife his child, his old father. Now he has something to share, and he would like to share it with everybody. And it is natural that he should remember all those that he has loved before.
But the wife was very angry -- that too is natural and human. One night suddenly this man had escaped, not even telling her. She was a woman of great caliber, intelligence, and a woman who was very proud. A beautiful woman! one of the most beautiful of those days. And the wound was deep. And you will be surprised that the wound was not that Gautam Siddhartha left her -- that was not the problem. She had loved this man so tremendously that if he wanted to go to the forest for his inner search, she would have allowed. The wound was that he didn't say anything to her, that he didn't trust her -- that was the wound. See the difference! She was no ordinary woman.
This was the thing that was hurting her: "Why could he not believe in me?" If he had asked, if he had said, "I am no more interested in the world and the kingdom and you and the child. Suddenly I have become disillusioned, and I would like to go to the forest to search into my inner world: who am I?" she would have allowed. Of course, with tears

in her eyes, but she was a courageous woman -- she would not have prevented. And she had loved the man: love always gives freedom.

So that was not the problem! that Buddha escaped. The problem was that he didn't say a thing. He escaped like a thief.

When Buddha came, naturally, she was angry. She burst into a rage, and this was the central point. She said, "Why didn't you tell me? I would not have prevented you and you know me -- you know me perfectly. We had lived many years together. Had I ever prevented you from anything? I had loved you so deeply and so immensely that even if you wanted to go to the forest alone, I would have allowed you. I would have suffered! but that would have been my problem. But I would not have become a barrier to your search. Why didn't you tell me?!"

That was the constant question she was asking. And then, in her anger, she called her son. When Buddha left, the son was only one month old; now he was twelve years old and he was constantly asking, "Where is my father? Who is my father?"

She called the boy and said, "Rahul" -- Rahul was his name -- "this is your father. He escaped like a coward. This man has given birth to you. Now ask for your heritage!"

She was taunting, because Buddha was now a beggar -- what heritage? What had he got? The woman was really angry and she said to the child, "Ask for your heritage! This is your father -- what has he to give to you?"

And Buddha laughed, and do you know what he did? He initiated the child into sannyas. He gave him his begging-bowl and he said, "I had come really for this. I have found,

and I would like my son also to find. And, Yasodhara" -- that was the name of his wife -- "be finished with this anger. It is pointless now, because the man you are being angry with is no more. I have died and I am reborn. I can understand your rage, but the man who had left you one night is no more. With whom are you talking? LOOK again at me!"
Although her eyes were full of tears, she looked at Buddha -- and recognized: "Yes, this is not the man. Looks the same, physically the same, but a different spiritual quality -- the dim ate of a Master is there." And all her anger disappeared. And the lion's roar... she fell at Buddha's feet, asked for initiation, became a sannyasin.

The parents can give only that which they have. When parents are disillusioned, they help their children to become disillusioned with the world. When parents remain unfulfilled, ambitious, they give all the poison that they have carried all along. From one generation to another, the poison goes on passing. And it becomes more and more potent the older it becomes. It is like alcohol: the older it becomes, the more potent it becomes.

ISKANDAR KHAN DECIDED TO OBTAIN FOR HIM THE PATRONAGE OF THE EMPEROR, AND HE SENT HIM TO STUDY SPIRITUAL MATTERS...

As if spirituality is something to be studied. The father must have been a very unspiritual person, certainly. Otherwise, why should he want his son to become part of the court of the king? What a stupid thing to think about!

Must have been a very ignorant man; otherwise, who would like his son to be ambitious? who would like his son to be a politician? Politics is neurosis -- with a beautiful name. The political person is a mad person, and the world is not going to be at peace unless the importance of politics disappears. It has become all-important; it has become the central core of life. Religion is thrown into the margin. It seems everybody wants to be powerful. Nobody is desirous of peace.

The religious person desires peace, and peace brings power. And the politician desires power, and power only brings conflict, neurosis, anxiety....

If the father had really loved the child he would not have thought this. But ordinarily every parent thinks that he loves the child that's why he is planning. What better course can a father plan?

... AND HE SENT HIM TO STUDY SPIRITUAL MATTERS UNDER THE GREATEST SAGES OF THE TIME.

Spirituality is not a kind of scholarship. It is nothing that you can study: it is something that you have to be. It is not like accumulation; it is transformation, it is not information. It is not that you remain the same and you come back home with more knowledge, with great certificates. You never come back the same. You come back a totally different person, with a new vision of life, with a new understanding, with peace in the heart, with a great silence and harmony in the being. You come in tune with Tao, in tune with the

whole. You come no more as an ego, but as a part of the divine plan, of the divine whole.

HAIDAR ALI, WHEN HE HAD MASTERED THE REPETITIONS AND THE EXERCISES, WHEN HE KNEW THE RECITALS AND THE BODILY POSTURES OF THE SUFI SCHOOLS, WAS TAKEN BY HIS FATHER INTO THE PRESENCE OF THE EMPEROR.

Now the boy went, mastered all the repetitions -- whatsoever Sufis say, he learnt it by heart, by rote -- and learnt all the exercises.

You can learn all the Yoga exercises and that is not going to make you a yogi. It will give you a better physique, better health. It is not going to give you a better soul. That is a totally different matter. It has nothing to do with body postures. It has something to do with the inner alchemy. Your consciousness has to grow higher, you have to become MORE aware. And that is the purpose of Sufi exercises. Those are not exercises, but from the outside they look like exercises. And that is the purpose of Yoga exercises too. But that purpose remains hidden. It is revealed only between a Master and a disciple. If you go just to learn the exercise, you can learn. You will become a good gymnast. And Sufi exercises particularly are basically for remembrance: how to remember oneself more.

The Sufi may be dancing, but while he is dancing, at the center he remains absolutely unmoving -- the center of the cyclone. The dance is the cyclone, his whole body is in movement, fluid. flowing, dynamic, but at the center, the

witness is there silently watching, undisturbed, undistracted.
From the outside you can learn the exercise. From the outside you will never become aware of what is happening inside. And the inside is the true story.

HE MASTERED THE REPETITIONS AND EXERCISES, AND WHEN HE KNEW THE RECITALS AND THE BODILY POSTURES OF THE SUFI SCHOOLS, WAS TAKEN BY HIS FATHER INTO THE PRESENCE OF THE EMPEROR.

"MIGHTY MAHMUD," SAID ISKANDAR, "I HAVE HAD THIS YOUTH, MY ELDEST AND MOST INTELLIGENT SON, SPECIALLY TRAINED IN THE WAYS OF THE SUFIS, SO THAT HE MIGHT OBTAIN A WORTHY POSITION AT YOUR MAJESTY'S COURT, KNOWING THAT YOU ARE THE PATRON LEARNING OF OUR EPOCH."

NOW LOOK AT THE ABSURDITY OF IT. A Sufi won t bother to become part of a king's court. He will avoid. In every way he will escape -- even if the king is after him -- because the court is the most mischievous place to be, the ugliest place to be, the most ill place to be. It is hell!

I have heard:

A great political leader died and went to that great eternal resting place. Upon arriving there, he was surprised at how similar the terrain was to home. "My goodness," he said to

the nearest person, "I never expected heaven to be so much like New Delhi!"

"Mister," said the man, "I'm sorry to inform you, but this is not heaven.... "

Your capitals are the closest representations of hell. Your parliaments are more mad than any madhouses.
Why would a Sufi bother to be in a court? But this man, the father, said to the King:

"MIGHTY MAHMUD, I HAVE HAD THIS YOUTH, MY ELDEST AND MOST INTELLIGENT SON, SPECIALLY TRAINED IN THE WAYS OF THE SUFIS..."

Now, it is not a training at all! To be a Sufi is not a training. It is a sudden illumination... the lion's roar. It is not a training, it is not a gradual process, it is not learning. A TEKKIA -- a Sufi school -- is not really a school in the ordinary sense, because the learning is not learning but unlearning.
When you go to a Sufi Master, he teaches you how to unlearn. He makes your slate clean. He effaces all that is written there. He makes you blank. Great fear arises!
Just the other night, Radha was there. Just a few days before, great fear arose in her, because she saw some abyss just in front of her... as if she is near a precipice, and the mind is losing its grip on her. Thousands of thoughts buzzing around, but getting distant and distant and farther away.

One becomes very much afraid because one has lived with these thoughts so long. One is perfectly at ease with these thoughts. Without them you will suddenly feel you are no more. They constitute your identity. Radha became very much afraid, so much afraid that she got a high fever. The fever had nothing to do with the body. It was not a fever of the physiology: it was a spiritual fever. Just OUT of fear, a great trembling came.

This moment comes to every disciple. Sooner or later, the Master leads you to the precipice, where your mind simply disappears and you ore left with a state of no-mind. This is not a training: this is really untraining. This it not learning: this is unlearning.

The Sufi Master does not help you to become more knowledgeable -- he helps you to become absolutely innocent, IGNORANT. Yes, ignorant. He takes all the garbage from your head.

But the father said to the Emperor:

"I HAVE HAD MY MOST INTELLIGENT SON TRAINED SPECIALLY IN THE WAYS OF THE SUFIS, SO THAT HE MIGHT OBTAIN A WORTHY POSITION AT YOUR MAJESTY'S COURT..."

Now look for the motivation. Even if people pray, they pray for ugly things. One goes to a Sufi Master to learn something so that he can have a better position in the King's court. People use religion also for irreligious purposes. This is sacrilegious. This is a sin -- it is an unforgivable crime. God cannot be used for any other purposes. All purposes can be used for God, but God for

none. God has to remain the supreme purpose, the supreme meaning, the ultimate end.
But it happens. That's how our minds are.

MAHMUD DID NOT LOOK UP...

MUST HAVE BEEN A MEN OF UNDERSTANDING. It is not worth looking up at all, because if the boy has really been with a Sufi Master he would not be ready to come to the court. That would be absolutely certain.

MAHMUD DID NOT LOOK UP... it is not even worth looking at the boy... BUT HE MERELY SAID, "BRING HIM BACK IN A YEAR."

SLIGHTLY DISAPPOINTED...

Naturally. The father was putting much hope in his son. Just the other night a beautiful, intelligent woman was saying to me that she had come here with great expectations, and she is disappointed. Now, what expectations can you have? And whatsoever expectations your mind weaves and spins are GOING TO BE WRONG! because your mind is wrong. And I am not here to fulfill anybody's expectations.
If I fulfill YOUR expectations, how am I going to transform you? I have to DESTROY your expectations. I have to destroy the very mind that creates those expectations.
If you come to me, never come with expectations, otherwise you will be disappointed -- because I have no

obligation to fulfill your expectations in any way. In fact, if I see that there are some expectations, I do things DELIBERATELY to destroy those expectations. That is the price you have to pay to be with me.

SLIGHTLY DISAPPOINTED, BUT NURSING HIGH HOPES...

because it is only a question of one year more --

... ISKANDAR SENT ALI TO STUDY THE WORKS OF THE GREAT SUFIS OF THE PAST...

See the point! The man is utterly foolish. Now he sends the son to study the works of the past Masters. Religion is a spark; you can get it only from an alive Master, not from the dead ones. Christ cannot help you. Buddha cannot help you. You will have to find a living Christ, a living Buddha -- because the spark has to jump from one living heart into another living heart. Buddha helped many, but only when he was alive. And Christ helped many, but only when he was alive. A Master can help only when he is alive.
And there are people who were not even helped when Buddha was alive, and they are thinking now that they will be helped when-he is gone. You go on missing living Masters, and then you hope that you will be able to have some contact with the deed Masters? You are very cunning. This is the way to avoid the contact. You can go on pretending that you are such a religious person -- you worship Buddha end you pray to Buddha and you read the Dhammapada and you recite his sayings, and you follow

whatsoever he has said, you cultivate your character according to him, you live as he wanted his disciples to live... but all this is bogus, because the living fire is no more there.
Your lion's roar can be provoked by another living lion -- there is no other way.

... TO STUDY THE WORKS OF THE GREAT SUFIS OF THE PAST the son was sent again, AND TO VISIT THE SHRINES OF THE ANCIENT MASTERS IN BAGHDAD... shrines!... SO THAT THE INTERVENING TIME WOULD NOT BE WASTED.

The father must have been a businessman -- ambitious. Business people think time is money, time should not be wasted. And their whole life is just a sheer wastage and nothing else.
Now this is a wastage! sending a young, alive boy to the shrines of dead Masters or to study classics. But there are people whose whole mind remains businesslike: "Use this time. Gather a little more knowledge. Go to the shrines. Be blessed by the old Masters so that you can attain to a high post in the court of the King."

WHEN HE BROUGHT THE YOUTH BACK TO THE COURT, HE SAID, "PEACOCK OF THE AGE! MY SON HAS CARRIED OUT LONG AND DIFFICULT JOURNEYS..."

Yes, long and difficult journeys -- but none of them is a Sufi journey. Because the Sufi journey is an inward

journey! You need not go to Baghdad. You need not go anywhere. All that is needed is: you have to STOP going, and you have to fall into your own original source. You have to go in.
Lao Tzu has said: To know God one need not even leave his room... because God is in your innermost shrine.

"MY SON HAS CARRIED OUT LONG AND DIFFICULT JOURNEYS, AND AT THE SAME TIME TO HIS KNOWLEDGE OF EXERCISES HE HAS ADDED A COMPLETE FAMILIARITY WITH THE CLASSICS OF THE PEOPLE OF THE PATH. PRAY HAVE HIM EXAMINED..."

As if a Sufi understanding can be examined by anybody, as if there can be an examination for a Buddha.

"... SO THAT IT MAY BE SHOWN THAT HE COULD BE AN ADORNMENT OF YOUR MAJESTY'S COURT."

Sufism is not something that can be shown, proved, examined, certified, sanctioned. It is so interior. It is so unavailable to the outer senses and outer criterions that only one who is a Sufi will recognize it. Nobody else can recognize it. If you are fast asleep, how can you recognize that somebody is awake? If you have never been awake, what do you know about wakefulness? What criterions are there? What values to use to judge? How to evaluate?

"LET HIM," SAID MAHMUD IMMEDIATELY, "RETURN AFTER ANOTHER YEAR."

And why does Mahmud go on giving another year? Because to learn patience is one of the greatest qualities of a Sufi. To be utterly patient, infinitely patient, not in any hurry -- that is the quality of a prayerful person. He does not ask: he waits. And in his waiting he is fulfilled. And those who ask, they go on asking and their asking is never fulfilled.
Jesus says: Ask and it shall be given to you. Sufis have a far profounder saying: Ask and it will not be given to you. Ask not -- wait! and it shall be given to you. Wait in trust. Wait in deep understanding that when it is needed it will be given to you. God is the giver. When the real need arises, it WILL be given, not a single moment will be lost.

DURING THE NEXT TWELVE MONTHS, HAIDAR ALI CROSSED THE OXUS AND VISITED BOKHARA AND SAMARKAND, QASR-I-ARIFIN AND TASHQAND, DUSHAMBE AND THE TURBATS OF THE SUFI SAINTS OF TURKESTAN.

Still moving into the world of the dead, going to the tombs of the ancient sages. Masters can always be found, alive, breathing, aflame with God. You need not go to tombs. The world is not yet so poor; God has not forsaken the world. God goes on sending his messengers. God goes on transforming people so that they can transform others. It is a chain. There is no need to go to Buddha -- but you can find a Buddha.

But this is how our mind functions -- mind is always interested in the past, never in the present. The mind is afraid of the present, because the present will destroy it. The present will take you beyond the mind. The past cannot destroy the mind: the past makes the mind more and more strong.

WHEN HE RETURNED TO THE COURT, MAHMUD OF GHAZNA TOOK ONE LOOK AT HIM...

Why now one look? He has at least been patient. At least one quality of the Sufis is settling.

MAHMUD LOOKED AT HIM AND SAID, "HE MAY CARE TO COME BACK AFTER A FURTHER YEAR."

HAIDAR ALI MADE THE PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA IN THAT YEAR. HE TRAVEL LED TO INDIA, AND IN PERSIA HE CONSULTED RARE BOOKS AND NEVER MISSED AN OPPORTUNITY OF SEEKING OUT AND PAYING HIS RESPECTS TO THE GREAT DERVISHES OF THE TIME.

Now things are changing. Haidar Ali is moving from the past to the present. The patience is bringing fruits. He is becoming aware of the futility of what he has been doing up to now.
He went to Mecca, he went to India, he went to Persia, consulted... and missed not a single opportunity OF SEEKING OUT AND PAYING HIS RESPECTS TO THE GREAT DERVISHES OF THE TIME. Started moving in

the search for those who were still alive -- and there were many. They are always there. They wait for the seekers; they become available only to the disciples.

But still one thing was wrong: he went to many, from one to another. This is not the way to imbibe the spirit of a Master. One has to be with one in deep intimacy. You can go on moving from one to another, and you will never imbibe anybody's spirit. One day you are with Buddha, another day you are with Christ, another day you are with Krishna... you will learn no-thing. How can you learn Krishna's flute in one day? How can you learn Buddha's silence in one day? How can you learn Christ's compassion in one day? These are not seasonal flowers -- they don't grow so fast. These are like ancient cedars of Lebanon -- they are huge trees, they take time, hundreds of years to penetrate deep into the earth, to rise high into the sky. They are not seasonal flowers! To attain to God is the greatest enterprise, the most arduous journey, and the greatest treasure.

You cannot just go on visiting and asking for blessings. There are a few people always like that. Here also they come. They come for one day and they say, "Osho, bless me." And I ask, "How long are you going to stay?" They say, "I am going back tomorrow morning." "Why have you come? For what?" "Just for your blessing."

Blessings help, but only to those who are patient. Blessings help, but only those who are ready to risk, who are not in such a hurry. But people are stupid. They may waste years in the university to attain to a stupid degree, but to be with a Master they think one day is enough, a blessing is enough. It is not. Great surrender is needed.

Something his changed in Haidar Ali. Now he is moving amongst the alive. But still one thing is wrong: he is moving too fast.

WHEN HE RETURNED TO GHAZNA, MAHMUD SAID TO HIM, "NOW SELECT A TEACHER, IF HE WILL HAVE YOU, AND COME BACK IN A YEAR."

THIS MAN, MAHMUD. SEEMS TO BE OP GREAT UNDERSTANDING. Now he says, "NOW select a teacher." He had not said that up to now, because up to now Haidar Ali was moving with the dead. How can you select? and there is no point in selecting: you are dead, your Masters are dead... how is life going to happen? If you want to give birth to a child, you don't get married to a dead woman, or do you? You would like a young alive woman who can become a mother. Life happens only through the alive.

Mahmud could see it. Some shine had come to the young man's eyes, some fragrance. He had moved amongst gardens where flowers were blooming. He said, "Now, select a Master -- this is no way. You have become a rolling stone; you will not gather any moss. Select a Master!"

And one very beautiful thing he says: "IF HE WILL HAVE YOU." Because you alone cannot select a Master. It does not depend only on you; in fact, it does not depend on you at all. You can only say, "I am available, Master. If you choose me, I am ready -- but if you choose me." It is always the Master who chooses. It is not a question on the disciple's part to choose. How can you choose? What do

you know? Who is the Master? Who is the right Master? Out of your confusion, whatsoever you do will bring more confusion. Out of your chaos, whatsoever you do will bring more chaos.

The Master chooses.

But the disciple has to make himself available. That's what Mahmud says: "NOW SELECT A MASTER, IF HE WILL HAVE YOU -- if somebody is ready to have you, if somebody is ready to accept you."

Remember always: when a Master accepts you, you have been blessed. But foolish people think otherwise: they think THEY are surrendering. Just the other day somebody was asking: "Why should I surrender to you?" as if you have something to surrender, something very precious. You have nothing.

The Master takes away things that you don't have, and gives you things that you already have. He helps you to get rid of illusions -- and the ego is the greatest illusion. But when a foolish person goes to a Master, he thinks he is putting the Master under some great obligation, he is obliging the Master -- he is surren-dering. "Look! A man of my caliber is surrendering."

Remember always: if you are chosen you are fortunate.

"NOW SELECT A MASTER, IF HE WILL HAVE YOU, AND COME BACK IN A YEAR."

WHEN THE YEAR WAS OVER AND ISKANDAR KHAN PREPARED TO TAKE HIS SON TO THE COURT, HAIDAR ALI SHOWED NO INTEREST AT ALL IN GOING THERE. HE SIMPLY SAT AT THE

FEET OF HIS TEACHER IN HERAT, AND NOTHING THAT HIS FATHER COULD SAY WOULD MOVE HIM.

This is becoming a Sufi. Now he is aflame. Now he is no more the same old young man. He is a totally new being -- he is reborn.
The Master has taken him in his womb, created him anew. This is rebirth. Iskandar Khan still thinks he is his son -- he is no more.
When a man meets a Master, all other relationships are dissolved. Then there is no more any father, no more any mother, no more any son, wife, husband. Then all relationships ARE dissolved. Then all other relationships are only drama, games. Then all relationships are dissolved into one relationship... and that is with the Master.
Now what does he care about the court? Haidar Ali showed NO interest at all! When you have known the real treasure, when you have seen the real kingdom, who bothers about stupid things?

HE SIMPLY SAT AT THE FEET OF HIS TEACHER IN HERAT...

Now THIS is his kingdom, and this is his court. The Sufi Master's satsang is called 'his court', because it is his kingdom; he is the emperor there. And he goes on sharing his kingdom, his infinite treasure. Now just to be at his feet is more than anything else. What to say about being a part of the king's court? Even if it were proposed that he should

become the king, he wouldn't listen. He HAS become the king -- and of a kingdom that even death cannot take away. And to be at the feet of the Master is the greatest joy there is. It is heaven. In that love, in that intimacy, in that relatedness, all that has always been missing is no more missing -- one has come home.

HAIDAR ALI SHOWED NO INTEREST AT ALL IN GOING THERE. HE SIMPLY SAT AT THE FEET OF HIS TEACHER IN HERAT, AND NOTHING THAT HIS FATHER COULD SAY WOULD MOVE HIM.

"I HAVE WASTED MY TIME, AND MY MONEY, AND THIS YOUNG MAN HAS FAILED THE TESTS IMPOSED BY MAHMUD THE KING..."

He has passed. But according to his father's understanding, he has failed. To pass in the world of a Sufi is a totally different phenomenon.

Buddha had failed in the eyes of his father -- and anybody would think so, the majority would agree with Buddha's father. He was born a king and now he has become a beggar -- what more failure...? When a beggar becomes a king we call it success. But those who know, they know Buddha has succeeded.

MEANWHILE, THE DAY WHEN THE YOUTH WAS DUE TO PRESENT HIMSELF CAME AND WENT, AND THEN MAHMUD SAID TO HIS COURTIERS, "PREPARE YOURSELVES FOR A VISIT TO HERAT --

THERE IS SOMEONE THERE WHOM I HAVE TO SEE."

The same young man who used to come again and again -- and the first time Mahmud had not even looked at him. Something has happened! The day has come, and the day is gone, and the father went to Herat to bring the boy, and the boy has not come.
The message must have reached him that the father thinks the boy has failed, that the father has abandoned the whole affair.

AS THE EMPEROR'S CAVALCADE WAS ENTERING HERAT TO THE FLOURISH OF TRUMPETS, HAIDAR ALI'S TEACHER TOOK HIM BY THE HAND, LED HIM TO THE GATE OF THE TEKKIA, AND THERE THEY WAITED.

Now, even the Master cannot convince him, that he has to go -- the Master has to take him by the hand. The disciple is drunk, he is no more. He is utterly fulfilled. He won't listen even to what the Master is saying. The Master has to take him physically by the hand.

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, MAHMUD AND HIS COURTIER AYAZ, TAKING OFF THEIR SHOES, PRESENTED THEMSELVES AT THE SANCTUARY.

"HERE, MAHMUD," SAID THE SUFI SHEIK, "IS THE MAN WHO WAS NOTHING WHILE HE WAS A VISITOR OF KINGS, BUT WHO IS NOW ONE WHO IS

VISITED BY KINGS. TAKE HIM AS YOUR SUFI COUNSELOR -- FOR HE IS READY."

Only a Master can recognize whether a disciple is ready or not. Only one who is awakened can see whether others are awakened or not. The Master gives him as a gift to Mahmud, and says:

"HERE, MAHMUD, IS THE MAN WHO WAS NOTHING WHILE HE WAS A VISITOR OF KINGS..."

This is the beauty of this world of God: when you rush after desires you remain a beggar; when you stop rushing, all that you have been rushing for starts coming to you of its own accord. When you ask, it is not given. When you don't ask, it showers on you.

There is a tremendously beautiful saying of Jesus. I am never tired of quoting it again and again. Jesus says: Those who have, more shall be given to them. And those who don't have, even that which they have will be taken away from them.

A strange statement to make -- very strange. Because our ordinary mathematics, arithmetic, socialism, communism, etcetera will say that: Give to those who don't have. But Jesus says: Those who have, more shall be given to them; and those who don't have, even that which they have shall be taken away from them. This is the fundamental law. If you are happy, more happiness comes to you. If you are joyous, you attract more joyousness. Like attracts like. If you are miserable, more misery starts moving towards you.

YOU CREATE your world. Don't make anybody else responsible for it -- it is always you who are responsible. The Master said:

"THIS IS THE MAN WHO WAS NOTHING WHILE HE WAS A VISITOR OF KINGS, BUT WHO IS NOW ONE WHO IS VISITED BY KINGS. TAKE HIM AS YOUR SUFI COUNSELOR -- FOR HE IS READY."

THIS IS THE STORY OF THE STUDIES OF HIRAVI, HAIDAR ALI JAN, THE SAGE OF HERAT.

And then he became known as the Sage of Herat.
This is a small story, but if you ponder over it it will reveal many secrets to you. It will reveal to you the true meaning of religion. It is a flame that jumps from the heart of the Master to the heart of the disciple. It is a transmission beyond words, beyond scriptures.....

The Perfect Master, Vol 2
Chapter #8
Chapter title: The Bell Tolls for Thee
8 July 1978 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:

Question 1
YOU HAVE SPOKEN EXTENSIVELY ON KNOWLEDGE. KINDLY EXPLAIN THE THINGS

THAT ARE INCLUDED IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF BEING.

ANAND VEETRAG, BEING NEVER DEVELOPS. BEING SIMPLY IS. There is no evolution. There is no time involved in it. It is eternity. It is not becoming. Spiritually, you never develop, you cannot. As far as the ultimate goal is concerned, you are already there. You have never been anywhere else.

Then what is development? Development is only a kind of awakening to the truth that you are. The truth does not grow: only recognition grows, remembrance grows.

That's why I have not talked about the development of being. I talk about all the hindrances that are preventing your recognition. And knowledge is the greatest hindrance. Hence I have talked about it extensively. It is the barrier. If you know that you know, you will never know. If you know that you know, what is the point of knowing? You can go on sleeping and dreaming.

The moment you recognize that you don't know, that recognition of ignorance goes like an arrow into the heart, pierces you like a spear. In that very piercing, one becomes aware -- in that very shock.

Knowledge is a kind of shock-absorber. It does not allow you to be shaken and shocked. It goes on protecting you. It is an arm our around you. I speak about knowledge, against knowledge, so that you can drop the arm our, so that life can shock you into awareness.

Life is there ready to shock you every moment. Your being is there inside you ready to be awakened any moment, but

between these two there is knowledge. And the more of it there is, the more your self-awakening will be delayed. Become unknowledgeable.

And never think of spirituality as a growth. It is not a growth. You are already Gods, Buddhas, from the very beginning. It is not that you have to become Buddhas: the treasure is there -- only you don't know where you have put it. You have forgotten the key, or you have forgotten how to use the key.

You are so drunk with knowledge that you have become oblivious of all that you are. Knowledge is alcoholic; it makes people drunk. Then their perception is blurred, then their remembrance is at the minimum. Then they start seeing things which are not, and they stop seeing things which are.

That's why, Veetrag, I have not talked about how to evolve your being. Being is already as it should be, it is perfect. Nothing is needed to be added to it, nothing can be added to it. It's God's creation. It comes out of perfection, hence it is perfect. Just withdraw all the hindrances that you have created.

And our whole society goes on working, endeavouring, to create hindrances.

A child is born. Immediately we start creating hindrances in him. We create comparison m him: "Somebody else is more .beautiful than you, and somebody else is healthier than you, and somebody else's child -- look! look at his marks, at his grades, at his intelligence, and what are you doing?"

We start creating comparison. Comparison brings inferiority and superiority -- and both are illnesses,

hindrances. Now the child will never think about himself; he will always think in comparison to somebody else. The poison of comparison has entered in him. Now he is going to remain miserable. Now the bliss of being will become more and more impossible.

Everyone is born unique. No comparison is possible. You are you, and I am me. A Buddha is a Buddha, and a Christ is a Christ. And no comparison is possible. If you compare, you create superiority, inferiority -- the ways of the ego. And then, of course, great desire arises to compete, great desire arises to defeat others. And you remain in fear of whether you are going to make it or not, because it is a very violent struggle: everybody is trying the same -- to become the first!

Millions of people are trying to become the first. Great violence, aggression, hatred, enmity, arises. Life becomes a hell. If you are defeated, you are miserable. And there are many more chances of being defeated. And even if you succeed you are not happy, because the moment you succeed you become afraid. Now somebody else is going to take it from you. The competitors are all around, violently after you.

Before you succeeded you were afraid whether you were going to make it or not; now you have succeeded, you have the money and the power, now you are afraid -- somebody is going to take it away from you. Before you were trembling, now you are trembling. Those who are failures are miserable, and those who are succeeders, they are miserable.

In this world, it is very difficult to find a happy man -- because nobody is fulfilling the condition of being happy.

The first condition is: drop all comparison. Drop all stupid ideas of being superior and inferior. You are neither superior nor inferior. You are simply yourself! Three exists NO ONE like you with whom you can be compared. Then suddenly you are at home.

And we start poisoning the children's minds with knowledge. We start teaching them things that they don't know. We teach them about God. We are teaching them a lie. This God is not going to be a true God -- they don't know. We are forcing them to believe. And belief will become their knowledge.

And belief CANNOT really become knowing; it will be only a pretension. Their whole life they will think they know, and they will never know. The foundation has been laid in untruth.

We teach children that "You have an immortal soul." What nonsense you are teaching to them! And I am not saying there is no immortal soul, and I am not saying that there is no God, mind you. I am saying these things should not be taught as beliefs. They are existential experiences. The child has to be helped to explore into his inner world. Rather than helping him in exploration we hand him ready made knowledge. That ready-made knowledge becomes his greatest problem. How to drop it?

That's why I have spoken extensively on the stupidity of knowledge. It is ignorance masquerading as knowledge. The moment you drop it you will be again a child -- fresh, alive, vibrant, curious; full of wonder will be your eyes. And your heart will start throbbing again with the mystery of life. AND the exploration begins -- and with that, the awareness. More and more you become aware of this inner

consciousness that you have been carrying all along, but it has become too much stuffed with knowledge. So whenever you go in, you never find consciousness; you always find some content floating in consciousness. Knowledge is like clouds in the sky.

Right now, there are so many clouds in the sky. If you look at the sky you will not find the sky at all, only clouds and clouds.

That is the state of a knowledgeable man's mind: thoughts, scriptures, great theories, dogmas, doctrines, float like clouds, and he cannot see the pure sky.

Let these clouds disappear. And they are of your own making; they are there because you are clinging to them. They are there because you go on holding onto them. Loosen your grip, let them go, then there is a pristine clarity of the sky, the absolute infinity of the sky. That is freedom. That is consciousness. That is TRUE knowing.

A great Western philosopher, one of the greatest, David Hume, has written... hearing again and again from the great mystics, "Know thyself!" he says, "I also tried one day to know myself. I closed my eyes and went in. I found a few desires, a few thoughts, memories, dreams, imaginations... and things like that. But I could not find anybody else there. I could not find myself."

This is the true depiction of almost everybody's mind, except a few Buddhas. If you go in, what will you find? Contents, clouds moving around. And even such an intelligent person like David Hume could not see the point: Who is it who is looking at the contents? Who is this awareness that is finding a few memories, desires floating around? Of course, THIS witness cannot be a desire. THIS

witness cannot be an imagination. THIS witness cannot be any thought. All is passing in front of this witness. And he was looking for the witness! Now, you cannot look for the witness as an object. The only way to know the witness is to drop ALL content and become utterly empty. When there is nothing to see, your capacity to see turns upon itself.

That's what Jesus calls conversion. When there is nothing e!Be to see, one starts seeing oneself. When there is nothing to hinder, the consciousness is pure, and in that purity it becomes self conscious .

And when I use the word 'self-conscious' I don't mean your self-consciousness. Your self-consciousness is not self-consciousness -- it is just ego-consciousness. You don't know who you are; how can you be self-conscious? Your self-consciousness is a disease You become self-conscious only when you are facing people. If you are to deliver a speech you become self-conscious. And because of that self-consciousness, you become SO disturbed, almost paralyzed. Or if you are playing a part in a drama, you become self-conscious.

Your self-consciousness is nothing but the desire of the ego to perform a dying so perfectly that everybody appreciates it. When I am talking about self-consciousness I mean when all has disappeared and there is no other content left the mirror reflects itself.

It is like when a small candle is burning in a room. It reflects the walls, it reflects the furniture, it reflects the painting on the wall, it reflects the roof For a moment think: the walls have disappeared, the painting is no more, the roof has disappeared -- ALL has disappeared, only the

small candle is burning. Now what will it reflect? It will only reflect itself; it will only be self luminous.
This is the state of being.
Drop knowledge. Drop comparison. Drop false identities
And this WHOLE process is negative! Drop this, drop that... and go on dropping. Go on dropping till nothing is left to drop... and then it is there, God is there.

The second question:

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO, WHEN YOU SPEAK OF THE BEAUTIFUL QUALITIES OF A DISCIPLE AND THE DEEP INTIMACY BETWEEN HIM AND THE MASTER, WHEN YOU TELL US OF THE GUTS AND COURAGE OF THE DISCIPLE AS HE FACES THE ABYSS, WHEN YOU DESCRIBE THE ECSTATIC TRANSFORMATION WHICH HAPPENS TO THE TRUE DISCIPLE WHO JUST WAITS PATIENTLY AND SILENTLY... I DESPAIR.
WHEN YOU TALK OF THE SPIRITUAL FEVER, ALL I GET IS A COLD.
DEAR MASTER -- ARE YOU SURE YOU CHOSE ME?

YES, YATRI, I AM ABSOLUTELY SURE -- I HAVE CHOSEN YOU. But you are still hesitating. You have not chosen me yet. Not that you don't want to choose me -- you want and yet you are hesitating.
You have been standing for all these years on the threshold -- in a kind of constant hesitation. Your hesitation is chronic. And you know you cannot go back. You cannot go

back -- that is impossible -- but you are not going forward either. Hence the despair.

When I talk about the trust, the love, the patience, of the disciple, I am talking about you as much as about anybody else. And you have the potential! But you are completely oblivious of your potential. You can grow into a huge tree of love and trust, but you are so hesitant that you won't allow your seed to drop in the soil and disappear.

And your hesitation is nothing special. EVERY intelligent person is hesitant; it is part of intelligence. The mind wants to take everything into account before it takes a step. That's why it happens sometimes: fools prove more courageous than the so-called intelligent. And it happens sometimes that fools reach faster than the so-called intelligent. Fools act and the intelligent person simply contemplates; he never acts. But just by contemplating a thing, nothing ever happens. And if contemplation becomes your chronic habit, then you are caught into it. Then one thing leads to another, and you go on moving in a circle. And the circle i5 vicious.

Yatri, you are an intelligent person. That is your problem. That can become your great joy too! If you take the jump... it is difficult for the intelligent person to take the jump, but if he takes it, then naturally his flowering is far greater than the flowering of the unintelligent. His experience is multi-dimensional. And it is not only that his experience is a great celebration to him, he is also capable of sharing it with others. He can communicate it to others. The unintelligent may reach, but will not be heir to share; will be able to know, but will not be able to show.

So with the intelligent there is a problem: the problem is how to act, because the intelligence goes on keeping him

hesitant, goes on keeping him in a state of paralysis: "To be or not to be? To do or not to do?" And he goes on thinking about pros and cons, and there is no end to it. This is his problem! But if HE takes the jump, then there is great beauty in his jump. He will know, and he will be able to express it too. He will be able to spread it too .
And there is a kind of bliss when you spread, when you share, when you start overflowing.
You ask me, Yatri:

DEAR MASTER -- ARE YOU SURE YOU CHOSE ME?

I have chosen you, otherwise you would not have been here. Even though I have chosen you, you are only half here. Left to yourself you would not have been here at all. You are not here because of you -- that much is absolutely certain. You are here because of me. And you are here in a reluctant way, as if always ready to escape, as if always ready to find an excuse to escape.
This is wasting opportunity. This is wasting something immensely valuable. The time that is wasted will not come back again to you. Gather courage! And I tell you: you have nothing to lose. Gather courage -- you have all to gain and nothing to lose.
Even then, people are so much afraid. Even then, they go on thinking whether it is worth taking the risk. And they never think that they have nothing to lose -- so why be so afraid? What risk? Risk is there if you have something to lose. Risk IS in remaining hesitant, because one day I am here... one day I may not be here. Who knows about

tomorrow? And when I am gone, then you will repent. But then it will be pointless, it will be too late.
I have chosen you. And I have chosen you because I know the potential.
Just the other night, I gave sannyas to a beautiful woman, Avodha. She said she had not come here to take sannyas. She had not even thought about it. It is just out of the blue. I told her I have chosen her. It is not her choice. She had come here almost like a driftwood. Her coming was accidental. She had come without knowing what was going to happen -- out of curiosity, intellectual interest. She is a therapist, must have become curious about what is happening here. She had come to see. She had come to be a spectator, a watcher. She had not come to become committed and to become involved. But it has happened.
I have chosen her. She has great potential. She has a great possibility to open up, to bloom. I have chosen her; my work is done from my side. Now she can become a Yatri -- she is also very intelligent. She can start hesitating. That will be wasting time. She can take the jump, and I hope she will take it. This has been my experience, that women are more courageous than men, because they know how to love. They know how to sacrifice all for love. Their love has a kind of totality in it. Man's love remains a fragment of his life. Yes, an important part, but only a part; one thing amongst many things. But with a woman it is all her life, her whole heart, her whole being.
It is not just accidental that many more women became enlightened with Bud&a than men. Many more women became enlightened with Mahavir than men. Many more women have become enlightened down the ages than men.

But you will be surprised: their names are not known. All the great Masters seem to be men. Very rarely, once, few and far between, you find one Rabia, one Meera, one Lalla -- but very rarely. Why has this happened?
The capacity of the woman is to receive. Women have been the greatest disciples ever. That comes naturally to them -- to receive. They are wombs, receptivities. They can absorb. They can drink the Master as totally as possible. Women are cannibals! They can eat the Master, they can digest him. They become great disciples. But to be a Master is difficult for them, because to be a Master you have to do just the reverse: you have to start giving. That comes easier to a man. Receiving is very difficult for a man. Giving is not difficult, it is easier. That's how biologically, psychologically, he is made.
So let me say it to you: many more women have become enlightened down the ages than men, but still more men became Masters than women. It is a natural capacity.
So, I don't feel that Avodha will miss like Yatri. Yatri also need not miss any more -- enough is enough! Take the jump. You can TAKE it! Everybody can take it. God is everybody's birthright .

The third question:

Question 3
WHY ARE YOU SO MUCH AGAINST RITUALS AND RULES?

BECAUSE THEY ARE NOT RELIGION, and they cannot be religion. I am against rituals, but that does not mean that

a religious person cannot go into a ritual. But when a religious person goes into a ritual, it is not a ritual at all. His heart is in it; then his words have wings.
So remember it: I am against the ritual when there is no heart in it. Then it is a ritual! But if there is a heart... just remember those three mystics, those three Russian mystics, praying to God: "You are three, we are three -- have mercy on us!" This too is a ritual, a simple one, of their own invention; this too is a prayer -- but their heart was in it.
A famous story about Moses:

He was passing through a forest. He saw a man praying. But the man who was praying was saying such absurd things that he could not go further. He had to stop the man. What he was saying was profane, sacrilegious. He was saying to God: "God, you must be feeling sometimes very alone -- I can come and be always with you like a shadow. You can depend on me You need not be alone. Why suffer loneliness when I am here? And I am not a useless person either -- I can be of much use, I can be handy. I will give you a good bath. I can massage too. I am a shepherd. And I will take all the lice from your hair and your body..."
Lice? Moses could not believe his ears: "What is he talking about?"
"And I will cook food for you. And do you know what? -- everybody likes what I cook. It is delicious. And I will prepare your bed and I will wash your clothes. And I can do a thousand and one things! And when you are ill I will take care of you. I will be a mother to you, a wife to you, a servant, a slave -- I can be Al kinds of things. Just give me a hint so I can come ."

Moses stopped him and said, "Listen! What kind of prayer is this? What are you doing? To whom are you talking? Lice in God's hair? He needs a bath? And you are saying 'I will rub your body and make it absolutely clean'? Stop this nonsense. This is not prayer. God will be offended by you."
Looking at Moses, the man fell at his feet. He said, "I am sorry. I am an illiterate, ignorant man. I don't know how to pray. Please, you teach me!"
So Moses taught him the right way to pray, and he was very happy because he had put a man on the right track. Happy, puffed up in his ego, Moses went away.
And when he was alone in the forest, a very thundering voice came from the sky and said, "Moses, I have sent you into the world to bring people to me, to bridge people with me, but not to take my lovers away from me. And that's exactly what you have done. That man is one of the MOST intimate to me. Go back! Apologize. Take your prayer back! You have destroyed the whole beauty of his dialogue. He is sincere. He is loving. His love is true. Whatsoever he was saying, he was saying from his heart. It was not a ritual. Now what you have given to him is just a ritual. He will repeat it but it will be only on the lips; it will not be out of his being."

I am not against prayer, I am against the ritualistic prayer -- BECAUSE IT IS NOT PRAYER, that's why I am against it. Don't learn empty gestures. Let your gestures be alive, spontaneous. Otherwise, deep down you know that this is a ritual, deep down you know that this is just a formality you are performing. And if that is your feeling inside, what is the point of going into it?

During a race riot in Detroit, the police stopped a black man driving an automobile which had a white pillow-case flying from the radio antenna.
"What's that for?" asked a patrolman.
"It's a white pillow-case," explained the driver, "to show that I'm neutral!"
The policeman quickly frisked him and discovered a pistol in his pocket.
"Neutral, eh?" said the cop. "Then what's this gun for?"
"In case somebody don't believe it," said the driver.

But that's what your rituals are. Deep down, you know that they are rituals. You yourself don't believe in them. They have been taught to you, you have been conditioned for them. You go on repeating them mechanically, robot like. If you don't repeat them, you feel something is missed; if you repeat them nothing is gained. And there is no understanding behind them.

"No," said Clarabelle. "Ah'm not that kind of girl. Besides, the grass is wet, Mama said I shouldn't, and two bits ain't enough."

What you have been told by others is never going to become your true life. It will remain superficial. And not only that: your true life will remain absolutely against it. And all the rituals that you have learnt, you have learnt from others who had learnt them from somebody else. They don't know what they are doing. They don't know what they are teaching you.

So on the surface you learn one thing: deep down you learn quite another. Deep down, you learn falsity. Deep down you learn hypocrisy.

His grandmother watched the boy eat his soup with the wrong spoon, grasp the utensils with the wrong fingers, eat the main course with his hands, and pour tea into the saucer and blow on it.
"Hasn't watching your mother and dad at the dinner table taught you anything?"
"Yeah," said the boy. "Never to get married."

People are learning on two levels: on one level what you are teaching, on another level what you are. Small children are very perceptive; they go on seeing all the falsities. You cannot cheat a small child; he is very intuitive. He knows! And even if he allows you to cheat him, he knows that you are cheating and he knows that he is being cheated and he is allowing it, but he is just playing a game. He is enjoying it! You think you are cheating him, he thinks he is cheating you.
I am against rituals because they have killed the spirit of religion in the world. But I am not saying don't pray, but let the prayer arise. Let it be of your own. Let it be of your own feeling. Don't repeat it parrot-like.
I am not against rules, but the rules should arise out of your understanding. They should not be imposed from the outside. I am not against discipline! but discipline should not be slavery. All true discipline is self-discipline. And self-discipline is never against freedom -- in fact, it is the ladder to freedom. Only disciplined people become free,

but their discipline is not obedience to others: their discipline is obedience to their own inner voice. And they are ready to risk anything for it.
Let your own awareness decide your life-style, life-pattern. Don't allow anybody else to decide it. That is a sin: to allow anybody else to decide it. Why is it a sin? -- because you will never be in it. It will remain superficial, it will be hypocrisy.

The fourth question:

Question 4
BELOVED OSHO, UNLIKE YASHODHARA, SHEELA HAS INFORMED ME THAT SHE WON'T BE MAD IF I LEAVE HER AND DON'T TELL HER -- JUST AS LONG AS I LEAVE.

CHINMAYA, YASHODHARA WAS NOT MY SANNYASIN. Sheela is. So beware -- don't leave her in the hope that she will be sad or mad. If you leave her there is going to be celebration. Orangelujah! Great celebration! So there is no point in leaving her.

The fifth question:

Question 5
IS THERE ANY RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN UNDERSTANDING AND ENERGY?

SANTOSH, YES. THERE IS great relationship. In fact, to call it relationship is not right -- because energy IS understanding. They are not two things.

What kind of energy is understanding? When the energy is unoccupied, it becomes understanding. When energy is occupied, it remains ignorance, it remains: unconsciousness.

For example, your sex energy is occupied with a woman or with a man. It will remain ignorance -- because the energy is focussed on the object, it is going outward, it is extrovert. If the energy is freed from the object, where will it go? It will start falling into the subject, into your inner source. And energy falling back into the source becomes understanding, becomes awareness.

And I am not saying be against sex. No. But let sex be more a subjective phenomenon than an objective phenomenon. And that is the difference between sex and love. Love is subjective, sex is objective.

You become interested in a woman or in a man as an object. And sooner or later the interest will be finished, because once you have explored the object, then nothing is left. Then you are ready to move to somebody else. Yes, the woman looks beautiful but how long can she look beautiful?

An object is an object. She is not yet a person to you. She is just a beautiful object. It is insulting. You are reducing a soul into an object, a subjectivity into an object. You are trying to exploit, .you are turning her into a means. Your energy will remain ignorant. And you will go on moving from one woman to another, and your energy will go on remaining in a circle. It will never come back home.

Love means you are not interested in the woman or the man as an object. In fact, you are not there to exploit her. You are not there to get something from her. On the contrary, you are so full of energy, you would like to give some energy to her. Love gives. Sex only wants to get.

And when love gives, it remains subjective, it remains rooted into oneself. Lovers help each other to be more and more themselves. Lovers help each other not to disappear, but to become authentically individual. Lovers help each other to be centered. Love is respect, reverence, worship. It is not exploitation. Love is understanding. Because energy is unoccupied with the object, it remains free, untethered to anything. And that brings the transformation. It accumulates inside you.

And remember: just as it happens in the world of physics, so it happens in the world of metaphysics. After a certain quantity of energy... the qualitative change happens. The qualitative change is nothing but quantitative change.

For example, if you heat water up to a hundred degrees it evaporates. Up to ninety-nine it has not evaporated; it is still water -- hot, but still water. But beyond a hundred, it evaporates -- it is no more water. It has changed its form. The transformation has happened.

Just like that, when your energy accumulates and you don't go on wasting it on objects.... And people ARE wasting it on objects. Somebody is interested in money -- he puts his whole energy on the money. Of course, he accumulates much money, but in accumulating it he dies, dissipates, becomes empty, becomes a beggar. Money goes on accumulating and he goes on becoming more and more beggarly. Somebody puts his energy into politics, into

power. He becomes a prime minister, but deep down he is a beggar. He may be the greatest beggar in the country....
If you put your energy into objects, you will live a life of non-understanding, unawareness. Don't put your energy into objects. Let energy fall into your being. Let it accumulate. Let your life become a great reservoir. Let your energy just be there without any occupation. And at a certain point... the jump, the quantum leap, the transformation. And energy becomes luminous, turns into awareness, becomes understanding.

You ask, Santosh: IS THERE ANY RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN UNDERSTANDING AND ENERGY?

Yes, there is. It is energy that becomes understanding. So when you are depleted of energy, you start losing your understanding. When you are tired, your intelligence is less. You have observed it. In the mowing your intelligence is more fresh than in the evening. In the morning you are more understanding, more compassionate, more loving, than in the evening.
Have you observed? -- beggars come in the morning to beg. They understand the psychology. In the evening, who is going to give to them? People are so angry by that time, so frustrated with life. In the mowing, they have rested the whole night, a deep sleep, the energy is fresh -- eight hours accumulation of energy. They have more understanding, more compassion, more love, more sympathy. It is possible to persuade them to give something to you. They have, so they can give. By the evening, they don't have; they have lost all they had. They are dead tired.

Children are more understanding -- have you observed. it or not? -- than the old people. Old people become very very hard, cruel, cunning. Their whole life they have remained occupied with objects. ALL old people become Machiavellian. Young children are innocent, trusting, closer to Buddhas. Why? -- the energy is overflowing. Young children learn things so fast. Why? The energy is there, hence the intelligence. The older you become, the more difficult it becomes to learn a thing. They say it is difficult to teach an old dog new tricks. Why? It should not be so, because the dog knows so many tricks, he can learn a few more. It should be easier for him because he has learnt so much. He has practiced learning so much that he can learn a few more easily. But that is not so.

Children learn fast. If a child is born in a town where five languages are spoken, he starts learning all five; he becomes efficient in all five languages. They all become his mother languages. A child has infinite capacity to learn. And the reason is only one: his energy is still overflowing. Soon it will be dissipated in life.

The man of meditation becomes the man of understanding because his energy accumulates. He is not wasting it. He is not interested in trivia; he does not put any energy at all into petty things. So whenever the time arises to give, he has to give.

Energy is understanding. Be conscious of it and use your energy very consciously, and use your energy in such a way that you don't simply go on wasting it.

The sixth question:

Question 6
WHAT IS THE EGO?

IT IS A FALSE ENTITY. It is not. There are two great falsities in the world. One is ego and another is death. These two things exist not. And they are not separate, they are joined together. They are aspects of the same coin; two aspects of the same untruth.

If you have ego, then you will be afraid of death, then death is bound to come -- because you are clinging to a falsity. How long can you cling to it? Sooner or later you will have to see that it is false. You can go on avoiding, you can go on delaying and postponing, but not for ever.

Death is the death of the ego. And ego is not in the first place. So a person who becomes free of ego also becomes free of death. Then there is nobody to die!

It is like: a great wave in the ocean believes that "I am, and I am separate from the ocean." This is ego. Soon the great wave will disappear in the ocean. Then it will feel death. And even while it is there, high in the sky, dancing the dance, whispering with the winds, having a dialogue with the sun, still the fear will be there, that sooner or later it is going to die. Because other waves are dying! And just a moment before they were alive.

You are living amongst people who are dying, continuously somebody or other dies. THE BELL TOLLS FOR THEE. Don't send anybody to ask FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS -- IT TOLLS FOR THEE. Whenever somebody dies, it brings home the truth that you are going to die. But WHY did somebody die? Why in the first place? Because the wave believed itself to be separate from the ocean. If

the wave knew that "I am not separate from the ocean," where is death? That wave becomes a Sufi. That wave becomes a Buddha. The wave who knows that "I am not separate from the ocean. I am the ocean. SO HUM -- I am that;" then there is no death.

Ego is a false entity. It is needed -- just as your name is needed. Your name is a false entity. Everybody is born without any name. But we have to give a certain name, otherwise it will be impossible in the world -- how to call him? How to address him? How to send a letter to him? How to give money or borrow money from him? How to drag him to the court? It will be so impossible if everybody is nameless. It will be sheer chaos! This world cannot exist; it will be a totally different kind of world.

And it will be very difficult to remember who your wife is and who your son is and who your husband is. All will be chaos. Names are needed, labels are needed. But they are false. They are utilitarian, but they are not true. When you give the name to the child, you are giving a name to the nameless.

And exactly like that is the ego. The name is for others to use and the ego is for yourself to use. You will have to say '1'. You will have to say, "I am thirsty." The reality is only that there is thirst. But if you go and suddenly declare in the marketplace, "There is thirst!" then it will be very difficult -- who is thirsty? Where is it? You have to say, "I am thirsty." That "I am thirsty" is just utilitarian. In reality all that is is thirst, hunger, love. These things are true, but the 'I' is just needed to manage your life.

If you understand this, there is no problem. You can use it and you can know that you are not separate from existence.

I also use the word 'I' -- Bud&a uses it, Krishna uses it, Christ uses it. It cannot be dropped. There is no need to drop it! You just have to see the point that the word is utilitarian -- useful in day-to-day life, but has no existential status.
Don't be befooled by the word. Don't start believing that the word is the reality. But it happens. I have heard Charles de Gaulle was a very egoistic person, as politicians are bound to be. A story is told about him:

One winter night upon retiring, his wife shivered and said, "My God, it's cold."
Yielding slightly, de Gaulle replied, "In bed, Madam, you may call me Charles."

People can start believing. Then you have given the word a reality which is not there, which does not belong there.

The MacGregor of Scotland were all big, husky, country men. They knew the wilds of their own surroundings, but had little use for the finer aspects of civilization. When a problem arose with respect to their land rights, the head of the clan -- known as The MacGregor -- sent to the university in Edinburgh for an attorney.
The city lawyer was pale and slight next to the clansmen, but he had the expertise they needed, so he was generously thanked and invited to share the MacGregor' gargantuan dinner. Entering the huge dining hall, the lawyer was pointed to one end of the table overflowing with food.

The lawyer, not wanting to usurp the master's place at the head of the table, said, "Oh, sir, I could not sit in the chair of The MacGregor himself."
"You may sit," The MacGregor assured him, "since it is he himself who invites you to do so."
Looking around at the tall sons beside him, the lawyer backed off further.. "Only The MacGregor should sit at the head of the table," he said.
The MacGregor laughed heartily and clapped the attorney on the back. "Sit where you are told, you foolish little man, for wherever The MacGregor sits, THERE is the head of the table."

The ego is just a belief in your specialness, in your personality, a BELIEF in yourself -- and the belief is utterly false, not based in truth at all.

I am not. You are not. Only God is. Know it, and then you can use the word. But then it is just a word. It does not denote any reality. Only one is. Many are appearances. Many are false. Falseness consists of many and multiplicity. Truth consists of one.

The seventh question:

Question 7
BELOVED OSHO, I CANNOT LOOK INTO YOUR EYES. AS SOON AS I SEE YOU MY EYES CLOSE. AND I DON'T KNOW IF IT IS COWARDICE AND FEAR OR A NATURAL HAPPENING. PLEASE TELL ME WHAT IS GOING ON.

ARUP, SO IT HAS HAPPENED! IT IS NOTHING BUT PURE LOVE. Don't make it a problem. Don't think about it -- allow it. The more you love me, the more it will happen, because love can know even with closed eyes, love can see even with closed eyes.

Without love, even open eyes are not open. And with love even closed eyes are open. And when the outer eyes close, the inner eye opens.

And how long are you going to see me with the outer eyes? Sooner or later you have to dissolve into the inner.

You are fortunate, Arup, it is a blessing. Don't make a problem out of it.

The mind is such that it goes on making problems even out of blessings. And if you make a problem out of it, there are many people to give you advice. Somebody will say, "This is cowardice." Somebody will say, "This is fear." Somebody will say something else -- and the mystery of it will be lost. It is nothing but love.

And it always happens: when you love, even eyes become a hindrance. Even to see with open eyes makes you feel the distance. When eyes are closed, all distance disappears. Then there is no space between you and me.

And this will happen to women more and more. Even in ordinary love when the woman is in the embrace of the man, she closes her eyes. Women are not voyeurs. Men are. When a man is making love to a woman, he wants to see what is happening -- only then he can believe. Seeing is believing! If he cannot see, he cannot believe. He wants to keep the light on. Not only that: there are foolish people

who keep automatic cameras in their bedrooms so that later on they can see "Really it happened?!"
But women almost always close their eyes, because to close the eyes you go beyond space and beyond time. Suddenly the outer disappears, and only the inner world remains.

The eighth question:

Question 8
WHENEVER I GET A GLIMPSES AN INSIGHT, IT'S ALWAYS WHEN I AM SITTING ON THE TOILET. DOES THIS MAKE ME A SHITTY DISCIPLE?

KRISHNA, YOU ARE! BUT DON'T BE WORRIED -- it has happened to a few very great people before you. Martin Buber had his first satori on the toilet. You are in good company.

And the last question:

Question 9
IT MAKES ME FEEL VERY SAD WHENEVER YOU SAY THAT A BUSINESSMAN CANNOT BE RELIGIOUS, BECAUSE I AM IN BUSINESS. IS THERE NO POSSIBILITY FOR ME?

A BUSINESSMAN IS ONE THING, and to be in business is quite another. You can be in business AND religious, but you cannot be a businessman AND religious And they are poles apart. They are not synonymous. I am not saying that you have to renounce all your businesses to become

religious. I am never in favor of any renunciation of the world. But when I say a businessman cannot be religious I mean something totally different. I mean the psychology -- not the work that you do in the market-place, but the psychology, the mind.

The mind of a businessman is always bargaining, always greedy, always thinking of the profit, always in the future, always interested in petty things, mundane objects. When I say, "Don't be a businessman," I mean drop this psychology.

And you can drop the marketplace and go to the Himalayan caves -- that won't help because I have seen great mahatmas who have renounced business, but they are still businessmen. Their psychology is the same. Maybe now they don't think in terms of the coins of this world, but they think in terms of the coins of the other world. Maybe they don't think in terms of having a bigger house here, but they think in terms of having a better house in paradise. Maybe they are no more interested in things of this world, but what difference does it make? They are still interested in things; their motivation is still that of greed.

Don't be greedy. Be generous! Don't be accumulative -- be sharing! That is real renunciation. And then you live wherever you are, and you do whatsoever you are doing. And don't live for the future -- live in the moment, for the moment. Then you are not a businessman. You may be IN business.

Don't feel sad. In fact, nobody need feel sad with me. All that I am asking you is not to change outer things at all, but inner attitudes, approaches, visions.

Finkel spent all morning trying to contact Saperstein and Shapiro, an important account. But when he asked for Saperstein, the secretary told him the man was out. And when he asked for Shapiro, the secretary told him he was tied up.
He'd called back five times, when he'd finally had enough. "What kind of business is this?" he fumed at the secretary. "One partner is out all morning, and the other is tied up for hours on end. What's going on there?"
The secretary apologized, "I'm sorry, Mr. Finkel. But, you see, whenever Mr. Saperstein goes out, he ties Mr. Shapiro up."

This is the mind of a businessman.
Or meditate over this:

Benny had worked as a tailor for many years. Came the time when he wished to retire, but his savings account was spare.
"Miriam," he confided to his wife, "I'm tired. I want to retire, but I don't know how we're going to afford it."
"Don't worry," said Miriam, "I have plenty of money." And she produced a bankbook with regular deposits stretching back the entire forty years of their marriage.
"Where did this come from?" cried Benny in amazement.
"Well," said Miriam softly, "every time, during the last forty years, that we made love, I put five dollars away."
Benny threw his arms around his wife, and impulsively cried out, "Oh, Miriam! For heaven's sake, you should have told me. If I had only known, I would have given you all my business."

This is the mind of a businessman.
Be in business -- that is not a problem -- but don't be a businessman. Think of greater things. Think of higher things. Think of beauty, love, truth, God. Think of meditation, satori. All these happen only when you are not greedy. All these happen only when you are in the moment, utterly in the moment. All these happen only when you are relaxed and you have no tension.
This is what I mean when I say don't be a businessman.

And the really really last question:

Question 10
BELOVED MASTER, THANK YOU.

GYAN BHAKTI, THIS IS PRAYER. This is the beginning of real sannyas. This is the inner initiation. When you stop thinking and you start thanking. If you can thank, all becomes possible -- even the impossible becomes possible. If you can thank, then doors open. They open only for those who live in gratitude.
God gives his keys only to those who are grateful. God's keys remain unavailable to those who complain. And all thinking is a kind of complaining.
Thanking is the most beautiful flower that arises in one's soul. And, Gyan Bhakti, I have been watching you... slowly slowly, the bud is opening. It is becoming a flower. Soon you will have wings. Soon your whole life will become a fragrance. Soon, not only one flower, but millions will bloom in you.

When one flower has bloomed, know well, the spring has come.

The Perfect Master, Vol 2
Chapter #9
Chapter title: A Stranger to Yourself
9 July 1978 am in Buddha Hall

IT IS RELATED THAT THE SUFI MASTER, IBRAHIM BEN ADAM, WAS SITTING ONE DAY IN A FOREST CLEARING WHEN TWO WANDERING DERVISHES APPROACHED HIM. HE MADE THEM WELCOME, AND THEY TALKED OF SPIRITUAL MATTERS UNTIL IT WAS DUSK.

AS SOON AS NIGHT FELL, IBRAHIM INVITED THE TRAVELLERS TO BE HIS GUESTS AT A MEAL. IMMEDIATELY THEY ACCEPTED, A TABLE LAID WITH THE FINEST OF FOODS APPEARED BEFORE THEIR EYES.

"HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN A DERVISH?" ONE OF THEM ASKED IBRAHIM. "TWO YEARS," HE SAID.
"I HAVE BEEN FOLLOWING THE SUFI PATH FOR NEARLY THREE DECADES AND NO SUCH CAPACITY AS YOU HAVE SHOWN US HAS EVER MANIFESTED ITSELF TO ME," SAID THE MAN.

IBRAHIM SAID NOTHING.

WHEN THE FOOD WAS ALMOST FINISHED, A STRANGER IN A GREEN ROBE ENTERED THE GLADE. HE SAT DOWN AND SHARED SOME OF THE FOOD.

ALL REALIZED BY AN INNER SENSE THAT THIS WAS KHIDR, THE IMMORTAL GUIDE OF ALL THE SUFIS. THEY WAITED FOR HIM TO IMPART SOME WISDOM TO THEM.

WHEN HE STOOD UP TO LEAVE, KHIDR SIMPLY SAID, "YOU TWO DERVISHES WONDER ABOUT IBRAHIM. BUT WHAT HAVE YOU RENOUNCED TO FOLLOW THE DERVISH PATH?

"YOU GAVE UP THE EXPECTATIONS OF SECURITY AND AN ORDINARY LIFE. IBRAHIM BEN ADAM WAS A MIGHTY KING, AND THREW AWAY THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE SULTANATE OF BALKH TO BECOME A SUFI. THIS IS WHY HE IS FAR AHEAD OF YOU. DURING YOUR THIRTY YEARS TOO, YOU HAVE GAINED SATISFACTIONS THROUGH RENUNCIATION ITSELF. THIS HAS BEEN YOUR PAYMENT. HE HAS ALWAYS ABSTAINED FROM CLAIMING ANY PAYMENT FOR HIS SACRIFICE."

AND THE NEXT MOMENT KHIDR WAS GONE.

Religion is a radical change of vision. It is not just a change of outlook. It is not just a change of ideology -- it is a change of the very being itself. Hence it is radical -- radical means of the roots.
Religion is not a kind of renovation it is discontinuity from the past, it is a quantum leap Hence it is a revolution It is not just evolution You don't grow from irreligion into religion, you can't prow It is not a growth at all.
Growth implies the old has remained -- not only that it has not gone: it has become i proved. It is more sophisticated now, more cultured, more decorated, more valuable.
Religion is not a renovation. It is a death! and a rebirth.
Ibrahim was a great king. Religion came to him as a death and a rebirth. One night, he was just tossing and turning in his bed -- as rich people, kings, are bound to. Sleep was far away. Sleep is a prerogative of the poor, the privilege of the poor. Only The poor can afford sleep. They have nothing to worry ah out, that's why.
Ibrahim was a great king. A thousand and one worries were always waiting. He had been suffering from sleeplessness for years. Physicians had been of no help. Suddenly he heard somebody walking on the roof of the palace.
Naturally, he became afraid. Kings are very frightened people. When you have, you have to be afraid -- the fear of losing it. Those who don't have may be fearless; but those who have, how can they be fearless? He became afraid... maybe some enemy, some spy. He shouted loudly, 'Who is there?'
And the man laughed, and the laughter was either of a madman or of a Buddha. Because only two kinds of people can laugh that laughter -- laughter that comes from the very

belly, laughter that has no politics in it, laughter that is not manipulated, laughter that is not managed by the mind. Laughter that comes from the deepest core of one's being. A child can laugh like that, or a madman, or a Buddha.
Ibrahim was more shaken. He said, "Who are you there? and why are you laughing? Answer the question: who are you there and what are you doing there?"
And the strange man said, "Don't be worried. I have lost my camel and I am looking for it."
Now, camels are not lost on the roofs of palaces. How can they reach there? "The man must be mad, utterly mad."
Ibrahim called the guards, told them to catch hold of this man, but they could not get him. They tried hard, but he was not found anywhere. He simply disappeared. As suddenly as he had appeared, he suddenly disappeared.
The king could not sleep. His other worries were there, now this new worry was there: "Who is this man? And what did he want? And why did he laugh? And his answer is a puzzle."
The next day, when he was sitting in his court on his throne, he was still thinking of the strange laughter. It was such a laughter that you could not forget easily. It had that ring of mysteriousness around it. It had penetrated deep down into the very heart of Ibrahim. He had even felt many times jealous -- he was not capable of that kind of laughter, that wild, spontaneous laughter. And was the man joking?
And then suddenly he heard the same voice at the gate. A man was quarreling with the gate guard, and the voice was exactly the same. And the man was saying, in a very authoritative way, "I want to stay in this house -- this is a serai!" And the guard was trying to convince him: "This is

not a serai -- this is the palace of the king, his personal residence!"
But the man persisted, and so loudly that even the king could hear what was going on. And the man was saying, "This IS a serai. And don't try to be fool me!"
The king asked the guard, "Bring the man in. Maybe he is the man who was searching for his camel in the night on the roof. Now he is calling my palace, my personal residence, a serai -- a free house for people to stay in. Bring him in."
The man was brought in. Not only did his voice have the ring of authority, not only was his laughter that of a madman or of a Buddha -- his very presence was radiant, luminous. His eyes were aflame with something unknown. He was no ordinary man. The way he walked in, Ibrahim felt, "He looks more like an emperor than I do -- his grace, his elegance." And he was a beggar! His clothes were just in tatters, but behind those clothes was a radiant being. Something divine! Something very rare that only happens once in a while. The king felt great awe.
He stuttered. He said, "Why? What are you saying to my guard? And how can you say that this is a serai. This is not! This is my personal house. Are you mad or something?"
And the man laughed again, the same laughter, and he said, "What nonsense are you talking about? This is a serai -- because once I had come before too and on this throne, the same throne, I had found somebody else. And he was also saying that this is HIS personal residence. Where is that man?"
Ibrahim said, "You must be mad -- he was my father. Now he is dead. I have inherited his kingdom and his palace."

And the man said, "But I had come once more also, even before that, and there was another man, and he had also claimed that this is his personal house. I have been coming many times, and I always find a NEW man claiming."
Ibrahim said, "That was my grandfather." But now Ibrahim could feel the truth of the man's statement, what he was trying to show.
And the man laughed again and he said, "Still you say this is your personal house, your personal residence? People go on changing... one day I came, I found A; another day I came, I found B; today I have come, I have found C. And tomorrow, I say to you, I will come and you will NOW be here! That's why I say this is a serai."
The truth was so dear and so loud. It was not only a question of Ibrahim's being convinced ideologically, philosophically, no -- existentially he was converted. He fell at the feet of that beggar and said, "You stay in the serai -- I am going. I have renounced it all. Once I have understood that this is a serai, then what am I doing here? Then I have to search for my home. So I go on my search and you can stay here. And I am grateful to you."
This is how religion came to Ibrahim; he never looked back. He simply went out of the palace, out of the capital, out of the kingdom. Never looked back. It was not a renunciation calculated, clever, cunning; it was not renunciation out of mind. It was existential. It was not because: Unless you renounce the world you will not find God. No. There was no logic in it. It was not a calculated step. All calculated steps are cunning. And you cannot reach God by your cunningness.

Calculation is arithmetic, logic, but it is not love. And the door to God is not logic but love. Calculation is of the mind, and the mind is the barrier. You are disconnected from God by your mind. You cannot be connected through it. One has to drop it. And one has to drop it suddenly, not gradually. When you drop it gradually, you are simply saying that you are not yet existentially convinced.

When you come across a snake on the path, you don't gradually move away -- you simply jump! It is an existential question. You don't philosophically meditate over it, whether jumping is right or not: "How to jump? Whom to consult? What scriptures to follow? What maps will be helpful?" No -- you simply jump! You don't give a single moment's time for the mind to function. Action comes spontaneously and totally. And when action is total, it is revolutionary. And when action is spontaneous, it is religious -- then it is revolution, then it is a radical change of vision.

When your house is on fire, you simply run out of it! You don't ponder over the matter about the pros and cons. You don't take calculated steps. You forget all formalities, etiquette. You may be taking a bath, you may be naked, and if the house is on fire, you simply run out of the house naked. You completely forget that this is not right. You don't have time.

Mind needs time. Spontaneity is timeless. Religion is a timeless transformation.

This is the first thing to understand: that religion is not a change of outlook, but a change in insight. It is seeing the world in a totally new way, an utterly new way. It is rebirth. It is not a change of your philosophy; your stupid

philosophies have no meaning. Religion is not philosophical at all. Religion is absolutely non-philosophical. It does not think about truth: it lives it. Philosophy is an exorcise in futility. Jean-Paul Sartre has said: "Man is a useless passion." I don't agree. Man is not a useless passion, but philosophy is. Philosophy is a useless passion.
I have heard:

Visiting his famous philosopher friend's house, a man observed a beautiful picture frame on the wall. But there was no picture in it -- just the bare frame. He asked his philosopher friend, "What is the meaning of this framed blank canvas?"
The philosopher said, "Oh, that's a very special picture of the Egyptians chasing the Israelites across the Red Sea."
Scratching his head, the questioner responded, "But I just don't understand, actually, where the Red Sea is in the picture."
"The waters have already parted to allow the Israelites to cross," said the friend.
"Is that so? Well, then, just where are the Israelites?"
"They have already passed over to the other side of the sea."
"Oh, I understand. Well, where are the Egyptians who are chasing the Israelites?"
"Ah ha!" the friend replied, "they haven't yet arrived!"

Philosophy is just an empty canvas. You can imagine a thousand and one things on it, but in fact there is nothing. You can imagine gods, hells, heavens; you can imagine a

thousand and one things. It is all imagination. It is day-dreaming. And you can also find reasons, arguments, proofs, for whatsoever you say. You can even make people silent by your arguments. But philosophy remains an exercise in futility.
Religion is existential. It is non-philosophic. It is not thinking about God: it is experiencing God. It has nothing to do with about and about. Its approach is direct. It does not go in rounds. It simply hits the target. It moves like an arrow, straight.

Jesus says to his disciples: "Straight and narrow is my way." Straight... the shortest distance between two points -- that is the meaning of 'straight'. Philosophy is zigzag, the LONGEST distance between two points -- that's what philosophy is. Religion is the SHORTEST distance between two points, the straight line, absolutely straight. It does not waste a single moment in unnecessary questions. And it is narrow. Why narrow? Because only one can walk on it. Religion is absolutely personal. You cannot take your wife with you or your children with you. You cannot move in crowds. Hence, crowds are never religious. You may call those crowds Hindu, Mohammedan, Christian -- crowds are never religious. The very psychology of the crowd is political, it is never religious. Only individuals are religious.
A Buddha is religious, but Buddhists are not. A Krishna is religious, but Hindus are not. A Christ is religious, but Christians are not. What are Christians then? They have created a politics in the name of religion. The mob mind always creates politics. It is ambitious, imitative, mediocre.

The religious person moves alone. He is not a sheep: he is a lion. He moves alone. Hence the path is straight AND narrow. You cannot have your friends with you. The deeper you go in your being the more alone you are. When you reach to the innermost core of your being, you will be alone there. Absolutely alone. There will not even be a God separate from you -- you will be God... AHAM BRAHMASMI, ANA'L HAQ. There from your very ground of being arises the feeling: I am God, I am the truth -- I am the real.

God is never encountered as an object. You find him as the center of your subjectivity. The path is really narrow. Kabir has said: PREM GALI ATI SANKARI, TAMAI DO NA SAMAYA -- the path of love is very narrow, it cannot contain two. Lovers become one. If there is love, they become one. If there is no love, they remain two.

The path to God is love. The path to God is not mind, logic, argumentation, philosophy. It is intuitive. It is of the heart. You can change your philosophy but it will not change you. You will remain the same. I have seen Christians becoming Hindus, Hindus becoming Christians, and I have not seen any change at all. You can go to the church or to the temple or to the GURUDWARA -- how is it going to make any change in you? The one who goes remains the same. The church changes, the structure of the building is different, but the structure of the mind that goes to the church or to the temple is the same. You bow down to Krishna or you bow down to Mahavir -- Mahavir and Krishna are irrelevant. The one who is bowing down, the structure of his mind, the pattern of his mind -- that's the question.

That's why I say religion is not a change of outlook but a revolution in insight.

A merchant moved down youth from New York into one of the backwater towns. He seemed to be doing rather well, but then at about the beginning of April, the sales started to slacken very noticeably.
Sam Cohen pondered and pondered about the cause of the decline in business. Suddenly he realized, as he walked the streets, that every other establishment on Main Street had an Easter sign out front and that all the windows were especially dressed for the holiday.
Sam was in a quandary. He was a religious Jew -- how could he, in good conscience, pay obeisance to Easter? He was up all night thinking. The next mowing he arose and his face was beaming. He had worked out the solution. That afternoon, Cohen's general store also contained an Easter sign. It read: "Christ is risen, but Cohen's prices are still the same."

Outwardly you can change a thousand and one things... but Cohen's prices are the SAME. Christ may have risen, let him rise -- that is none of Cohen's business. His prices remain the same. Watch your own life. You have also changed many times ideologically -- but have you really changed? Has any radical change happened to you? Don't go on changing formalities! That is just a pretension and a deception. And remember, you are not deceiving anybody else -- you are only deceiving yourself.
Become Ibrahim, become a man like Ibrahim. A sudden light-ning... and he saw the point. And the point has always

to be seen that way. Of course, it needs courage, it needs guts. That's why I say religion is not for the cowards -- it is for the courageous.

This man must have been of immense courage. He proved that he was an emperor. He proved that he was not an ordinary man. He proved that he had intelligence. Intelligence is always quick. Intelligence can see things immediately. Only mediocre minds go on thinking and thinking and never come to any conclusions. And even if they come to conclusions, those conclusions remain of the mind -- they never change their existence. They remain superficial. They never change their basic, fundamental structure. They never change their gestalt.
I have heard -- a very ancient story:

There was a great church. The church was very old, it was falling. It had to be supported from every side. And the rains were coming. And the people who used to go to the church were very much afraid even to go into it -- it could fall any moment it was so ancient. Just a stronger wind and it used to shake and tremble.
But they were much attached to it, as people are always attached to old things -- the nostalgia, the past, the golden past. People are very much attached to the rotten, to the dead, to the old. Hence they remain rotten, dead and old. People are very much attached to the past. That's why they don't live really -- they are already in their graves.
But now something had to be done, because the worshipers had stopped coming. The trustees had a meeting. Of course, not inside the church -- outside, far away from the church,

under a tree, they met. Very reluctantly they passed a resolution -- in fact they passed four resolutions in sequence. The first resolution was "We decide -- very reluctantly, against our will -- that the old church has to be dismantled. Second resolution -- passed unanimously, that too very reluctantly -- that we pass that we have to build a new church. And third -- also passed unanimously -- that we will make the new church exactly like ,he old; in fact we will use all the material of the old church for the new church; we will not use any new thing in the new church. All the bricks and the doors and the windows and the glass of the old church have to be used in the new church. We will make it an exact replica of the old. We will make it exactly in the same place, on the same foundations. And fourth resolution -- and that too passed unanimously -- that until the new is built, we will not dismantle the old."

This is how people live -- a dull, mediocre life, a dusty, lifeless existence. Always afraid to change. Religion requires courage, because it is revolution. It is the revolution. All other revolutions are just called revolutions -- they are not, because they are superficial. Communist, socialist, fascist -- all other revolutions are superficial. They don't touch the intrinsic quality of the man. They leave the man intact; the man remains the same: as jealous as before, as possessive as before, as ignorant as before, as stupid as before... they don't touch the man at all. They only change things in the outside world, in the social structure. The real revolution is religion, because it changes the intrinsic subjectivity of man -- it changes consciousness.

But for that, courage is needed. One has to be a man of guts, a man like Ibrahim.

SECOND: RELIGION IS renunciation of all that which belongs to the ego. It is not really renunciation of the world: it is renunciation of the world that the ego creates. A great misunderstanding exists: people think the religious person has to renounce the world. How can you renounce the world? Wherever you will be you will be in the world -- in the marketplace or in the mountains. How can you renounce the world? You cannot go out of it. And who are you to renounce it? It is GOD'S world. HE has created it -- how can you renounce it? Who are you? You are not the master of it. You can renounce only that of which you are the master.
I have heard:

A full-moon night, and two hippies were sitting under a tree, stoned. The full moon in the night... and one hip pie looked at the moon and said, "I would like to purchase this beautiful thing."
The other said, "But I am not willing to sell it, so forget all about it!"

How can you renounce the world? It is yours? Just see the foolishness of the very idea of renouncing the world. All that can be renounced is the world that your ego has created. You cannot renounce things, but you can renounce possessiveness. You cannot renounce the world, but you can renounce the idea that "I own it." You can only renounce this false egoistic trip.

Religion is renunciation of the false, that really does not exist at all -- of the ego, of knowledge, of prejudices, of expectations, of desires. Yes, religion is renunciation of all these things -- these are your creations -- but not renunciation of the world. Not renunciation of the trees and the people, and the moon and the sun. Who are you to renounce them? You can renounce only that which you have dreamt. You can renounce only the illusory. You can renounce only your illusions. And these are all your illusions -- prejudices, theories, dogmas, ideologies, opinions, desires. These are your creations -- etcetera, etcetera...
I have heard:

Courageous liberator of five countries, Simon Bolivar, was a man of bold daring, and the people of South America loved him.
On one campaign, Bolivar planned to spend the night in a nearby town. A military assistant sent a note ahead to the owner of that town's hotel, requesting for his leader "A room with special accommodations, food, etc., etc., etc."
At nightfall, Bolivar went to the hotel and was treated to a specially prepared meal. Afterwards, the hotel keeper showed the great liberator the hotel's finest room, and Bolivar indicated he was pleased.
Then the Venezuelan was ushered into yet another room -- in which sat three beautiful naked girls. Bolivar turned to his host and asked who the girls were.
"The senoritas?" the hotel keeper said. "They are the three etcetera".

So please don't misunderstand my etcetera, etcetera, etcetera. I am using etcetera because each mind fabricates its own illusory world. Somebody lives in greed, somebody lives in anger. Somebody lives in passion, somebody has no desire for sex but is mad after money. Money is his sexual passion. Somebody lives only to love people -- his love is for people -- and there are people whose love is only for things. It is a kind of perversion.

There are as many perverted worlds in the world as there are minds. That's why I am saying etcetera, etcetera, etcetera... they cannot be counted; they are uncountable. Each mind fabricates, secretes its own dreamy world. And all that is meant by renouncing it is to be awake and dream no more.

That's why Ibrahim didn't look back. He never talked about it. He never claimed that he had renounced the kingdom -- never in his whole life. That is real renunciation. If after you renounce something you claim that you have renounced, then this is not real renunciation -- you are still clinging; you are still holding the idea that it was yours and you have renounced it and you have done some great favor to God.

Ibrahim never talked about it. He moved amongst beggars; he lived like a beggar. Nobody knew about it, that he had been an emperor. Once renounced, if renunciation is out of understanding, you never mention it -- it is finished! There is nothing to mention. It was a dream! In the mowing you wake up and you don't go on talking about your dreams. Within seconds they are forgotten. Just like that, he woke up.

And who was the man who walked on the roof and suddenly disappeared? And who was the man who was fighting with the guard and wanted to stay in the serai, and was insisting "This is not a palace"? Sufis have a special name for him -- they call him Khidr. Khidr simply means your innermost guide; it is not an outer phenomenon. It is not somebody outside -- it is your own inner still small voice. If you are silent, you will hear it. If you are honest, you will hear it. If you are sincere, you cannot miss hearing it.

Ibrahim was a sincere man, a very honest man, was trying to live as authentically as possible. It was his own inner voice! This is just a parable -- because when the inner for the first time speaks to you it seems as if it is outer.

The outer Master only helps your inner guide. That's all. The outer Master is only a mirror so that you can see your inner. The outer Master functions only as a catalytic agent. Hearing his voice, seeing his being, being in his presence, something is triggered, and slowly slowly your inner Master takes possession of you.

The real Master -- the Perfect Master -- never makes you de-pendent on him. And if any Master makes people dependent, if any Master creates dependence in people, if he makes people de-pendent on him, he is not a true Master. He is a kind of exploiter; he is trying to dominate you in the name of religion. He is trying to enslave you; he is a jail or -- he cannot give you freedom. He will depend on you. Whosoever wants you to be dependent on him, depends on you, remember. The master is a slave of his own slave. And the man who possesses things is possessed by his things. And only one who does not need you, who is

not dependent on you, can help you to be independent -- and that is the function of a Master.

Just the other day, somebody asked, "I em in need of a Master." I told him, he may have even felt hurt, "You may be in need of a Master, but I am not in any need of disciples." He may have felt hurt; he may have misunderstood it.

Somebody has written a letter to me saying, "Osho, you were too hard on the man!" I was not. I was simply being true. And sometimes truth is bitter. If I need disciples, then I will not be able to make you independent; then I will make you more and more dependent on me -- you are my need. No, I don't need you! My whole function here is to help you to be yourself.

My whole function is to be a catalytic agent to you. You are not able to contact your own inner Khidr, your own inner guide. I am in contact with my own inner guide. Being with me, you can learn the knack of it -- that's all. Once you have learnt the knack of it,.you will be surprised: my voice and the voice of your inner Master is the same.

Just the other day, Maneesha had asked a question: How to know whether a sannyasin is a real sannyasin or not? This is the way to know -- when, slowly slowly, you start feeling it, that what I say to you is also your inner voice, then you are a true sannyasin. When, slowly, my voice and your inner voice are never separate, are never different... maybe you cannot hear it, or you hear it in a vague way. You cannot see it dearly, or you see it through a dark curtain, but when I show it to you, suddenly it becomes dear to you, then it is no more vague, then the dark curtain is removed.

You will know whether you are a real sannyasin or not only by this criterion. When you start feeling the synchronicity between me and you, when there is a constant communion, then you are coming closer and closer. You are becoming more and more real.

At the ultimate point, there is no difference between the Master and the disciple. Not at all! What the Master says is what the disciple would have said. The Master may be more articulate -- he is. He sings the song that the disciple has also heard but is not yet able to sing. It is a distant music. But the moment the Master sings it, it comes closer and closer. Every day it happens.

That's why I go on speaking to you. It is not to impart knowledge, no, not at all. It is just to trigger the process so your inner guide starts functioning. Then you will be surprised: you ask a question, and you also have the answer, immediately. And when I give you the answer, you will be surprised -- it is exactly the same as you had heard it.

These are the criterions. Slowly slowly, you will find you are becoming truer and truer, more and more a sannyasin, more and more a disciple. There are no outer criterions; it is an inner process. And you cannot judge anybody else. You can judge only yourself. And go on evaluating yourself daily, how much closer you are coming.

When the voice of the Master is your voice, then you have arrived home. Then you are in tune with the inner Master. That inner Master Sufis call 'Khidr'.

It was Khidr who walked on the roof. It was Khidr who knocked on the door and insisted.

And third, before we enter into this beautiful story: religion is innocence, it is trust, it is faith. It is trust in the whole and the goodness of the whole. It is a let-go, it is surrender. The moment Ibrahim moved out of his palace, he lived a surrendered life. Now he had no idea where to go, what to do. Now he had no idea of his own -- no direction, no desire. Now he was utterly in the hands of God.
This is what a Sufi has to be: in the hands of God.
It is said of Ibrahim:

One day he fell into the river, just slipped. It was muddy and it had rained, and he slipped and fell into the river. A few people were watching. They inquired, "Can you swim or not? Should we come?"
He said, "Just wait -- wait as I am waiting." And he wouldn't swim, and he wouldn't try to come out of the river, and he started drowning, and somebody said, "Are you mad or what? If you don't know how to swim, we can come!"
He said, "You wait! just as I am waiting... if he wants to save me he will save. If he does not want to save me, who am I to bother to be saved?"

This is trust.

Mohammed used to distribute all that his disciples would bring as gifts to him -- by the evening he would distribute all. That had been his whole life's practice. But the night he was dying, his wife was, naturally, afraid, apprehensive: "Maybe in the middle of the night the physician has to be called, or some medicine has to be purchased..." Just five DINERS -- five rupees -- she saved.

In the middle of the night, Mohammed, who had never been restless in his life, became very restless. The wife said, "Should we call the physician?"
He said, "It is not a question of the physician. It seems something is wrong around me; something that has never been before. Something is new! What is it? I cannot figure it out. Do you know?"
The wife was feeling guilty -- she had saved five rupees. She said, "Just one thing is new: I have saved five rupees, in case in the middle of the night we need it."
Mohammed said, "Then it must be that. You just go out and give those five rupees to somebody."
But she said, "In the middle of the night, whom am I going to find outside? There will be no beggar in the middle of the night."
Mohammed said, "You just go! and trust him."
She went out... and a beggar was standing there. And he said, "I have forgotten the way. I was going to some other town and I have entered into this strange place. And I have nowhere to stay and no money for food, and I have been hungry for three days. Can you help me?"
She gave those five rupees to the man. She came in and Mohammed said, "Do you see? If a man can come in the middle of the night to take five rupees, if we need he will send somebody to give money to us -- you don't be worried. You mistrusted, you distrusted -- that was my restlessness."
He became calm again. He covered his face with the blanket, and it is said immediately he left the body, in utter silence, in utter grace. That small thing was hindering... something was coming between him and God.

Sufism is based on trust. Ibrahim left the palace, trusted God, lived according to him. Wherever he led, he went; whatever he wanted, he did. On his own he disappeared. And this is how a religious person has to be. On one's own one has to disappear. The moment you are not, God takes possession of you.
And you are misery, and God is bliss. You are emptiness, and God is fullness. Unless you are gone, utterly gone, you will remain empty. Unless you are gone, utterly gone, you will remain miserable. You cannot be blissful: you are misery. Your presence is misery: your absence is all that is needed on the path of Sufism -- FAN A they call it. Disappear! Don't be: let God be.

Now, this beautiful parable:

IT IS RELATED THAT THE SUFI MASTER, IBRAHIM BEN ADAM, WAS SITTING ONE DAY IN A FOREST CLEARING WHEN TWO WANDERING DERVISHES APPROACHED HIM. HE MADE THEM WELCOME, AND THEY TALKED OF SPIRITUAL MATTERS UNTIL IT WAS DUSK.

FIRST THING: a SUFI IS ALWAYS IN THE STATE OF SITTING -- even when he is walking, even when he is running. He is always in that inner state of sitting, what Zen people call 'sitting in Zen,' what they call 'zazen' -- just sitting and doing nothing. And the spring comes and the grass grows by itself.

The Sufi's whole effort is not to move -- not to move in desire, because that is real movement. First desire moves or you move in desire, and then other movements follow. The Sufi sits; deep inside he is always sitting. Even while walking he is not going anywhere. He is doing God's work, but in his own being he is just meditating. There is no desire for any movement. There is no effort to become anything -- that is the meaning of sitting: no becoming -- he is being. He is not trying to be more rich; he is not trying to be more pious, he is not trying to be more religious either, he is not trying to be more ascetic, he is not trying anything. He is simply relaxing in his being -- that is sitting.

It is a special state. And whenever you come to a really religious person you will find it. Even walking, he does not walk. He remains still. Even talking, he does not talk -- he remains silent. This is the paradox of the religious man. Eating, he does not eat. Sleeping, he does not sleep.. These things go on only on the surface , on the periphery. In the center noodling ever happens. In the center it is always the same.

IT IS RELATED THAT THE SUFI MASTER, IBRAHIM BEN ADAM, WAS SITTING ONE DAY IN A FOREST CLEARING WHEN TWO WANDERING DERVISHES APPROACHED HIM. HE MADE THEM WELCOME...

And a Sufi is a welcome to all. His heart is always in a state of welcome. He knows nothing else; he knows only welcoming, because he knows only God comes. Forms may be millions, but it is always God who comes to you. He

may come as a breeze, or he may come as rains, or he may come-as a fragrance of a flower, or he may come as a person. He may come as day or as night, as summer, as winter, but it is always God who comes because there is nobody else. Hence the Sufi remains always in a state of welcome.

HE MADE THEM WELCOME, AND THEY TALKED OF SPIRITUAL MATTERS UNTIL IT WAS DUSK.

This is SATSANG. When Sufis meet, they talk about God, they talk about love, they talk about prayer -- they create a milieu, they create a certain climate. When you meet you also talk, you also create a certain climate -- you gossip about people, you condemn people, you talk about politics -- you talk about things which are useless. And, of course, whatsoever you talk about creates you. Either poisons you or nourishes you.

All your talk is poisoning. Watch: when you meet with people what do you talk about? Remember, only talk about something higher. Talk about something that can become a nourishment. Talk about divine things! Talk about things of the beyond. They will create a climate around you; they will create a certain energy around you, they will create a vise. And what-soever you talk about, you listen to, you become. Slowly, it becomes a transforming force.

So, when Sufis meet, when devotees meet, BHAKTAS meet, they talk about God. Nothing else matters. All is childish -- all else is childish. A mature person only talks of higher values -- of good, of truth, of beauty. They sing songs, mad songs of love for God. They drink from each

other's being and become drunk. They help each other. And it is of immense value.
When there are a few persons sitting together, sharing their inner experiences, they start riding on each other's waves; a tidal wave is created and they become complementary to each other. You may be missing something; it may have happened to some-body else -- his insight may bring a light to you. You may have been doing something wrong, and somebody else has done something else, and it has helped, it has worked.
Let this be so for my sannyasins too. Stop talking of worldly things, of film actors and actresses and politicians -- which are even worse. Don't gossip. Discuss gospel. Meditate over what Jesus has said, what Buddha has said. Tell stories of these strange visitors to the earth. Talk about these strange revolutions in consciousness. Talk about Buddha and Krishna and Mohammed and Lao Tzu and Zarathustra, and you will be immensely enriched.
Create a milieu of the spiritual.

AS SOON AS NIGHT FELL, IBRAHIM INVITED THE TRAVELERS TO BE HIS GUESTS AT A MEAL. IMMEDIATELY THEY ACCEPTED, A TABLE LAID WITH THE FINEST OF FOODS APPEARED BEFORE THEIR EYES.

Remember, this is a parable. This is simply an indication, a way of saying, that God cares for those who trust in him -- that's all. Don't take it literally. Great misunderstanding arises when you start taking things literally. Then you become very much concerned about meaningless things:

whether Jesus walked on water or not; whether he created wine out of water or not; whether he made unhealthy people healthy or not; whether he called Lazarus out of his grave and revived him or not.... You become interested in stupid things. These are parables.

Jesus certainly made people whole and healthy -- he gave eyes to those who had none, he gave ears to those who had never heard a thing. He CERTAINLY revived people out of their graves -- that's where everybody is living. It is not only a question of Lazarus: you are also in the same situation, living in a grave. He certainly resurrected dead people. But these are parables!

To hear is not to listen -- he helped people to hear AND to listen. To see just as you see is not enough, because with these eyes you can see only matter and the essential is missed, the spiritual is missed. He made people able to see the spiritual. He helped people to see the invisible -- and that is the only point worth seeing.

If there is anything worth seeing, it is God. And those who have not seen God, they are all blind. If there is anything worth hearing, it is a Buddha, or a Lao Tzu -- and those who have not heard a Buddha, they are deaf. And if there is any life, it is to live moment-to-moment in trust, in love, in joy, in celebration, in prayer, in thankfulness.

In short: to live means to live in God -- consciously, totally. And those who are not living that way, they are dead. They are WORSE than dead! because they THINK they live, and they are not alive. They are not yet even born. They are only seeds, potential but not actual. A Jesus has to happen to them, a Master has to happen to them, only then will they fall in the soil. A gardener is needed -- only then will

the seed die and be born as a tree. And then there will be great rejoicing, great flowering, and great fulfillment, great fruition.
So never become literal. About religion that is one of the dangers, that people take it literally. Followers, believers take it literally, and those who are against, they also take it literally. Both are agreed upon that point. I insist again and again: never take religious parables literally -- they are far more true than literal facticity. And always remember: facts are nothing -- truth is far more profound. Truth is there.... For example, in this story:

AS SOON AS NIGHT FELL, IBRAHIM INVITED THE TRAVELERS TO BE HIS GUESTS AT A MEAL. IMMEDIATELY THEY ACCEPTED, A TABLE LAID WITH THE FINEST OF FOODS APPEARED BEFORE THEIR EYES.

Ibrahim is not a magician. What is meant by this sudden appearance of the finest food? It is not a fact: it is a truth. A fact is a very poor thing, a momentary thing. An event is just a momentary thing. It is not historical, it is metaphorical. It is a truth. Yes, God cares for those who relax themselves; God cares for those who remain in a let-go.
Food is just a symbol of nourishment: God is a mother to those who have renounced their egos, those who have become again like small children -- then God takes care. Existence is not indifferent to you. If you trust existence, existence takes every care of you.

This is the truth! And this truth has to be told in such ways that people can understand. Hence, truth has always been clothed in parables. Parables can be remembered, stories people enjoy, stories people tell to each other; even children can understand them. They have many layers of meaning. Children can under-stand them, and even the wisest of the wise may not be able to understand them totally, absolutely. This is the beauty of a parable. Everybody can understand it on his own level of being. God is nourishment. God is care. God is motherly.

"HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN A DERVISH?" ONE OF THEM ASKED IBRAHIM.

A WRONG QUESTION, SYMBOLIC OF A WRONG MIND. Religion is not a question of time, not a question of 'how long' -- it is a question of depth. How intense? How deep? It can happen in a single moment. And it may not happen in centuries or in many lives. Time is irrelevant. Time does not count. The heart counts.
See the wrong question:

"HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN A DERVISH?"

They are very much impressed. Such a miracle! Foolish people are always impressed by wrong things. They have missed the point -- they have missed the point of trust. They have brought the question of time. What does trust have to do with riffle?
This is my observation. I have been observing thousands and thousands of seekers from all over the world.

Somebody comes, and IN A SINGLE MOMENT there is a transformation. In a single moment life takes a jump. And then somebody else remains for years and goes on remaining the same.
It is not a question of time. Never think in terms of time. Think in terms of intensity, of totality. Time is again a mind question. The heart knows no time. The heart knows only now. Only the mind knows time: past, future, present... the mind knows time.

"HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN A DERVISH?" ONE OF THEM ASKED IBRAHIM. "TWO YEARS," HE SAID.

This is a symbolic answer. Sufis talk of two steps. There are only two steps to reach the ultimate. And one has to be taken by the seeker and the other is taken by God himself. So for you there is only one step. If you take one step, the other is taken by God. And what step does one have to take? One has to be surrendered, that's all. No practice is needed. No effort is needed -- because all effort is of the ego, and all practice is nothing but refinement of the ego. That's why you will find people who cultivate character or are very disciplined, or very virtuous, have done this and that fasting and ascetic practices, and have been to the mountains and the caves, and have lived religiously -- you will find a great pious ego in such people. Their humbleness is false. True humbleness never comes out of practicing.

Only one step is enough. A sudden understanding that "I am part of the whole -- why am I fighting? I come from the whole -- why am I fighting? And I will be going back to the whole -- why am I fighting? I am a wave in the ocean -- WHY should I fight the ocean? What is the point? The ocean mothers me, and finally I will go back to the ocean and disappear in it. For the moment I have risen, but I am not separate, so why be worried?"
Why struggle? Why bring your will into it? Surrender, relax... be with the ocean. Flow with it. This is the single step. And once you have taken this step, the other step is taken by God of his own accord. God comes only when you are in utter relaxation.
Ibrahim says symbolically: "TWO YEARS."

"I HAVE BEEN FOLLOWING THE SUFI PATH FOR NEARLY THREE DECADES AND NO SUCH CAPACITY AS YOU HAVE SHOWN US HAS EVER MAN TESTED ITSELF TO ME," SAID THE MAN.

He is cultivating, following the Path, for three decades. A long journey. Of course, expectations are there: "Now things should be happening. And this man has followed for only two years!"
This looks unjust.
I love an ancient Indian story:

Narada, the great Indian mystic, is going to see God. Playing on his VEENA, he passes a forest, and comes across a very old sage sitting under a tree.

The old sage says to Narada, "You are going to God -- please ask one question from me. I have been making all kinds of efforts for three lives, now how much more is needed? How much longer do I have to wait? When is my liberation going to happen? You just ask him!"
Narada laughed and said, "Okay."
As he progressed, just by the side, under another tree, a young man was dancing with his EKTARA, singing, dancing -- very young. May have been only thirty.
Jokingly, Narada asked the young man, "Would you also like any question to be asked of God -- I am going. The old man, your neighbor, has asked."
The young man did not reply. He continued his dance -- as if he had not listened at all, as if he was not there at all.
After a few days, Narada came back. He told the old man, "I asked God. He said three lives more."
The old man was doing his JAPA on his beads. He threw the beads. He was in a rage. He threw the scriptures that he was keeping with him, and he said, "This is absolutely unjust! Three lives more?!"
Narada moved to the young man who was again dancing, and he said, "Although you had not answered, and you had not asked, just by the way I asked God about you too. But now I am afraid -- whether to tell it to you or not? Seeing the rage of the old man, I am hesitating."
But the young man did not say anything; he continued to dance. Narada told him; "When I asked, God said, 'Tell the young man that he will have to be born AS many times as there are leaves on the tree under which he is dancing.'"
And the young man started dancing even more ecstatically, and he said, "So fast?! There are so many trees in the world

and so many leaves... only this much? Only these leaves? Only this many lives? I have already attained! When you go next, thank him."
And it is said the man became liberated that very moment. That very moment he became liberated! If there is such test, such totality of trust, time is not needed. If there is no trust, then even three lives are not enough. And my feeling is that old man must be around somewhere on the M.G. Road! He cannot have become liberated yet. Even three lives won't do. Such a mind can't become liberated. Such a mind is what hell is.

"I HAVE BEEN FOLLOWING THE SUFI PATH FOR NEARLY THREE DECADES AND NO SUCH CAPACITY AS YOU HAVE SHOWN US HAS EVER MANIFESTED ITSELF TO ME," SAID THE MAN.

IBRAHIM SAID NOTHING.

Nothing can be said about these things. A real seeker is silent about what is happening. A real seeker is silently thankful. He cannot claim anything; he cannot brag about it. Ibrahim did not say a single word.

WHEN THE FOOD WAS ALMOST FINISHED, A STRANGER IN A GREEN ROBE ENTERED THE GLADE. HE SAT DOWN AND SHARED SOME OF THE FOOD.

KHIDR IS KNOWN AS THE STRANGER. It is your innermost soul, but you have become so alienated from it

that it has become a stranger. The people who are strangers to you have become your wives, friends, husbands, sons, daughters, brothers, sisters -- the people who are strangers to you. And the REAL person inside you has become a stranger. Everything is topsy-turvy. You don't know who you are, and you know everything else. You have great knowledge about the world, and no acquaintance with yourself. Hence, Khidr is known as The Stranger.

When for the first time your inner guide speaks to you, you will not be able to believe that it is coming from you! You will think it is coming from somewhere else. That's why mystics think that God has spoken from the clouds, from the sky. He speaks always from your innermost core, but you have gone so far from yourself that he looks as if he is the stranger and he is coming from a very distant, distant source.

In reality, you have become a stranger to yourself.

Sufis say that Khidr is a stranger, and Sufis have chosen the color green, so Khidr uses the green robe. Just as in India we have chosen ochre, orange, as the color of the sannyasin, Sufis have chosen green as the color of THEIR sannyasins. Both are beautiful. Both have significance. Green is the color of the trees and red is the color of the flowers. In India, we have looked to the ultimate, the flowering, and have chosen the color of the ultimate. Sufis have looked to the immediate, the color of the trees, and have chosen it. But in the final understanding, the immediate is the ultimate, and the ultimate is the immediate -- because in the green is hidden the red, and the red is nothing but an expression of the green. The flower and the foliage are not separate -- both are beautiful.

Khidr moves in a green robe.

HE ENTERED. HE SAT DOWN AND SHARED SOME OF THE FOOD.

ALL REALIZED BY AN INNER SENSE THAT THIS WAS KHIDR, THE IMMORTAL GUIDE OF ALL SUFIS. THEY WAITED FOR HIM TO IMPART SOME WISDOM TO THEM.

'By an inner sense' -- you can understand these things only by an inner sense. If that sense is not functioning, you cannot understand at all. If you come to a Master and if you have the inner sense functioning, even if it is a little bit, you will understand. Immediate understanding will be there. Immediately you will be bridged. But if that inner sense is not functioning, intellectually you can listen, you can try to analyze, but your understanding will remain just intellectual, poor. It will not connect you, it will not bridge you.

BY AN INNER SENSE THEY ALL REALIZED THAT THIS WAS KHIDR.

The green robe, the freshness of the green, the youth of the green, the aliveness of the green, the silence of the green... and the presence... by an inner sense, by intuition. Remember: science is intellectual, religion is intuitive. They are basically and fundamentally different. So the man who becomes too much rooted in science becomes incapable of understanding religion. This is one of the problems modern humanity is facing. We are teaching

science to every child, and, unknowingly, we are making every child incapable of understanding religion. And I am not saying don't teach science to children -- science HAS immense value -- but remember to teach religion TOO, so that they can keep a balance. Because science can only give them more power of the outer world -- it will not give peace. Science can give riches from the outside, but it will keep them inwardly beggars.

Create a balance. Teach science, but also create an atmosphere in the schools, colleges, universities where people can meditate, pray, where people can also start growing their inner sense. Don't destroy their inner sense; otherwise, you have destroyed their humanity, you have dehumanized them. Then they will be just like robots. They will be just zombies. They will go to the office and work, they will go to the factory and work, they will produce but there will be no creativity. They will produce, but there will be no joy. They will live and they will always wonder, "For what are we living?" They will live but there will be no meaning in their lives, no poetry in their lives.

Just look at people: they are living, but what kind of life is this? Just dragging, somehow dragging. A great weight on their heads, and continuously feeling that the whole thing seems to be pointless, continuously feeling that all seems to be just accidental -- there is no meaning. And when there is no meaning, how can there be joy and celebration?

Teach science, certainly, it is a must, but it is not a11. There is something beyond it too. Prose is good, but a man who does not know poetry is missing something of immense value. Mathematics is good, but a man who has no sensitivity for music is not a real man. Production is

good, but man is not just a machine -- some creativity some creative expression is needed. And that always comes through the inner sense.

ALL REALIZED BY AN INNER SENSE THAT THIS WAS KHIDR, THE IMMORTAL GUIDE OF ALL SUFIS. THEY WAITED FOR HIM TO IMPART SOME WISDOM TO THEM.

One has to wait for wisdom. One cannot ask for it. If you ask, you will get only knowledge. Wait, and wait patiently. Wisdom comes only when you are ripe. Wisdom comes of its own accord. God gives you only that much which you can contain and absorb -- never more. They waited....

WHEN HE STOOD UP TO LEAVE, KHIDR SIMPLY SAID, "YOU TWO DERVISHES WONDER ABOUT IBRAHIM. BUT WHAT HAVE YOU RENOUNCED TO FOLLOW THE DERVISH PATH?

"You have not renounced anything. You are the same person. You are continuous with your past. There has been no breakthrough" -- renunciation means a breakthrough -- "What have you renounced?

" YOU GAVE UP THE EXPECTATIONS OF SECURITY AND AN ORDINARY LIFE.

"Yes, you have given something -- just your dreams, expectations of security -- and an ordinary life. You had

nothing to give. Religion has been cheap for you. You have not paid any price for it.

"IBRAHIM HEN ADAM WAS A MIGHTY KING, AND THREW AWAY THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE SULTANATE OF BALKH TO BECOME A SUFI. THIS IS WHY HE IS FAR AHEAD OF YOU. DURING YOUR THIRTY YEARS, TOO, YOU HAVE GAINED SATISFACTIONS THROUGH RENUNCIATION ITSELF. THUS HAS BEEN YOUR PAYMENT. HE HAS ALWAYS ABSTAINED FROM CLAIMING ANY PAYMENT FOR HIS SACRIFICE." AND THE NEXT MOMENT, KHIDR WAS GONE.

Remember these words:

"YOU GAVE UP THE EXPECTATIONS OF SECURITY AND AN ORDINARY LIFE.

"You have not given up anything special. You had nothing. And you have given these things, which are nothing, with great expectation for other-worldly rewards. And you have been waiting for those rewards. Your renunciation is motivated. It is out of greed."
People are religious either out of greed or out of fear, and then they are not truly religious.

"IBRAHIM WAS A MIGHTY KING, AND THREW AWAY THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE SULTANATE OF BALKH TO BECOME A SUFI."

"... AND THREW AWAY..." Listen to the words! He had not even renounced -- he THREW it away. When you renounce, you think it has some great value. You make much fuss about it. He simply threw it away! Seeing that it has no meaning, seeing the falsity of it, he simply threw it away.
The renunciation of Ibrahim is of immense significance -- he never looked back. He forgot all about it, as if it had never existed at all.

"THIS IS WHY HE IS FAR AHEAD OF YOU."

God takes care of him. His trust is infinite.

"AND DURING YOUR THIRTY YEARS, TOO, YOU HAVE GAINED SATISFACTIONS THROUGH RENUNCIATION ITSELF.

"And you have been bragging around. And you have been talking about your renunciation. And you have not renounced anything! In fact, those who talk about renunciation have not renounced anything. Those who have really renounced don't talk about it. But you have been gaining satisfactions out of it, claiming that you are great sannyasins, Sufis. You have been gaining the respect of people, respectability; you have been worshipped, you have become famous, you are known as well-known dervishes.... Nobody knows about Ibrahim. You have been fulfilling your ego, so that is your price.

"THIS HAS BEEN YOUR PAYMENT. HE HAS ALWAYS ABSTAINED FROM CLAIMING ANY PAYMENT FOR HIS SACRIFICE.

"When the sacrifice is out of pure love, it claims nothing. It is sheer joy in giving. He has given all to God in sheer joy, in the understanding that 'It really belongs to him -- it never belonged to me.' It is not that he has obliged God. It is not that he has done anything great... he has not done anything! He has simply understood a truth. And in that understanding, great love has arisen in him. That love makes one a Sufi."

There are two kinds of love: the love of a man for his wife, for his beloved, which ought properly to express itself in secret and not where spectators are, for this love can only fulfill itself in a place secluded from other creatures; and the love for brothers and sisters and for children and friends and comrades and companions, which needs no concealment.

Similarly, Sufis say there are two kinds of love for God: the love through prayer and meditation -- this love ought properly to be consummated in silence, in privacy, just as you love your beloved; and that love that expresses through action and service to others.

The man of God, a Sufi -- the word 'sufi' comes from SUFA; SUFA means purity, cleanliness, clarity -- the man of inner purity lives love in two dimensions. One is the private dimension, utterly private, personal, intimate, just as you love your woman or your man -- in seclusion. You don't want it to be public. To make it public will be

profane, trill be sacrilegious, will be a crime. In meditation, in prayer, the Sufi contacts God in absolute privacy.
Sufis say: Don't pray before others -- not even before your wife. In the middle of the night when all is asleep -- your family is asleep, your wife is asleep -- wake up in the middle of the night, sit in your bed, and pray to God. Don't let anybody know, because the mind is very cunning: it can make an ego-trip out of that too. It can start bragging: "Look! what a great meditator I am."
Pray to God, meditate on him, in secrecy, in privacy -- alone.
And the other dimension is of service, of loving his creatures -- the trees, the mountains, the people, the rivers. Pour your love openly to his world, and pour your love in privacy to him -- and you become a Sufi.
And the function of a Master is to give you these two dimensions of love. And the Perfect Master is one in whose presence this process is triggered, and you start growing in these two dimensions of love. The ultimate crescendo of these two loves is freedom -- freedom from misery, freedom from mind, freedom from body, freedom from coming again into the world -- freedom from ALL kinds of imprisonments. That freedom is the goal.
Keep the goal always in your vision. And, slowly slowly, go on dropping all that goes against that vision. Fall in harmony with the vision of this ultimate goal of freedom. Become more and more free. And from the very first step one has to become free.
The real Master, the Perfect Master, about whom we have been talking all these twenty days -- the Perfect Master

helps you to become free, he gives you freedom. Love always gives freedom....

The Perfect Master, Vol 2
Chapter #10
Chapter title: Exactly in the Middle
10 July 1978 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:

Question 1
YOU MAKE IT ALL SOUND SO EASY. BUT IS IT? IS IT REALLY? IT SEEMS TO ME THAT THE WHOLE THING IS OUT OF OUR HANDS. WE HAVE NO MORE CHOICE TO SURRENDER THAN TO BE IN THE EGO. I LIVE MY LIFE AND SOME DAYS I'M HAPPY AND SOME DAYS I'M SAD, BUT I'M NOT ENLIGHTENED. THERE MUST BE SOME TRICK, SOME ALCHEMY. PLEASE ENLIGHTEN ME.

DHARMEN, you have found it! this is the trick, this is the alchemy: to understand that nothing is in our hands is what is meant by surrender. Surrender is not something that you have to do or you can do. If you do it, how is it going to be surrender? It is not an act. It cannot be by its very nature. The very definition of surrender is that you cannot do it. Seeing the point, that nothing is in our hands -- to be this way or that, to be egoful or to be egoless -- seeing this,

surrender happens. What is left then? If you have really seen this, you have understood the very secret.
Language creates the problem, because language turns everything, twists everything, into something other than it is. The moment I say "Surrender!" you start thinking "How to do it?" This is a linguistic fallacy. When I say surrender, this is exactly what I am saying: I am saying nothing is in your hands. In fact, you are not there behind your hands either. All is happening.
Yes, some days you are sad, and some days you are happy -- and there is nothing to do. So some days be sad, and some days be happy -- this is surrender. When happy, enjoy it, live it, dance it, sing it. When happy, don't be worried about sadness. There is no point -- you cannot do anything about it. When sad, be really sad! Cry tears of sadness, sing sad songs. And DON'T try to become happy -- it is not in your hands.

A Zen Master was asked, "What do you do when it is hot?"
He said, "I perspire."
"And what do you do when it is cold?"
He said, "I shiver."

So, when hot, perspire. When cold, shiver. When alive, live! When dead, die! What is in your hands? Nothing is in your hands. To think that "Something is in my hands" is the way of the ego. That's what ego is. Ego says, "You can do this. Why are you sad? You can be happy. It is within your capacity. You can become more perfect, you can become more beautiful, you can become more good. You can become a saint. Why are you not doing something?"

The ego always prods you, goads you into doing: "Do something!" It creates the fallacy that it is within your hands to change, that you are the master of your destiny. That is the way of the ego. That is the fallacy!
Nothing is in your hands.
The moment you see the fallacy, it disappears. The moment you see that there is only a rope and no snake... the snake was just a projection in the dark. Out of fear you had seen it. When you come close and you bring a lamp and you see that it is a rope, the snake is no more there! The question is dissolved. Seeing that nothing can be done, surrender has happened.
This is the whole secret of it. And, Dharmen, you have understood it. But still your ego is playing tricks with you. The ego is saying, "There must be some way to do it. There must be a trick! There must be something hidden, esoteric, that you don't know. There must be a key that can unlock the door."
There is no key, there is no lock, there is no door. Nothing has to be unlocked because nothing has been locked from the very beginning.
Your question is beautiful, Dharmen. If you can understand your question, all questions will dissolve -- because your question carries the answer!

You say: YOU MAKE IT ALL SOUND SO EASY.

It IS easy! What can I do? It is not in my hands to make it difficult. It is easy because it is not an act. Only if you have to do something can it be difficult. When you have NOT to do anything, how can it be difficult? How can non-doing be

difficult? 'Difficult' -- the very word is relevant only with doing. Non-doing is an under-standing, is an insight, a sudden vision. And that's what has happened to you in this question.

You say: YOU MAKE IT ALL SOUND SO EASY. BUT IS IT? IS IT REALLY?

You don't want to believe in it. You don't want to believe in its easiness. See the point! You WANT it to be difficult, then you will be very happy. If I say, "It is very difficult, Dharmen," you will relax, you will be relieved. If I say, "It is almost impossible," a burden is removed from your head. Then you will say, "Then it is okay. Then I can travel. Then there is challenge. Then my ego can do many things -- it is difficult and I am going to do it."

The more impossible it looks, the more appealing it is to the ego. Hence, I cannot say it is difficult, because I don't want to support your ego in ANY way. It is easy -- it is absolutely easy. But the moment I say 'easy' you become uneasy. You start feeling, "Then? Then there is nothing left as a challenge." Then you are not attracted towards it. If it is SO easy that even a child can do it -- in fact it is so easy that only a child can do it! -- then your ego feels hurt. You want something arduous, some uphill task. It should be the Everest -- so only you can reach and nobody else,

If it is difficult, competition is possible. If it is difficult, fight and war art possible. If it is difficult, then politics is possible. Then only a few aye going to reach, not all. You can fight, you can plan, you can maneuver, you can invent

strategies to pull others' legs and not to allow them to reach, to use others' heads as steps so that you can reach. And if it is so difficult that only one can reach, then you will feel very thrilled: you can be that one! A possibility is there that you can be that one, that special one. That's why people are interested in becoming the prime minister of India or the president of America. Why? Do you think they gain something? All that they gain is they reach a place where only one can reach -- that's all. It is such a stupid game, but the joy is that out of millions of people only one can reach there. That's the only joy. Nothing is achieved! And only fools are attracted. But ego IS foolish. And the greater the fool, the greater the ego -- and vice versa: the greater the ego, the greater the fool.

The foolish man's whole interest is in the difficult. Make things difficult and he becomes interested. People solve crossword puzzles just for that one single reason -- because it is difficult.

When I say it is easy, it is so easy, that you are not even needed to move your hands, you need not even go outside your room... so says Lao Tzu. It is SO easy that you need not even open your eyes. It is so easy that it can happen in a single moment. It is so easy that you need not compete, need not practice, need not cul-tivate.... Just WATCH inside: when I am saying it is so easy that it is possible just now, you start losing interest in it. Your ego says, "Then what is the point? If it is so easy that everybody can achieve it, then it is not worth it."

Just think: if there were Kohinoor diamonds on every beach of the ocean, and they were just like pebbles, available everywhere, would there be any value in the Kohinoor

diamond? The value is there only because it is the ONLY one. There is no other diamond like it. It is rare, so rare that only one can possess it.

Man's ego always wants the difficult. Make things difficult and many people will become interested. That's why more people are interested in Yoga -- it is a difficult gymnastics. People are interested in difficult things. You can make them do ANYTHING. If you tell them: "Stand on your head for thirty years," they will stand. Just ONE joy has to be there, that nobody else has been able to stand on his head for thirty years: "I am the only one -- I am the Kohinoor diamond. I am no ordinary person."

When I say it is easy, I kill your ego, I destroy your ego. I pull the very earth from underneath your feet. You fall flat on the ground.

That's why you cannot believe it, Dharmen. But my difficulty is that I cannot be untrue -- it is so. It is easy. The easiest thing in the world is God -- HAS to be! because we live in him, we breathe in him. He surrounds us just like a fish is surrounded by the ocean. He is everywhere! and ONLY he is. Each breath that you take in, you take God in. He circulates in your blood, he beats in your heart, he walks when you walk, he sits when you sit. He is ONE with you!

And it is easy because he has not to be attained -- it is already the case. But then the ego loses interest. That's why you ask:

YOU MAKE IT ALL SOUND SO EASY. BUT IS IT?

Somewhere your ego goes on hoping that "Osho must be joking. It can't be that easy. It HAS to be difficult."

BUT IS IT? IS IT REALLY? IT SEEMS TO ME THAT THE WHOLE THING IS OUT OF OUR HANDS.

And that's what I have been telling you all along. It is out of your hands because you don't have any hands except the hands of God! The moment you think yourself separate from God, everything is out of your hands. And the moment you think yourself one with God, everything is in your hands. But those hands are no more YOURS -- they are the hands of God.
For man everything is impossible: for God everything is possible. For the part, everything is impossible: for the whole everything is possible.

IT SEEMS TO ME THAT THE WHOLE THING IS OUT OF OUR HANDS.

That's what I have been insisting, day in, day out, year in, year out, that nothing is in your hands. Relax. Don't try to cling. Don't try to impose your will, because nothing is in your hands. Don't be deceived by this will. It takes you into dreams and fantasies.
When it is summer, it is summer. And when it is winter, it is winter. And when it is sunny, it is sunny. And when it is cloudy, it is cloudy. Just today it is very cloudy... enjoy it! Enjoy all climates. Enjoy all moods of nature. They are all in a deep harmony. Everything is needed to make this world a perfect world. Just sun and sun every day won't do.

I have heard an ancient parable -- must be very ancient because God used to live on the earth in those days. Slowly slowly, he became very tired of man, because people would torture him continuously. In the middle of the night, somebody would knock and say, "Why have you done this? Why not do it this way?" Everybody was advising; everybody was praying and their prayers were contradictory. A man would come and would say, "Today let there be sun, because I am going to wash my clothes." And somebody else would come and he would say, "Today let there be rain, because I am going to plant trees." Now what to do? They were driving God mad!

He had to disappear from the earth. He had to escape just to survive. He had to become invisible.

One day a man came, a farmer, an old farmer, and he said, "Look, you may be God, and you may have created the world, but one thing I must say to you: you are not a farmer, and you don't know even the ABE of farming. And your whole nature and the functioning of your nature is so absurd, and this I say out of my whole life's experience. You have to learn something."

God said, "What's your advice?"

The farmer said, "You give me one year's time, and just let things be according to me, and see what happens. There will be no poverty left!"

God was willing and one year was given to the farmer. Now it was according to his will that everything was happening. Naturally, he asked the best, he thought only of the best -- no thunder, no strong winds, no dangers for the crop. Everything comfortable, cozy, and he was very

happy. The wheat was growing so high! No dangers were there, no hindrances were there; everything was moving according to HIS desire. When he wanted sun, there was sun; when he wanted rain, there was rain, and AS much as he wanted. In the old days, sometimes it rained too much, and the rivers would be flooded, and the crops would be destroyed; and sometimes it would not rain enough and the land would remain dry, and the crops would die... and sometimes something else, and sometimes something else. It was rare, very rare, that things were right. But this year everything was put right, mathematically right.

The wheat was growing so high that the farmer was very happy. He used to go to God and say, "Look! This time the crops will be such that for ten years if people don't work there will be enough food."

But when the crops were cut, there was no wheat inside. He was surprised -- what happened?! He asked God, "What happened? what went wrong?"

God said, "Because there was no challenge, because there was no difficulty, because there was no conflict, no friction, because all was good, you avoided all that was bad, the wheat remained impotent. A little struggle is a must. Storms are needed, thunder , lightning is needed. They shake up the soul inside the wheat."

This parable is of immense value. If you are just happy and happy and happy, happiness will lose all meaning. You will become tired of it. You will be fed up with it. You remain interested in happiness because there are sad moments too. Those sad moments keep you interested in happiness. You

cannot go on eating only sugar and sugar and sugar -- something salted is a must, otherwise all taste will be lost. If you are just happy, just happy, just happy... you will have diabetes from happiness. You will become impotent. You will be bored, utterly bored -- your life will not have meaning. It will be as if somebody is writing with white chalk on a white wall. He can go on writing, but nobody will ever be able to read it. You have to write on a black board, then it comes clear and loud. The night is as much needed as the day. And the days of sadness are AS essential as the days of happiness.

THIS I call understanding. Once you understand it, you relax -- in that relaxation is surrender. You say: "Thy will be done." You say: "Do whatsoever you feel is right. If today clouds are needed, give me duds. Don't listen to me. My understanding is tiny. My will is foolish. What do I know of life and its secrets? Don't listen to me! You just go on doing your will."

And, slowly slowly, the more you see the rhythm of life, the rhythm of duality, the rhythm of polarity, you stop asking, you stop choosing. Not that by choosing anything changes -- nothing changes, just you become frustrated. Everything remains the same. If the river is going north, the river is going north; by your choosing that the river should go south, you become miserable, that's all. The river continues to go north!

Your will, your choice, your action, makes NO difference at all. But one difference, certainly, it makes -- no difference in the situation of the world, in existence -- but one difference in your psychology: you become frustrated, because the river is not going north, or going north, and

you have the opposite direction in your mind. You are failing. Not that the river intends to make you a failure -- the river has nothing to do with you. The river is simply going north.

The man of understanding goes with the river, flows with the flow, moves with the wind. Slowly slowly, the understanding that "Nothing is in my hands" becomes surrender. And that surrender brings great benediction. That surrender brings bliss.

Dharmen, you have found the secret! This is the secret. Live with this secret, and see the beauty. Live with this secret, and you will be suddenly surprised: How great is the blessing of life! How much is being showered on you every moment! But you are living in your expectations, in your small, tiny, trivial desires. And because things are not fitting with your desires, you are miserable.

Misery has only one meaning, that things are not fitting with your desires -- and things never fit with your desires, they cannot. Things simply go on following their nature. Lao Tzu calls this nature Tao. Buddha calls this nature Dhamma. Mahavir has defined religion as the nature of things. Nothing can be done. Fire is hot and water is cool. Don't try to impose your will on the nature of things. That is what the stupid man goes on doing -- and creates misery for himself, creates hell. The wise man is one who relaxes with the nature of things, who follows the nature of things. And when you follow the nature of things, no shadow is cast. There is no misery. Even sadness is luminous then, even sadness has a beauty then. Not that sadness will not come -- it will come -- but it will not be your enemy. You will befriend it, because you will see its necessity. You will

be able to see its grace, and you will be able to see WHY it is there and why it is needed. And without it you will be less not more.
This is the meaning of surrender. You go on misunderstanding me. When I say "Surrender!" you think you have to do something. No. I am saying: You have nothing to do, you cannot do, there is no way of doing anything... see this! This is surrender.

The second question:

Question 2
DOES BEING IN THE PRESENCE OF A MASTER REALLY CHANGE A MAN?

YOU ARE CHANGED BY EVERYTHING! The sun rises in the morning, your sleep disappears. Not only yours -- trees are awake, birds start singing, the earth wakes up. When the sun sets in the evening, you start falling asleep -- not only you, but trees and birds and rivers and mountains. The whole earth plunges into sleep. When you listen to great music, is some chord in your heart touched and moved or not? Listening to great music, do you become music or not? Seeing a dancer, does not a great desire arise in you to dance? to participate? Does not your energy start becoming a dance? Listening to a poet, listening to great poetry, for a few moments, you attain to a poetic vision. Some doors open, some mysteries surround you.
Exactly the same happens, on a more total level, in the presence of a Master -- because the Master is a musician and the Master is a poet and the Master is a painter and the

Master is a potter and the Master is a weaver... and the Master is all things together. A Master is a multi-dimensional phenomenon.

To be in the presence of the Master, to be really in the presence of the Master, to be open, vulnerable, available, available to his touch -- then his magic starts flowing into you. And this happens every day to you! Still the mind goes on suspecting. Still the doubt goes on raising its head.

Have you not been transported into other worlds being with me? Has not it happened to many of you? Is it not happening right now? Are you the same person when you are away from me? Have you not felt that something changes, something starts happening to you, strange, unknown, some energy starts moving, some light starts descending, some silence blooms inside you, some unknown song starts flowing in your being, as the wind that passes through the pines? Have you not heard this sound of running water? through my words, through my silences? Just looking at me, sometimes with open eyes and sometimes with closed eyes, has not it happened again and again to you?

But, I know, the question arises. The more it happens, the more mind creates doubts: Maybe it is just hypnosis? That's what people say all around the world about me, that "This man is a hypnotist." Many people are afraid to come, because if they come and if they are hypnotized then what? The mind says, "Maybe this is just hypnosis." The mind says, "Maybe you have fallen into an illusion. Maybe this is just a delusion, some magic -- otherwise, why does it disappear?"

When you go away from me, when I am not with you and you are not with me, when you forget about me, why does it disappear? The mind, naturally, asks these questions. It disappears because you have not yet learnt how to remain on those high planes of being, how to remain in those plenitude. With me, with great courage, unaware of where you are going, you start moving.... As if a small child goes with his father into the forest -- unafraid of the wild animals, unafraid of the strangeness, up afraid of everything! He knows his father is with him. His hand is in his father's hand. The father may be afraid himself, but the child is not. The father may be worried whether he is on the right track, whether he will be able to reach home, but the CHILD is not. WHY should he be worried? He trusts the father; his trust is absolute. The father may look a little disturbed, but the child is thrilled with the adventure. He is looking at the trees and the flowers, and collecting wild flowers and running after butterflies.

But let the father go and leave the child alone in the forest, and immediately all joy disappears. Now he is alone. He cannot trust himself. Now where is the right path? Now he cannot run after butterflies; now butterflies have no more colors -- in fact they don't exist any more. Now there are no wild flowers; there are only wild animals behind each tree, and ghosts and things like that. And now he is afraid, and it is getting darker and the sun is going to set soon. And he starts crying. He is NO more in that wondrous state.

What has happened? Only one thing has happened: he is no more in trust.

When you are with me there is trust, and trust transforms. When you are alone, the trust is lost -- you are not yet

capable of trusting yourself. That's the function of a Master, to help you, slowly slowly, so that you can trust yourself, so that the Master is no more needed. The function of a true Master is to prepare the disciple in such a way that sooner or later the Master is no more needed, and the disciple can remain on his own in those higher planes of being -- where joy is and grace is.

Those higher planes of being are called paradise or heaven. The highest is called MOKSHA, Nirvana. From that point there is no coming back; it is a point of no return. But the first glimpses are possible only with somebody who knows the path, with somebody who has gone to that peak and come back to the earth.

In the ancient scriptures, two types of enlightened people are talked about -- and it will be significant to understand in reference to the concept of the Perfect Master.

In the Buddha tradition, one is called the ARHAT -- one who becomes enlightened, reaches to the highest peak of consciousness, but knows not how to come back to the earth, how to relate to people. He never becomes a Master. He is enlightened, as much as any other Buddha, but he never becomes a Master. Because to become a Master not only is enlightenment needed -- enlightenment is a must -- but a second process is also needed. the capacity to come back to the valleys.

So two things are needed that make a person a Master. First, that he should go to the peak, to the sunlit peaks of consciousness; and second, that he should be able to find his way back to the dark valleys. Because people are living there! If you shout from the peaks, nobody is going to listen. Your voice will never reach to the people. They are

worlds apart. The Master has to come back down, he has to descend into the dark, dismal valleys where people are living and groping. He has to become like them again. If you want people to go to the peak, first you will have to come to the valley.

So the Buddha tradition says: two types of enlightened people exist. One is called ARHAT -- one who becomes enlightened and remains there and forgets all about the people who are groping in the dark, suffering in misery, in ignorance. And the other is called BODHISATTVA -- the BODHISATTVA becomes the Master, he comes back. The moment he has reached the peak, immediately he starts descending. He remembers that many are there who will need his support. Many are there who will need him as a guide. Now he knows the path, now he can lead many people to the peak.

It is going to be a difficult task. To convince people that the peak exists is a difficult task. To convince people that "It is possible. You can reach the peak," is very difficult. They have lived in darkness for so many lives, for millions of lives, that they know only darkness. They can't believe that light is possible. They have always been blind! There is no word for light in their language. And if you talk about light, they think either you have gone mad or you are just being poetic.

That's what was reported to Buddha's parents. When he became enlightened, rum ours started reaching the palace, the old man: "Your son has become enlightened." Those who were negative about Buddha, they said, "He has gone mad." And those who were not negative, who were sympathetic, they said, "He has become a poet."

At the most, people can believe that you must be creating great poetry, you have great imagination. You can visualize sunlit peaks, you are really a great visionary. You can see God in your vision, and paradise, and the angels -- you are a great visionary.

But the mystic is not a visionary. What he sees is not a vision: what he sees is tangible reality. But how to convince the people who have not known? How to tell them what light is if they have never opened their eyes? If you tell them, "It is white," they will ask, "What is white?" If you tell them, "It is like snow, pure white," they will think light is a very cold thing and wet. Light is neither cold nor wet.

But don't be hard on people. What can they do? They have to translate everything into the language of the valley.

So the first distinction: a few people never come back from the peak, seeing the impossibility of it all, that nobody is going to trust them, nobody is going to believe them. And why bother? They have arrived... they disappear into the light.

The second type, the BODHISATTVA, who becomes a Master, has infinite compassion. He starts moving down, back into the darker world which he has left behind. Where people are just like crawling worms, where people are not yet people, have no consciousness, are living like robots. And those people are not going to forgive this man who has come from the sunlit peaks -- they will crucify him, they will kill him, they will poison him, because this man will disturb their comfort, their convenience. They have started to believe that darkness is all, and now here comes this man

with the message that "No! Darkness is not all. There are sunlit Himalayan peaks, and I have been there."
Now this man disturbs their sleep, disturbs their cozy arrangement. Now this man AGAIN creates a longing in them to search for the peaks. They cannot forgive this man. Hence, Jesus is crucified, Mansoor is murdered, Socrates is poisoned, Buddha is stoned, Mahavir is driven out from each place wherever he goes. Why are people so antagonistic towards the Masters? There is a reason in it. This man brings some news that creates a very very great desire in them, and that desire will disturb their whole arrangement. They have a wife, children they have, the shop, the factory, everything is going well. Somehow they have managed, and now comes this man to disturb everything. Now NO more does the wife seem to be so attractive, no more do the children seem to be so attractive, no more the money, the power politics... now a dream is released in them. And the touch of the Master is such that even if you are against him, he moves your heart. Even if you DON'T want to listen to him, something hits you, something goes into your heart like a seed and starts sprouting there.
The difficulty for the Master is how to speak to you about those peaks. The Perfect Master is one who manages. The Perfect Master is one who somehow manages to say things which cannot be said, somehow creates devices. If things cannot be said, then he tries to SHOW them to you, he creates situations in which some glimpses of the peak can come to you.
The Perfect Master is one who tries the impossible, and succeeds in it.

A Buddha is a Perfect Master. A Jesus is a Perfect Master. A Mohammed is a Perfect Master -- so is Kabir, Nanak. A Perfect Master is one who has succeeded in the impossible task of convincing blind people that light exists, of convincing deaf people that music exists -- and not only exists but is worth searching for.

IN THE PRESENCE OF A MASTER, YOU ASK, DOES IT REALLY HAPPEN THAT A MAN CHANGES?

What to say about man? -- sometimes even animals have been known to change.

Not many years ago, just a few years ago, there was a great Master, Ramana Maharshi -- a Perfect Master, In his DARSHANS -- because he was a silent man, would speak rarely and very few words -- each morning when he would sit for the darshan for one hour and people would come to sit with him, a cow would also come. The cow was so regular that no other disciple was so regular -- the cow was just like Teertha! Regular.... It might rain, it might be summer, it might be winter -- whatsoever! -- the cow might be ill, or healthy, whatsoever, but the cow was bound to come at the exact time.
She would come and stand in the verandah and look inside through the window, her head inside the window, and remain there for one hour, sometimes with open eyes and sometimes with closed eyes. And sometimes tears flowing... it has become a miracle!
One day the cow was very ill and could not come -- so Ramana had to go! He had never gone to visit any other

disciple, but for that poor cow he had to go. And all the disciples said, "What are you doing, Bhagwan?" And he said, "But I have to go. She was so regular. And I know she wants to come -- the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." And when he went, she was just sitting in the direction of his room looking at the window from far away. She could not get up, she was dying. And when Ramana reached, she closed her eyes and tears started flowing. She died. That cow was the first animal in the whole history of humanity or of consciousness that was given a farewell as is given to an enlightened person. Ramana was present there.
Somebody asked Ramana, "Is this cow going to be born as a man?"
Ramana said, "No. She will not need to be born as a man -- she has passed beyond that. She is not going to be born at all. She has attained enlightenment."

Yes, it is possible. What to say about man? Even animals, if they are receptive... and cows ARE very receptive. That's why in the East they have become sacred. It is not for no reason at all -- they ARE very receptive, open. They can grow in consciousness. NO other animal can take this jump that the cow can take.
It was for no other reason than this that they became an essential part of all the ashrams in the East in the old days. They created a certain atmosphere -- of purity, innocence. Listen to this story:

Izzy's friend Yosef said he had found a parrot that not only would speak, but could speak Hebrew. Izzy was skeptical, but when he went to Yosef's house, they put a yarmulke on

the bird's head, and the parrot immediately recited the full Friday night services.
Izzy was amazed, and begged his friend to let him buy the bird. After much cajoling, Yosef agreed. For the price of ten dollars, Izzy was able to take away the 'dovvining' bird.
On Rosh Hashanah, Izzy took the bird to the synagogue. He passed the word around that his parrot could sing the prayers. Everyone laughed at his pretensions, and he extracted wagers of ten to one that his bird couldn't follow the service for even three minutes.
When the prayers began, Izzy put a yarmulke on the parrot's head and commanded him to sing. But the bird was silent.
"Go, pray, like you did for Yosef," Izzy urged. But the parrot wouldn't open its beak.
"Pray, you numbskull! I have a bet on you!" But the parrot wouldn't utter a word. Finally, Izzy had to admit defeat, and left the synagogue downcast and deep in debt.
When he got home, he lashed into the bird. "So you shame me in front of everybody, eh? So you make me lose ten to one bets? So you pretend you don't know how to pray? Why did you do that?"
Finally, the parrot spoke up. "Don't be stupid!" said the parrot. "Comes Yom Kippur, you'll make a killing!"

If the parrot lives with a Jew, the parrot becomes a Jew, remember. If you live with the Master, something of the Master starts entering in you....

The third question:

Question 3
ONE DAY YOU SPOKE TO US ABOUT PERFECTION AND CREATIVITY. WHAT IS THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN ARTISTIC CREATIVITY AND PERFECTION? IS NOT CREATIVITY IN MUSIC, PAINTING AND POETRY AN ATTEMPT TO REACH PERFECTION IN VISIBLE AND AUDIBLE FORM? IS THE ARTIST SIMPLY CREATING A MORE REFINED EGO AS THE SO-CALLED SAINTS YOU OFTEN TALK ABOUT?

YES, AKAM, ORDINARILY the artist is the most egoistic person in the world. But then he is not a true artist either. He has used art as a means for his ego trip. Artists are VERY egoistic, constantly bragging about themselves, and constantly fighting with each other. And everybody thinks that he is the first and the last. But this is not true art.
The true artist disappears utterly. These people are only technicians; I will not call them artists but technicians. I will not call them creators; I will only call them composers. Yes, to compose a poem is one thing, to create a poem is quite another. To compose poetry one needs to know language, grammar, rules of the grammar -- rules of poetics. It is a game with words. And if you know the whole game, you can create poetry. It will not be very poetic, but it will have the appearance of poetry. Technically, it may be perfect, but it will have only the body -- the soul will be missing.
The soul happens only when the artist disappears into his art -- he is no more separate. When the painter paints with such abandon that he is not there, that he even feels guilty

to sign his painting -- because he knows he has not done it. Some unknown force has done it through him. He knows that he has been possessed -- that has been the experience of all the really great artists down the ages: the feeling of being possessed. The greater the artist, the more clear the feeling is.

And those who are the greatest -- a Mozart, a Beethoven, a Kalidas, a Rabindranath -- these who are the greatest, they are absolutely certain that they have been nothing but hollow bamboos, and God has been singing through them. They have been flutes, but the song is not theirs. It has flowed through them, but it comes from some unknown source. They have not hindered -- that's all they have done. But they have not created it. The paradox!

The real creator knows that he has not created it. God has worked through him. He has possessed him, his hands, his being, and he has created something through him. He has been instrumental.

This is real art, where the artist disappears -- then there is no question of ego. And then art becomes religion. Then the artist is a mystic -- not only technically right but existentially authentic.

You ask me: ONE DAY YOU SPOKE TO US ABOUT PERFECTION AND CREATIVITY. WHAT IS THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN ARTISTIC CREATIVITY AND PERFECTION?

First, the less of the artist is in it, the more perfect it is. When the artist is absolutely absent, then the creativity is absolutely perfect. In THIS proportion, you have to

remember. The more the artist is present, the less perfect the product will be. If the artist is too much present, the product will be nauseating, it will be neurotic. It will be just ego -- what else can it be? Ego is neurosis.

And one thing more to be remembered: ego always wants to be perfect. Ego is a very perfectionistic one. Ego always wants to be higher and better than others. Hence it is perfectionist. But through ego perfection is never possible. So the effort is absurd. Perfection is possible only when the ego is not. But then one never thinks of perfection at all. So the real artist never thinks of perfection. He has no idea of perfection. He simply allows himself into a surrender, into a let go , and whatsoever happens happens. The real artist thinks certainly of totality, but never of perfection. He wants to be totally in it, that's all. When he dances, he wants to disappear into the dance. He does not want to be there, because the presence of the dancer will be a disturbance in the dance. The grace, the flow, will be disturbed, obstructed. When the dancer is not there, all rocks have disappeared, the flow is very silent, smooth. The real artist certainly thinks of totality -- how to be total? -- but never thinks of perfection. And the beauty is: those who are total, they are perfect. And those who think of perfection are never perfect, never total. Rather, on the contrary: the more they think of perfection, the more neurotic they become. They have ideals. They are always comparing, and they are always falling short!

If you have an ideal that unless this ideal is fulfilled, you will not think yourself perfect, how can you be total in your act? If you think, for example, that you have to be a dancer like Nijinsky, then how can you be total in your dance?

You are constantly looking, watching yourself, trying to improve, afraid to commit any fault... you are divided. A part of you is dancing, another part of you is there -- judgemental, standing by the side condemning, criticizing. You are divided, you are split.

Nijinsky was perfect because he was total. It used to happen that when he danced and he would take leaps in his dance, people could not believe their eyes, even scientists could not believe their eyes. His leap was such that it was against the law of gravitation -- it should not happen! And when he fell back, he would come so slowly, like a feather... that too is against the law of gravitation.

He was asked about it again and again. The more people asked, the more he became conscious of it, the more it started disappearing. A moment came in his life when it stopped completely, and the reason was that he became conscious of it -- he lost his totality. Then he understood it, why it had disappeared. It used to happen, but it used to happen only when Nijinsky was completely lost into the dance. In that complete loosening, in that complete relaxation, one functions in a totally different world, according to different laws.

Let me tell you about one law which sooner or later science is going to discover. I call it the law of grace. Just as there is a law of gravitation... three hundred years ago it was not known. It was functioning even before it was known; the law need not be known to function. The law was always functioning. It has nothing to do with Newton and the apple falling from the tree. Apples used to fall before too! It is not that Newton discovered the law and then the apples started falling. The law was there, Newton discovered it.

Exactly like that another law is there: the law of grace, that uplifts. The law of gravitation pulls things downwards: the law of grace lifts things upwards. In Yoga they call it levitation. In a certain state of abandon, in a certain state of drunkenness, drunk with the divine, in a certain state of utter surrender, egolessness, that law starts functioning. One is uplifted. One becomes weightless.

That was happening in Nijinsky's case. But you cannot make it happen, because if you are there it will not happen. Ego is like a rock around your neck. When the ego is not there, you are weightless.

And have you not felt it sometimes in your own life? There are moments when you have a kind of weightlessness. You walk on the earth but still your feet don't touch the earth -- you are six inches above. Moments of joy, moments of prayer, moments of meditation, moments of celebration, moments of love... and YOU ARE weightless, you are uplifted.

And I say, sooner or later science will have to discover it, because science believes in a certain principle: the principle of the polar opposites. No law can be alone: it must have its opposite. Electricity cannot function with only one pole, positive or negative; both are needed. They complement each other.

Science knows it, that EACH law has its opposite to complement it. Gravitation must have a law opposite to it to complement it. That law, tentatively, I call grace -- any other name may be possible in the future. Because scientists, if they discover it, they will not call it grace. But that seems to be the most perfect name for it. God uplifting you.

The real artist never thinks of perfection, but his act is so total that perfection is born out of it. The pseudo artist, the technician, always thinks of perfection, and because he thinks of perfection, he is not total, perfection is not born out of him.

This can be of immense help to you, in all walks of life -- particularly for those who are inquiring into the reality of God, truth. Think of .totality! and perfection will come automatically on its own. Never think of perfection, otherwise you will go neurotic. All perfectionists become neurotic.

The fourth question:

Question 4
OSHO, WHAT IS INNER SENSE?

A boy was constantly scratching his head. His father looked at him one day and said, "Son, why are you always scratching your head?"
"Well," the boy responded, "I guess because I am the only one who knows it itches."

THIS IS INNER SENSE. Only you know. Nobody else can know. It cannot be observed from the outside. When you have a headache, only you know. You cannot prove it. When you are happy, only you know -- you cannot prove it. You cannot put it on the table to be inspected by everybody, dissected, analyzed.

In fact, the inner sense is so inner that you cannot even prove that it exists. That's why science goes on denying it, but the denial is inhuman. Even the scientist knows that when he feels love, he has an inner feeling. Something IS there! And it is not a thing, and it is not an object; and it is not possible to put it before others. And STILL it is. Inner sense has its own validity. But because of the scientific training, people have lost trust in their inner sense. They depend on others. You depend so much that if somebody says, "You are looking very happy," you start feeling happy. If twenty people decide to make you unhappy, they can make you unhappy. They just have to repeat it the whole day whenever you come across them, they have to say to you that "You are looking very unhappy, very sad. What is the matter? Somebody died or something?" And you will start suspecting: so many people are saying that you are unhappy, you must be.
You depend on people's opinions. You have depended on people's opinions SO much that you have lost all track of inner sense. This inner sense has to be rediscovered, because all that is beautiful and all that is good and all that is divine can only be felt by the inner sense.
Stop being influenced by people's opinions. Rather, start looking in... allow your inner sense to say things to you. Trust it. If you trust it, it will grow. If you trust it you will feed it, it will become stronger.

Vivekananda went to Ramakrishna, and he said, "There is no God! I can PROVE it -- there is no God." He was a very logical, skeptical man, well-educated, well-educated in the Western philosophical thinking. Ramakrishna was an

uneducated, illiterate person. And Ramakrishna says, "Okay, so prove!"
Vivekananda talked much, all the proofs that he had. And Ramakrishna listened, and then he said, "But my inner sense says he is -- and that is the final authority. All that you are saying is argumentation. What does your inner sense say?"
Vivekananda had not even thought about it. He shrugged his shoulders. He had read books, he had collected arguments, proofs for and against, and he had tried to decide whether God exists or not according to these proofs. But he had not looked in. He had not asked his inner sense. It is so stupid, but the skeptical mind IS stupid, the logical mind is stupid.
Ramakrishna said, "Your arguments are beautiful, I enjoyed. But what can I do? I KNOW! My inner sense says he is. Just as my inner sense says I am happy, I am ill, I am sad, my stomach is hurting, that today I am not feeling well, so my inner sense says God is. It is not a question of debate."
And Ramakrishna said, "I cannot prove it, but if you want, I can show you." Nobody had told Vivekananda before that God can be shown. And before he could say anything Ramakrishna jumped -- he was a wild man -- he jumped and put his feet on Vivekananda's chest. And something happened, some energy jumped, and Vivekananda fell into a trance for three hours.
When he opened his eyes, he was a totally different man. Ramakrishna said, "What do you say now? God is or God is not? What does your inner sense say now?"

He was in such tranquility, such stillness, as he had never known before. There was such jubilation inside, such well-being such overflowing well-being.... He had to bow down and touch his feet and say, "Yes, God is."

God is not a person but the ultimate sense of well-being, the ultimate sense of being at home, the ultimate sense that "I belong to this world and this world belongs to me. I am not alien here, I am not an outsider." The ultimate sense -- existential -- that "This whole and I are not separate." This experience is God.

But this experience is possible only if you allow your inner sense to function. Start allowing it! Give it as many opportunities as possible. Don't look always for outside authorities, and don't look for outside opinions. Keep yourself a little more independent. Feel more, think less. Go and look at the rose flower, and don't just repeat parrot like, "This is beautiful." This may be just opinion, people have told you; from your very childhood you have been hearing, "The rose flower is beautiful, is a great flower." So when you see the rose, you simply repeat, like a computer, "This is beautiful." Are you really feeling it? Is it your inner feeling? If it is not, don't say it.

Looking at the moon, don't say that it is beautiful -- unless it is your inner sense. You will be surprised that ninety-nine percent of the stuff that you carry in your mind is all borrowed. And within that ninety-nine percent of stuff, useless rubbish, the one percent of inner sense is lost, is drowned. Drop that knowledgeability. Recover your inner sense.

It is through the inner sense that God is known.

There are six senses: five are outer; they tell you about the world. I say something about the light; without eyes you will not know light. Ears say something about the sound; without ears you will not know anything about the sound. There is a sixth sense, the inner sense, that shows and tells you something about yourself and the ultimate source of things. That sense has to be discovered.
Meditation is nothing but the discovery of the inner sense.

The last question:

Question 5
OSHO, SOMETIMES I INDULGE IN SEXUALITY AND THEN FEEL VERY MUCH FRUSTRATED. THEN I MOVE TO ANOTHER EXTREME. I BECOME A CELIBATE, BUT SOON I START FEELING FRUSTRATED AGAIN AND START MOVING TO THE OTHER EXTREME. THIS IS A VICIOUS CIRCLE I AM CAUGHT IN. WHAT SHOULD I DO?

ALMOST EVERYBODY IS CAUGHT in some vicious circle or other -- because mind cannot exist without a vicious circle. Somebody eats too much, gathers fat, becomes worried, starts dieting, fasting, eats less, feels hungry, becomes worried, starts eating more... and so on and so forth.
Mind exists like the pendulum of a clock: it goes from one extreme to the other extreme. And you cannot get out of the vicious circle by moving to the other extreme, because the other extreme is part of the vicious circle. When the pendulum is going to the right, in fact it is gathering

momentum to go to the left. When the pendulum is going to the left, it is gathering momentum to go to the right. This is the vicious circle, VERY subtle.
When you are feeling frustrated with indulgence in sexuality, what is happening? You are becoming interested in celibacy, in all those great ideas of BRAHMACHARYA, that celibacy is life, that celibacy is energy. Then you will start reading books on celibacy, and you will feel very much convinced. Not that those books are right. You are feeling convinced because you are frustrated with your sexual indulgence. You will become a celibate, but this is another extreme.
Soon, your sexual energy will become dammed; soon you will feel sexuality ready to burst forth. Now, you will start thinking of magazines like Playboy and pornography. And if you don't look into those magazines, you will create your own private pornography in your dreams. Or, whenever you are sitting with closed eyes trying to meditate, nothing else will happen -- just pornography. Now the energy has gathered so much momentum it wants to move to the other extreme. And sooner or later you will have to move.

You ask me: WHAT TO DO?

Learn the middle way. Learn the golden mean. Learn to remain exactly in the middle. And once the pendulum stops in the middle, the whole clock stops. If you stop in the middle, the mind disappears. Mind is time, the clock.
A story:

The star salesman was doing great. Rubin and Cohen were shipping dresses at an enormous rate. It's true that Sid Metofsky drew S400 a week, but he was certainly piling up the orders.

Only one thing bothered the partners. On top of his draw, and on top of a heavy expense account for travel, every so often Metofsky sent in an extra item of $50 with a notation: "A man is not made of wood."

When this expense item appeared for the third time, Cohen looked at Rubin and he said, "What should we do about this?"

"Well, considering the business he's sending in, we just better overlook it and pay up," answered Rubin.

But the following week, three tabs came in for fifty smackers each, and each tab read: "A man is not made of wood."

Rub in counsel led forbearing, but Cohen lost his temper. "Three times in two days!" he bellowed.

"Miss Jacobs!" he called to his secretary. "Send a telegram to Metofsky. 'Dear Sid: Wood, no. But a man is not made of iron either.'"

One has to stop somewhere exactly in the middle. And it is very very simple if you understand. Be natural. Be spontaneous. Be simple. When feeling hungry, eat. And when not feeling hungry, DON'T eat. People are very strange: when they are not feeling hungry, they go on eating; when they are feeling hungry, they fast. You go against nature, hence you suffer. Just move slowly, silently with nature.

Again, this is what I call surrender! Accept all that is natural. Forget all that your mahatmas have been telling you. Think of mahatmas as pathological; don't listen to them -- they have corrupted your minds. A mahatma is a guy who takes great lab our to crack a nut, then eats the shell, and throws the real thing -- and starts teaching others also to do the same.

Beware of mahatmas. Be just ordinary, and see the beauty of being ordinary.Just be simple! neither worldly nor other-worldly, neither materialist nor spiritualist, neither against money nor for money. Just BE simple and natural! Just accept whatsoever is, and move according to your natural capacity, potentiality.

And don't decide a program me for your life. Be moment-to-moment. Don't make a schedule. Don't make a style. Don't create a character! Just slowly slowly, moment-to-moment moving, living, challenging, accepting, responding, slowly slowly great awareness arises. And one starts coming closer and closer to the middle of it all.

And the day it happens, when you are exactly in the middle, mind stops. And to be beyond mind is to be in God.

That's the work my sannyasins have to do. You are not to become indulgent, you are not to become celibate. You are not to create any structure upon yourself. You have to live without structure, with consciousness, with creativity, with sensitivity. And you have to live moment-to-moment, with no ideals, with no perfectionist neurosis. And the great day is not far away when suddenly one day you will find the pendulum is not moving either way.

That day, satori happens. The first glimpse of the eternal beauty and benediction of nature descends in you. You are uplifted. Grace has arrived. Grace is the beginning of God.